



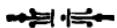




THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS.

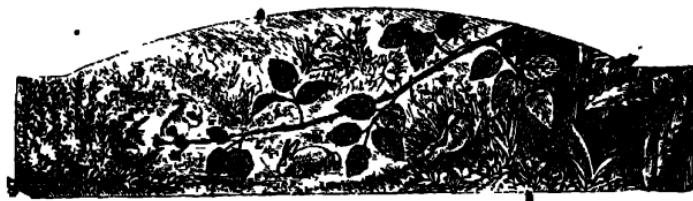


THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS



LONDON:  
**WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED,**  
WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.  
NEW YORK AND MELBOURNE.





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## PREFATORY NOTICE.

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THE name of Robert Burns is a well-understood signal for an overflow of all sorts of commonplaces from the right-minded critic. These commonplaces run mainly in three channels ;—ecstatic astonishment at finding that a ploughman was also a poet ; wringing of hands over the admission that the ploughman and poet was likewise a drunkard, and a somewhat miscellaneous lover ; and caustic severity upon the lionizers and “admirers of native genius” who could find no employment more appropriate than that of excise-officer for the brightest and finest mind of their country and generation. All these commonplaces must stand confessed as warranted by the facts : they are truths, but they are also truisms. We have heard them very often, and have always sat in meek acquiescence and unfeigned concurrence. But the time comes when they have been repeated frequently enough to make the enlarging upon them a weariness, and the profuse and argumentative reinforcement of them a superfluity. The reader of the following

few observations will, I dare say, consent to understand once for all that Burns really was a ploughman—his own plough-driver on his father's or his own small farm ; and became in due course of time a great poet, and in undue course a toper ; and was fit for much loftier occupation than the gauging of ale-barrels, and seizing of illicit stills. The reader and I may start from these facts as rather elementary data ; and he will perhaps not resent my stating them in such reasonable brevity as consists with my plan, and without much "improving" of the occasion. There are plenty of other books concerning Burns where powerful fountain-heads of morality, and of ardent but deprecatory enthusiasm, are kept continually on tap.

Robert Burness (or Burns)—so such was his inherited patronymic, though in after years he thought fit to condense it into Burns—was born on the 25th of January<sup>\*</sup> 1759, at a small cottage in the parish of Alloway, about two miles south-west of the town of Ayr. His father, William Burness, was son of a farmer in Kincardineshire. Owing to the poverty of his family, he had in youth come south, and had served as a gardener in various families. In December 1757 he had married Agnes Brown, who survived by many years her illustrious son : she was still living in 1813, and perhaps some years afterward, is well. The father, a man of superior understanding, and of the strong, upright, self-respecting character so honourably distinctive of the better Scotch peasantry, took, when he married, a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, which he cultivated as a nurseryman : here he personally built his own cottage. Robert was the eldest son of the union. His father had a

\* Some authorities say the 29th ; but I believe the earlier day is the correct

dire struggle to maintain for a decent subsistence, and to educate his family. Robert was sent to a neighbouring school in the sixth year of his age, and soon showed some bookish likings : afterwards he received a little instruction at home, partly from his father. He managed to pick up a smattering of French (which he was not averse to airing in after years), and had a quarter of a year's practice in land-surveying, which has been dignified with the name of "practical mathematics." The whole amount of his tutoring, however, was inconsiderable. He read with interest and attention, as the scanty chance offered, the works of some poets—Pope and Ramsay, for instance,—the *Spectator*, and a volume of letters by good writers.

Toil and moil was the early life of Burns—hard labour, and what is worse, anxious labour : the wolf was always at the door. A depression of spirits took possession of him, spite of a very ample share of youthful mirth and buoyancy, and darkened many hours of his later life. The family was very economical, and Burns, being as yet both thrifty and strictly temperate, in no way derogated from this creditable standard : there was no hired servant, and for years no butcher's meat in the house. Some time before the father's death, which occurred in February 1784, Robert and his brother Gilbert took another farm, stocked from the hard-wrung savings of the household : the labour of the brothers was remunerated at the rate of £7 per annum each, and this plan continued for about four years. At another time Robert, loth to drudge on for ever as a mere labourer, tried a flax-dressing scheme in partnership at Irvine ; but this soon proved abortive. When the father died, there remained, along with his widow, five children younger than Robert and Gilbert : the failure of a lawsuit with his landlord was just bringing a crash of ruin upon honest hardworking

William Burness, when death stepped in, and for him trouble was no more.

Robert was now full twenty-five years of age, and a man of great local popularity, and some note. He had shown an early susceptibility to the amorous passion. His first love, worth so calling, was at the age of fourteen : love summoned poetry to its aid, and he became a versifier. He was besides a fluent and vigorous talker; and his gifts were too bright and attractive to allow of his remaining long unknown in his own neighbourhood. Furiously loving the women, and loved by them in return (though it would appear that of real *de facto* amours he had no experience until his twenty-third year), received with acclaim wherever the men wanted to be lively, he took his fill of facile and unsettling pleasures. His habits became convivial, and all the more so after he had joined a society of freemasons. Still, he seems for a while to have exercised a tolerable amount of self-control as far as drinking is concerned. His brother, indeed, has left it on record that he did not remember in Robert any instance of positive intoxication until at a late date of his poetical career ; and some other authorities will have it that, up to within the last few years of his life, when he had removed to Dumfries, he preserved a fair character for sobriety. His poetizing for some years made no very noticeable progression : its more important developments are to be dated from about his twenty-fourth year.

Diffusive love-making has its mischances. One day Burns found himself the prospective father of a brace of twins by his sweetheart Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason. Roused to a lively sense of his responsibilities, he agreed with Jean that they should make a legal profession of antecedent marriage, thus legitimising the infants ; and that he himself should then go off to

Jamaica to try his fortune in the character of assistant overseer to a planter, seeing that nothing but penury appeared to be his destined lot in Scotland. He paid nine guineas for a steerage-passage ; and was indeed in a fever to be off, as he had been called upon to give security for the maintenance of his offspring, and was in dread of imprisonment. He wrote a farewell poem to Ayrshire and to Scotland—“The gloomy night is gathering fast.” However, the tardy compensation which he was hoping to make to Jean for the imprudence and trouble into which he had betrayed her was not at present allowed to take effect. Her parents were so indignant at the affair that they absolutely refused to hear of matrimony ; and Jean consented to relinquish her lover’s written declaration of marriage, and himself along with it. Burns meanwhile, regarding her as having flinched in love and faith before adverse circumstances, denounced and abjured her, and indemnified himself by making love to Mary Campbell, his “Highland Mary.” The poet and his Mary plighted their troth with much fervour : but this episode in the history of his loves came to nothing, the damsel having very soon afterwards died of a fever at Greenock.

With everything prepared for his start to Jamaica, and expecting to remain away from Scotland for years, if not for the remainder of his life, the consciousness of his poetic gift worked upon the mind of Burns : he resolved to leave behind him some record that the fields and streams, the lasses and humours, of Ayrshire, had been all-sufficient and immortal inspiration to a quenchless genius. Encouraged by his landlord, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, he determined to publish a small volume of his verses. This came out accordingly in the autumn of 1786. The edition, printed at Kilmarnock, was of 600 copies, of which about 350 were subscribed for : *Hallowe'en, the Cotter's Saturday Night,*

and several other of his now celebrated productions, were included in the volume. The reader should refer to the preface, at once modest and distinct in self-assertion, with which the ploughman-poet introduced his verses. While indulging in gratuitous self-depreciation as compared with Allan Ramsay or Fergusson, "the author tells him [the possible critic] once for all that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities."

This was the crisis of Burns's life. The book was well received from the first, and cleared for its writer the small but acceptable sum of nearly £20. A letter came from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of Burns, which entirely overthrew the poet's Jamaican scheme, enlarged his practical views, and encouraged him to try his opportunities in Edinburgh. He arrived in the Scottish capital in November 1786, without either acquaintances there or letters of introduction, but he soon got to know all sorts of leading people, whether in literature or in fashion and social rank, and surprised all by his brilliant conversational powers, though he was not forward in talking unless he had something substantial to say. His demeanour was worthy of his exceptional position in its complicated bearings; and he was above all the tricks of a man who is showing off, or allowing others to show him off. He spent two winters in Edinburgh, leaving the city finally in February 1788, meanwhile he had been visiting various other parts of Scotland, and had crossed the English Border to Newcastle and Carlisle. A new edition of his poems, under the patronage of Dugald Stewart and many other celebrities, had been published in Edinburgh in April 1787; it consisted of 2800 copies, for which a subscription-list of 1500 names had been obtained, and it brought in nearly £600 to the poet. So far all was well. But Burns, already too convivial as an Ayrshire peasant,

naturally grew still more convivial as the cynosure of social gatherings in Edinburgh ; and the *éclat* and excitement of this episode in his history were not the natural precursors and props for a retired laborious country-life, in which hard field-work was again to be his means of subsistence, and the alleviator of his load was to be the rustic Jean Armour. The latter, it should be mentioned, presented her lover, in the spring of 1778, with a second pair of twins, who died almost immediately ; for she and Burns had met again during one of the intervals of his Edinburgh sojourn, when her parents naturally courted his return. Her second frailty caused her exclusion from the paternal home ; but some degree of reconciliation had been attained by the time of her delivery. Burns's enamoured correspondence with Miss M'Lehose (the "Clarinda" of his letters) was going on at its hottest about the same period.

In the early summer of 1788 Burns returned to Ayrshire. He espoused Jean by making a public declaration of marriage ; liberally advanced £180 to his brother Gilbert, to give him a start in life ; and took for himself a somewhat considerable farm at Ellisland in Dumfries-shire. Here he was domiciled before the end of June ; and resumed, among other rural occupations, the exercise of his skill as a ploughman, at which (it is pleasant to learn) he was a capital hand. Soon, however, he found that his income needed eking out ; and, as nothing more congenial offered as an outlet for his energies, he applied to be appointed excise-officer for his own vicinity, and obtained this post through the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintiay. His pay was at first the pittance of £50 per annum, increased after a time to £70.

Burns an exciseman is a rather dejecting picture to contemplate. Still, if we exclude idealisms and prejudices, and take a plain common-sense view of the practicalities of

the case, it might seem that the peasant poet, married to his early sweetheart who proved an affectionate wife ; settled on a farm of his own, the management of which he understood ; enthusiastically admired for his genius by his countrymen, from the noblest duke to the most tattered gaberlunzie ; habitually writing short pieces which he could throw off rapidly athwart a pressure of occupations, and which he could readily get published at once in some form or other, thereby keeping his name and fame in ever-fresh remembrance ; and having a small settled income, from a government post, to fall back upon — was not, as human lots go, a person worthy of mere commiseration, and altogether battered by the Fates. We hear of his having two men and two women servants ; nine or ten milch-cows ; some young cattle ; four horses ; and several pet sheep, of which he was fond. The position looks like an endurable one to begin with, and likely to continue in a steady course of quiet progressive improvement. Unfortunately this was not to be. The centre of Burns's hopes of material comfort and independence was his farm : but, after he had been there about three years and a half, he found that his duties in the excise interfered with the satisfactory conduct of agricultural operations, and he gave the farm up. It may indeed be surmised that, if his habits had been steadier, and himself more faithful to the severe traditions of his father's life, if he had not allowed the jolly dogs and loose fishes of his neighbourhood to prey upon his leisure, and if he had not grown a more and more helpless slave of the devil of drink, he might have sufficed for both occupations. However that may be, he did not thus suffice : and we may well infer that things had come to a bad pass with the farm when Burns, having to make his option between that and a government stipend of £70 a year, chose the latter as the

mainstay of his household. About the end of 1791, he removed to a small house in the town of Dumfries (how many thousands of people have looked since then with reverence on its mean outside !) and here he remained for the brief residue of his life.

Burns had a certain Jacobite and tory tone of political sentiment; but every great and unprosperous genius, born in the lower ranks of society, is a potential democrat ; and the era of the French Revolution was not one to leave the secret places of such a soul unstirred. More than once Burns used some expressions regarding the Revolution not strictly befitting an officer in the excise service of King George the Third—rather suitable to a man of genius and insight : this spoiled his prospects in the excise, and very nearly resulted in his dismissal. The chances open to his aspirations were that he might within a moderate number of years rise to the position of supervisor, with about £200 a year, any amount of hard work, and no leisure—and then, after another interval of years, to the post of collector at about £300 to £400. This latter promotion would have relieved him from the severer toils of business, and would have satisfied his desires. "A life of literary leisure, with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes," he said in one of his letters. In fact, however, he never rose out of the ranks in the excise service.

The majority of the songs which Burns wrote subsequently to his first Edinburgh edition were sent to Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, published in that city, and at a later date, to the *Collection of Original Scottish Airs* edited and published by Mr. George Thomson. In this work he wrote the words for many long-popular melodies—a field for the exercise of his genius which roused his heartiest and most generous sympathies. His first letter reply-

ing to Mr. Thomson's application is dated 16th September 1792, and absolutely declines the offered payment. It gives one a salutary thrill to think of this great poet, oppressed with the cares of a family, drudging through a hard, uncongenial, and most scantily paid employment, the fineness of his nature obfuscated by drink, his strong frame beginning to feel the inroads of disease, yet rising superior to all low-hearted suggestions, and even to the perfectly reasonable and fair promptings of his position, and with a glorious burst of patriotic love refusing to be a penny the richer in pocket for the pure 'e of everlasting song with which he again and again dowered his country. For about four years he adhered to his self-denying ordinance; and, in one instance when Mr. Thomson had of his own accord sent him a small sum, Burns—although, out of consideration for his correspondent, he did not send the money back—warned him never to repeat the experiment. At last, however, he was compelled to give in. After being seriously ill for about a year, and thus almost prevented from contributing to Thomson's publication, he was obliged, on the 12th of July 1796, to ask for a payment of £5 to meet a haberdasher's bill.

Ill health, mental dejection, and pecuniary straits, had indeed now encompassed Burns round on every side. He had sunk into a habitual tippler—not a contented one. Remorse was gnawing at him continually. He had always had and still retained a strong tincture of religious feeling, though not of what passes for orthodoxy: he could hardly be regarded as a believer in revelation, but clung hard to the idea of a future life. In money matters he continued honourable, and at his decease he left no debts. Rheumatic pains, and other maladies consequent upon his irregularities, assailed him; he became captious with his wife

whose affection had nevertheless worn well; then fever supervened, closing in delirium. The poet lay on his death-bed, while his wife, expecting another confinement, was incapable of tending him; harassed also by the pertinacity of some lawyer, on whom one of his latest utterances bestowed a curse.

The end came on the 21st of July 1796. Burns died, aged thirty-seven years and a half. The nation which had afforded him the post and the annual £70 of an excise officer did not cease to remember him in death. A public funeral was accorded to his remains, and was attended by vast multitudes. He left behind him, with his widow, four sons; a fifth had died in infancy. A considerable sum was raised for their benefit. Soon also an edition of Burns's poems—complete so far as the then known materials allowed—was brought out under the editorship of a cordial admirer, Dr. Currie, an eminent physician in Liverpool. It fostered the poet's fame, but was not needed to establish this: for in fact there is hardly in all literature an instance of such immediate and immense popularity—permeating the whole body politic of his countrymen—as that of Burns's poems. Everybody understood them, everybody enjoyed them: all were proud that Scotland should have produced a Burns, that he should reflect so much and so expressly national a renown on his country, and that themselves should be the sons of such a land, and compatriots of such a man. This enthusiastic acceptance of their native poet is certainly a great glory to Scotchmen: and any one who is bent upon remembering to their discredit that they left the man Burns to live and die an exciseman should bear in mind also that they had already reposed the poet Burns in their heart of hearts, and that at this day there are probably ten Scotchmen to whom Burns and his

work are breathing and potent realities, for one Englishman to whom Shakspeare is any more than a name. It may certainly be said that the more they admired the poet, the less willing should his countrymen have been to leave the man huddled in obscurity : this (as I said at starting) is a point already more than sufficiently debated elsewhere.

At the present time of day it would be almost a futility to analyse, in such space and in such method as I have at my disposal, the individual or characteristic merits of the poems of Burns. Every Scotchman is born to an intuition of them : which is as much as saying that whatever is strongest, deepest, broadest, and finest, in that remarkable concrete the Scotch national character, finds its euthanasia in these immortal verses. The ideal Scotchman is the man to whom Burns's poems most come home. They give all his distinctive faculties and foibles ; only with this modification necessary to the excellence of the poetic result : that the prudential and prosaic attributes—what one might call the minus quantities—of the Scotch character are left in proportion less than the reality, while the plus quantities—the geniality, fervency, and even rampancy, of whatever kind—are thrown in with a prodigal and affectionate exuberance. But all are there—the less as well as the more kindly excesses. Burns is in fact the demigod—the prophet, priest, and king—of Scotland : the Scotchman who, more than any other man or men, knits together at the present moment Scotchmen all over the globe, and may prolong and intensify for ages the nationalising work in which the Battle of Bannockburn and the anti-prelatical reformation under Knox were earlier yet it may be hardly so powerful coefficients. This is after all the greatest of Burns's many and great poetic merits—that he has Scoti-

cised poetry,\* has established an unbounded ascendant over the Scottish mind, and has drawn to him all hearts of his countrymen like the draught of a roaring fiery furnace. The merit is one not so easily assessable by criticism as by history : but, where it exists, as here, in pre-eminent degree, criticism has pretty well to abdicate her functions, and confess that a greater than herself is the arbiter. But, beyond this (and excluding all minor considerations), we have to recognise in especial three superb gifts in Burns's poetry—a power of clear piercing expression ; a perfect soul of singable, or declaimable song ; and above all, a sympathy so vivid and intimate as to pass continually into the domain of imagination, and give forth imaginative results and potencies. Of defects or inequalities of value in various poems or classes of poems by Burns, I need not here say a word.

Burns was nearly five feet ten in height, with black curly hair and dark eyes : every one knows the general look of his portraits. He was quick-tempered—sudden and volatile in resentments. Though he wrote so many poems for musical airs, he had little or no technical knowledge of music : he even had no ear for tunes, and his voice was unmelodious, at any rate in his earlier youth. At one time he meditated writing a national drama. Of the works which he actually executed, he regarded *Tam O'Shanter*, the product of a single day, with most predilection. This masterpiece was written at Ellisland, and was first published in 1793.

W. M. ROSETTI.

\* In saying this, we are of course not to forget the precursors of Burns's poetry—the glorious old Scottish Ballads, and more recently Allan Ramsay, &c.

I have been able to avail myself, in this edition, of the substance of the apposite illustrative notes appended by Mr. J. S. Roberts to a previous issue of Burns's Poems; and have to acknowledge the aid of that gentleman in some further respects.

W. M. R.





## BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS.

### P O E M S.

#### TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

THE Poet says, regarding the following -- "In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth, but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything so except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character — great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment" —

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,  
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,  
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;  
And with sincere, though unavailing, sighs,  
I view the helpless children of distress.  
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor  
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,  
Whose upsubmitting heart was all his crime.  
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;  
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;  
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,  
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.  
—Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited, friends,  
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,  
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!  
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me

POEMS.

With talents passing most of my ~~compeers~~,  
Which I in just proportion have abused  
As far surpassing other common villains  
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. •

THE TORBOLTON LASSIES

The two pieces following, written at different times, give a list of the marriageable damsels in the poet's neighbourhood. According to Mr. Chambers, the poet's brother, Gil'art, had made advances to one of the daughters at "the Bennalls," and had been repulsed. The poet takes the opportunity of hinting that he was too proud to risk a like fate.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,  
Ye'll there see b' my Peggy,  
She kens her faither is a laird,  
And she forsooth's ~~leddy~~. •

There Sophy tight, a rusie bright,  
Besides a brundome fortune.  
Wha cumra wi' her in night,  
Has little ait in courtin'. •

Gie down by Fairle, and taste the ale,  
And tak a look o' Mystic,  
She's down and dum,<sup>1</sup> a deil within,  
But ablins<sup>2</sup> she may please ye. •

If she be shy, her sister tiv  
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,  
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense--  
She kens herself she's bonny. •

As ye gae up by yon hillside,  
Speck' in for bonny Bessy;  
She'll gie ye a beck,<sup>3</sup> and bid ye lecht,  
And handsomely address ye. •

There's few sic bonnie, name sic guid,  
In a King George's dominion;  
If ye should doubt the truth o' this--  
It's Bessy's ain opinion. •

In Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,  
And proper young lasses and a', man;  
But ken ye the Ronalds, that live in the Bennalls,  
They carry the gree frae them a', man. •

Then faither's a laird, and weel he can spare't,  
Braid money to tocher<sup>4</sup> them a', man,  
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand  
Gowd gunnas a hunder or twa, man.

<sup>1</sup> Sulky and dum = complexion  
<sup>2</sup> perhaps

<sup>3</sup> Cull  
<sup>4</sup> Dow

<sup>5</sup> Palm  
<sup>6</sup> Porter

POEMS.

There's am they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen  
 As bonny a lass or as braw, man;  
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,  
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,  
 The man admiration they draw, man;  
 While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,  
 They fade and they wither awa, man

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this fiae a frien',  
 A lunt o' a tival or twa, man,  
 The Lairt o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,  
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braichhead has been on his speed,  
 For man than a towmond<sup>1</sup> or twa, man;  
 The Land o' the Ford wad straught on a board,<sup>2</sup>  
 If he canna get her at a', man

Then Anna comes in, the ride o' her kin,  
 The boast of all bachelors a', man,  
 Sae sonsy<sup>3</sup> and sweet, sic fully complete,  
 She steals our affections awa, man

If I should detail the pick and the wale<sup>4</sup>  
 O' lasses that live here twa, man,  
 The fault wad be mine, if they dinna shine,  
 The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but daurna weel tell,  
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,  
 For making o' rhymin', and working at times,  
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,  
 Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man;  
 For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,  
 My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,  
 And flee o'er the hills like a raw, man,  
 I can laund up my head with the best o' the breed,  
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scottin o' the best,  
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,  
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,  
 And ne'er a wrang stuck in them a', man.

My sarks<sup>5</sup> they are few, but five o' them new,  
 Twal' hundred<sup>6</sup> as white as the snaw, man,  
 A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat;  
 There are no mony pocts sae braw, man.

<sup>1</sup> I twelve months

<sup>2</sup> Die and be stretc

on a board.

<sup>3</sup> Comely.

<sup>4</sup> Choice

<sup>5</sup> Starts

<sup>6</sup> A quality of cloth.

I never had fien's weel stockit in means,  
To leave me a hundred or twa, man ;  
Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,  
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie<sup>2</sup> for hoarding o' money,  
Or caughtin' together at a', man,  
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,  
But deevil a shilling I awe,<sup>1</sup> man.

## WINTER.

## A DIRGE

This poem was copied into Burns's Commonplace Book, with the remarks appended:—"As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment which are in a manner peculiar to myself, or some here and there such out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a <sup>holy</sup> <sub>holy</sub> cast, but there is something even in the

"Mighty tempest, and the heavy waste,  
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,"

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favourable to every thing great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me mort<sup>1</sup>—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me—someth<sup>ig</sup> which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a run of misfortunes, I composed the following."—

THE wintry west extends his blast,  
And hail and sain does blow;  
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth  
The blinding sleet and snow:  
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,  
And roars frae bank to brae;  
And bird and beast in covert rest,  
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"\*  
The joyless winter-day,  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May:  
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul.  
My griefs it seems to join;  
The leafless trees my fancy pleases,  
Their fate resembles mine!  
Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
These woes of mine fulfil,

<sup>1</sup> Humours.<sup>2</sup> Careful.<sup>3</sup> Gathering it.<sup>4</sup> Owes.

\* Dr. Young.

## POEMS.

Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,  
Because they are Thy will !  
Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant  
This one request of mine !)  
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, •  
Assist me to resign. •

### A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

In the Commonplace Book these lines are introduced by the following note :— “There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed this Prayer:”—

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art  
Surpasses me to know :  
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee  
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,  
All wretched and distressed,  
Yet sure those ills that wing my soul  
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath !  
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,  
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,  
To suit some wise design ;  
Then man my soul with firm resolves,  
To bear and not repine !

### THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAPLIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOUNG.

(An Uncle Mourning's Tale.)

“THE circumstances of the poor sheep,” says Gilbert Burns, “were pretty much as Robert has described them. He had, partly by way of frolic, bought an ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lothlea. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at mid-day, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hughie’s appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Maplie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her ‘Death and Dying Words,’ pretty much in the way they now stand.”

As Mailie and her lambs thegither  
 Was ae day nibbling on the tether,  
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,  
 And owie she warsled<sup>1</sup> in the ditch :  
 Ther, groaning, dying, she did lie,  
 When Hughoe he cam doytin'<sup>2</sup> by.  
 Wi' glowering een, and lifted han's;  
 Poor Hughoe like a statue stan's;  
 He saw her dyes weie near-hand ended,  
 But, waez my heart ! he couldna mend it !,  
 He gapèd wide, but naething spak—  
 At length poor Mailie silence brak —  
 “O thou, whose lamentable face  
 Appears to me in my wiefu' case !  
 My dying words attentive hear,  
 And bear them to my ma, — dear,  
 “Tell him, if e'er again he keep  
 As muckle gear a' buy a sleep,  
 Oh, bid him never tie them mair  
 Wi' wicked stungs o' temp or hair !  
 But ea' them out to park o' hill,  
 And let them wander at then will ;  
 So may his flock increase, and grow  
 To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo' !  
 “Tell him he was a master kin',  
 And aye was guid to me and min' ;  
 And now my dying charge I gie him—  
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.  
 “Oh, bid him save then harmless lives  
 Frae dogs, and tod, and butchers' knives  
 But gie them guid coo-milk then fill,  
 Till they be fit to send themsel'.  
 And tent them duly, e'en and morn,  
 Wi' teats o' hiry, at lippes o' conn  
 “And may they never learn the gaads<sup>3</sup>  
 Of other vile, wanesters<sup>4</sup> pe's !  
 To slink through slaps, and leave and steal  
 At stacks o' peas or stocks o' kail,  
 So may they, like then great forbears,  
 For mony a year come through the shearis :  
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,  
 And bauns greet<sup>5</sup> for them when they're dead  
 “My poor loop-lamb, my son and heir,  
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care !  
 And if he live to be a beast,  
 To pit some havins<sup>6</sup> in his baste !  
 And warn him what I winna name,  
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame :

<sup>1</sup> Struggled.<sup>2</sup> Walking clumsily.<sup>3</sup> Habits.<sup>4</sup> Restless.<sup>5</sup> Weep.<sup>6</sup> Good sense.

And no to ~~um~~ and wear his clouts,<sup>\*</sup>  
Like iether menscless,<sup>†</sup> graceless blutes,

" And neist my yowie, silly thing,  
Gud keep thee fiae a tether string !  
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up  
Wi' ony blastit, + moorland toop,  
But aye keep mind to moop and mell  
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself !

" And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath  
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :  
And when you think upo' your mither,  
Mind to be kin' to ane amither.

" Now, honest Hughoe, dinna fail  
To tell my master a' my tale ;  
And bid him burn this cursed tether,  
And, for thy pains, thou's get my blether."<sup>‡</sup>  
Thosaid, poor Maile turn'd her head,  
And closed her een amang the dead.

## THE ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,  
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;  
Our bardie's fate is at a close,  
Past a' remead,  
The last sad cape-stane of his woe ;  
Poor Maile's dead !

It's no the loss o' wail's gear,  
That could sic bitter daw the teu,  
Or mak our bardie, dowie, <sup>†</sup> weai  
The mourning weel :  
He's lost a friend and neighbor dear  
In Muile dead.

Through a' the toun<sup>‡</sup> she trotted by him ;  
A lang half-mile she coul'd espy him ;  
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,  
She ran wi' speed.  
A friend mair faishfu' ne'er cam' righ him  
Than Maile dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sepsse,  
And could behave hersel wi' mense.<sup>§</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Unmannery.<sup>2</sup> Bladdes.<sup>3</sup> Exhausted.<sup>4</sup> Decorum.

\* Mr. Roberts, in his edition of Burns's Works, attaches, right or wrongly, a meaning to this word not hitherto adopted by the various annotators of the poet's works. He says:—" *Clouts*, clothes or rags, with reference to a piece of clothing with which rams are cumbered at certain seasons, for a purpose which will hardly bear full explanation." Nothing but ignorance of this custom, I believe, has led to the word being supposed to mean the feet of the animal.

<sup>†</sup> A contemptuous term.<sup>‡</sup> The farm buildings are spoken of as the town in Scotland.

I'll say't, she never brak a fence  
 Through thievish ~~green~~.  
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence \*  
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her living image in her yowe  
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,<sup>2</sup>  
 For bits o' bread ;  
 And down the bony pearls rowe  
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' mooland tips,  
 Wi' tawted ket,<sup>3</sup> and hairy hips ;  
 For her sorbeas were brought in ships  
 Frae yont the Tweed :  
 A bonnier sleesh ne'er cross'd the clip,  
 Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the maid wha first did shape  
 That vile, wanclancie<sup>4</sup> thing—a rape !  
 It maks guid fellow's gill at<sup>5</sup> gape,<sup>†</sup>  
 Wi' chokin' dread ;  
 And Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,  
 For Mailie dead.

Oh, a' ye bards on bonny Doon !  
 And wha on Ayr your charters tune ?  
 Come, join the melancholious croon  
 O' Robin's reed !  
 His heart will never get aboon  
 His Mailie dead.

#### OH WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE ?

The following is an impromptu :—

“ Oh why the deuce should I repine,  
 And be an ill foreboder ?  
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine —  
 I'll go and be a sodger.  
 I gat some gear wi' meikle care,  
 “ I held it weel thegither ;  
 But now it's gane, and something mair —  
 I'll go and be a sodger.”

#### THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

“ The Six Belles of Mauchline ” were Miss Helen Miller, who became the wife of the poet's friend, Dr. MacKenzie ; Miss Markland, who became the wife of another friend, Mr. Finlay, a brother Excise officer ; Miss Jean Smith, who

<sup>1</sup> Dell

<sup>2</sup> Knoll.

<sup>3</sup> Matted fleece.

<sup>4</sup> Unlucky.

<sup>5</sup> Ropes

\* Shut himself up in his parlour.

† Gripe and gasp—the allusion here is to hanging.

married a third friend of the poet, Mr. Candlish, and was mother of the well-known Edinburgh divine, Dr. Candlish; Miss Betty, a sister of Miss Helen Miller, became Mrs. Templeton. Miss Morton married Mr. Paterson, a merchant in Mauchline; and we need hardly say that Belle Number Six became the poet's wife, making what, in a worldly sense, may have been the poorest match of all, although she had for her husband the most notable Scotchman of his generation.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,  
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';  
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Mille. is fine, Miss Markland's divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;  
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,  
But Armour's 'e jewel for me o' them a'.

## A PRAYER

## IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

The poet tells us that the two pieces which follow "were composed when fainting fits, and other alarming symptoms of pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm. The stanzas are misgivings in the hour of despondency and prospect of death. The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause  
Of all my hope and fear!  
In whose dread presence, ere an-hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!  
  
If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun;  
As something, loudly, in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done;  
  
Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me  
With passions wild and strong,  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.  
  
Where human weakness has com'd short;  
Or frailty stept aside,  
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,  
In shades of darkness hide,  
  
Where with intention I have err'd,  
No other plea I have,  
But, Thou art good; and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS  
ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?  
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between :  
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms,  
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?  
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ? •  
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms :  
 I tremble to approach an angry God,  
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.  
 Fain would I say, " Forgive my foul offence ! "  
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;  
 But should my Author health again dispense,  
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way :  
 Again in folly's path might go astray ;  
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man :  
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,  
 Who act so counter heaven's only mercy's plan ?  
 Who sin so oft have spurned, yet to temptation ran ?  
 O Thou great God, not of all below !  
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,  
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,  
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :  
 With that controlling power assist even me,  
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,  
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,  
 To rule their torrent in the allowed line :  
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine !

## THE FIRST PSALM

The man, in life wherever placed,  
 Hath happiness in store,  
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,  
 Nor learns their guilty lore.  
 Nor from the seat of scoundrel pride  
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,  
 But with humility and awe  
 Still walks before his God.  
 That man shall flourish like the trees,  
 Which by the streamlets grow ;  
 The fruitful top is spread on high,  
 And firm the root below.  
 But he whose blossom buds in guilt  
 Shall to the ground be cast,  
 And, like the rootless stubble, tott  
 Before the sweeping blast.  
 For why? that God the good adore  
 Hath given them peace and rest,  
 But hath decreed that wicked men  
 Shall ne'er be truly blest,

## THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend  
     Of all the human race !  
     Whose strong right hand has ever been  
         Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads  
     Beneath Thy forming hand,  
     Before this ponderous globe itself  
         Arose at Thy command,  
     That Power which raised and still upholds  
         This universal frame,  
     From countless, unbeginning time  
         Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years  
     Which seem to us so vast  
     Appear no more before thy sight  
         Than yesterday, that's past

Thou givest the void. Thy creature, man,  
     Is to existence brought ;  
     Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,  
         Return ye into nought ! "

Thou layest them with all their cares,  
     In everlasting sleep ;  
     As with a flood Thou takest them off  
         With overwhelming sweep

They flourish like the morning flower,  
     In beauty's pride array'd ;  
     But long ere night cut down, it lie,  
         All wither'd and decay'd.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT KJISSEAU

CROMICK found the following among the poet's papers after his death. Ruisseaux—*A translation of his own name—is French for rich deer.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair,  
     He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair,  
     Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stae,  
         Nae mair shall fear him ;  
     Nor anxious fear, nor enkeit care  
         Wi' mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,  
     Except the moment that they crusht him :  
     For 'une as chance or fate had husht 'em,  
         Though e'er sae shor,  
     Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,  
         And thought it sport,

## POEMS

Though he was bled to kintrae wark,  
And counted was bruth wight and stark,  
Yet that was never Robin's muk  
To muk a man,  
But tell him 'o was leun'd and Clark,  
He roosed him thay!

## MATCHLINE FRILLS

OF serve novels, &c. Matchline belles!  
Ye're sifit at your spinning wheel,  
Such witching backs are bated hooks  
For rankish col's like Rob Mossiel.  
  
Your fine Tom Jones and Sanderson,  
They rink your youthful fancies ill;  
They heat your veins and ne your brains,  
\* And then ye'll pay for Kib Moss ill.  
  
Beware a tongue that smoothly hung,  
A heat that warmly seems to feel,  
That feeling heat but acts a put—  
It is rankish in Rob Mossiel.  
  
The frank address, the soft caress  
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,  
The frank address and *Ait ee*  
Are all finesse in Rob Mossiel.

## DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

### A TELL STORY

"DEATH and Dr. Hornbook" says Cill et Burns "though not published in the *Kilmarnock* edit it w<sup>s</sup> produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Lortolton pairt h<sup>t</sup> eke out th<sup>t</sup> vanity subsistenc allowed r that n<sup>t</sup> useful class of men set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen i<sup>t</sup> with some medicinal books and b<sup>t</sup> c me in his hobby horisically attached to the study of medicine he ha<sup>d</sup> a l<sup>t</sup> h<sup>t</sup> sale of a few medicines to h<sup>t</sup> little trade. He had got a shop bill printed ut the bo<sup>t</sup> m of which, overloo<sup>t</sup> ing his own incapacity he had advertised th<sup>t</sup> if advice w<sup>s</sup> given, in common disorder sent to the shop gratis. Robert was at a mason meeting in Lortolton, when the domine m<sup>t</sup> too ostentatious a display of his medicinal skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of pantomime and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparitions mentioned in his letter to Dr. Moore crossed his mind this st<sup>r</sup> him to work for the rest of his way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the ver es to me the next afternoon I w<sup>s</sup> holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me.

Cromek says of the hero of this poem. "At Glasgow I heard that the hero of this exquisite satire was living. Hamilton managed to introduce me to him —we talk'd of almost all subjects save the poems of Burns. Dr. Hornbook is above the middle size, stout made, & inclining to corpulency. His complexion is w<sup>t</sup> rthy his eye black and expressive he wears a brown wig, and dresses in black. There is little or nothing of the pedant about him I think a man who had never read the poem would scarcely discover any. Burns, I am told, had no personal enmity to Wilson."

\* Rob Mossiel—Robert Burns of Mossiel—the name of his farm

The mirth and ridicule which this exquisite piece of satire excited drove Wilson out of the district. He got the appointment of session-clerk of the parish of Corbals, in Glasgow, and died there in 1829.

• SOME books are lies fra end to end,  
And somē great lies were never penn'd :  
E'en ministers, they hac been kenn'd,  
    In holy rapture,  
A rousing whid<sup>1</sup> at times to vend,  
    And nail't wi' Scripture.

• But this that I am gaun to tell,  
Which lately on a night besell,  
Is just as true's the deil's in hell  
    Or Dublin city :  
That e'er he nearer comes oursel  
    'S a muckle pity.

• The clachan yill<sup>2</sup> had made me canty,  
I wasna sou, but just had plenty ;  
I stacher'd whyle,<sup>3</sup> yet took tent aye  
    To free the ditches ;  
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye  
    Frae ghaists and witches.

• The rising moon began to glower  
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :  
• To count her horns, wi' a' my power,  
    I set mysel ;  
But whether she had three or four,  
    I couldna tell.

I was come round about the hill,  
And toddlin' down on Wdhe's mill,\*  
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,  
    To keep me sicker :  
Though leeward whiles, agains' my will,  
    I took a biicker.<sup>5</sup>

I there wi' somc'ing did loogather,  
That put me in an eerie swithcr ;<sup>6</sup>  
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ac shouther,  
    Clear-dangling, haing ;  
A three-taed leister<sup>7</sup> on the it'er  
    Lay laige aryl lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,  
The queerer shape that e'er I saw,

<sup>1</sup> Lie.

<sup>2</sup> Village ale.

<sup>3</sup> Sometimes

<sup>4</sup> Steady

<sup>5</sup> A staggering run.

<sup>6</sup> Fearful uncertainty.

<sup>7</sup> A fish-spear.

\* Torbolton Mill, then occupied by William Muir—hence called *Wm. Muir's mill*.

For fient a wame<sup>1</sup> it had ava,<sup>2</sup>  
And then its shanks,  
They were as thin, as sharp and sma',  
As cheeks o' blanks.\*

"Gud-e'en," quo' I; "friend, hae ye been mawin',  
When ithir folk are busy sawin'?" †  
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',  
But naething spak;  
At lez gth, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun?  
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,<sup>2</sup> — "My name is Death;  
But be na fley'd!" — Quoth I, "Gud faith,  
Ye're maybe come to stап my breath;  
But tent n. e. billie;  
I red<sup>4</sup> ye weel, tak eue o' thairt;  
See, there's a gully!"<sup>5</sup>

"Gudman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,  
I'm no design'd to try it mettle;  
But if I did, I wad be kittle<sup>6</sup>  
To be mislaid,<sup>7</sup>  
I wad na mind it, no that spittle  
Out-owrie my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargan be't;  
Come, gies your hand, and sae we're greet';  
We'll ease ou shanks<sup>8</sup> and tak a seat—  
Come, gies your n'ws;  
This while <sup>‡</sup> ye hae been mony a gate,<sup>9</sup>  
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,  
"It's een a lang, lang time indeed  
Sin' I began to nick the thaird  
And choile the breath:  
Folk maun do something for their bread,  
And sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are nea' hand fled  
Sin' I was to the butchering biid,  
And mony a scheme in vein's been laid,  
To stап or scau me,  
Till aye Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,  
And faith he'll wun me.

<sup>1</sup> Belly.

<sup>2</sup> Hollow.

<sup>3</sup> Frightened.

<sup>4</sup> Wein.

<sup>5</sup> Clasp-knife.

<sup>6</sup> I would be tempted.

<sup>7</sup> Mischievous.

<sup>8</sup> Limbs.

<sup>9</sup> Road.

\* A kind of bridle.

† This encounter happened in seed-time of 1785. — B

‡ An epidemic fever was then raging in that country. — B

" "Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan.  
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spieuchan!<sup>1</sup>  
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan<sup>2</sup>  
And ither chaps,  
The weans<sup>3</sup> haud out their fingers laughin',  
And pouk my hips.<sup>3</sup>

" See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,  
They hae pierced mony a gallant heart;  
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art  
And cursed skill,  
Has made them bith no worth a f---,  
Damn'd haet they'll kill

" "Iwas but yestreen, nae furthe gaen,  
I thiew a noble throw at ane;  
Wi' less, I'm sur'e, I've hundreds slain;  
But daill ma care,  
It just play'd dul on the land,  
Bewd nae mur.

" Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,  
And had sae fortified the pair,  
That when I looked to my dart,  
It was sae blunt,  
Frenchaet o't wad hae pierced the heart  
O' a kail-runt.<sup>4</sup>

" "I drew my scythe in sic a fury,  
I near-hand cowpit<sup>5</sup> wi' my hury,  
But yet the bauld apothecary  
Withstood the shock;  
I might as weel ha'e tried a quauy  
O' haid whin rock

" Even them he canna get attended,  
Although then face he ne'er had kenn'd it,  
Just sh—e in a kail-blade and send it,  
As soon's he smell'd it,  
Baith then disease and what will meny<sup>6</sup> it  
At ance he tellis't.

" And then a' doctor's saws and whistles,  
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,  
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles  
He's sure to ha'e:  
Their Latin names as fast he rattles  
A., A., B.C.

" "Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;  
True salmirium o' the eas,

<sup>1</sup> Tobacco-pouch  
<sup>2</sup> Children

<sup>3</sup> Pluck at my hams.

<sup>4</sup> Cabbage (Colewort) stalk

<sup>5</sup> Tumbled

The farina of beans and peat,  
He has't in plenty;  
Aquafontis, what you please,  
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,  
Urinus spiritus of capons ;  
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,  
Distill'd *per se* ;  
Salalkali o' midge-tail clippings,  
And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnnie Ged's<sup>\*</sup> hole noo' ;"  
Quo' I, "if that thae news be true !  
It's braw calf-ward<sup>†</sup> whare gowans grew,  
Sae white and bonny,  
Nae doubt they'll live it wi' the pleugh ;  
They'll run Johnnie !"

The creature grais'd an eldrich<sup>‡</sup> laugh  
And says, "I neechna yoke the pleugh,  
Kirk-yards will soon be fill'd eneugh,  
Tak ye nae fear :

They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh<sup>§</sup>  
In twa three year.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,  
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,  
This night I'm free to tak my aith,  
That Hornbook's skill  
Has clad a score i' them last clauth,  
By diap and pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,  
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,  
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head  
When it was sair ;  
The wife slade cannie to her bed,  
But ne'er spak mair.

"A countiy laird had ta'en the batts,  
Or sonie curmuring in his guts,  
His only son for Hornbook sets,  
And pays him well ;  
The lad, for twa guid ginmer-pets,<sup>¶</sup>  
Was laird himself.

"A bounylass, ye kenn'd her name,  
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved hei' wame :  
She trusts hersel, to hide the shaue,  
In Hornbook's care ;  
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,  
To hide it there.

<sup>1</sup> Unearthly.

<sup>2</sup> Furrow.

<sup>3</sup> Ewe lambs.

\* The grave-digger.

† The church-yard had been used as pasture-ground for calves.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;  
 Thus goes he on from day to day,  
 Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,  
 An's weel paid for't:  
 Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,  
 Wi' his damn'd dirt:  
 "But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,  
 Though dinna ye be speaking o't;  
 I'll nail the self-conceited sot,  
 As dead's a herring;  
 Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,  
 He's got his fairin'!"<sup>1</sup>  
 But just as he began to tell,  
 The auld kirk-hammer striek the bell  
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,  
 Which raised us baith:  
 I took the way that pleased mysel,  
 And sae did Death.

## THE TWA HERDS, OR, THE HOLY TUIZIE.

In a MS. now in the British Museum Burns gives an account of the origin of this piece.—"The following was the first of my poetical productions that saw the light. I gave a copy of it to a particular friend of mine who was very fond of these things, and told him 'I did not know who was the Author, but that I had got a copy of it by accident.' The occasion was a bitter and shameful quarrel between the two Rev. gentlemen, Mr. Moodie of Riccarton and Mr. Russell of Kilmarnock. It was at the time when the hue and cry against Patronage was at the worst."

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abber.  
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war."—Pope.

Oh, a' ye pious godly flock,  
 Weel fed on pastures orthodox,  
 Wha now will keep you haec the fox,  
 Or worrying tykes,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,<sup>3</sup>  
 About the dikes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,  
 That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,  
 These five and twenty simmers past,  
 Oh! dool to teil,  
 Hae had a bitter black outcast  
 Atween themsel.

O Moodie, man, and wordly Russell,  
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,  
 Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle  
 And think it fine:  
 The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle  
 Sin' I hae mun'.

<sup>1</sup> Deserts.<sup>2</sup> Dogs.<sup>3</sup> Stray sheep and old ewes.

O sirs ! whae'er wad hae expeckit,  
 Your duty ye wad sic neglekit,  
 Ye wha weie ne'er by lairds respeckit,  
     To wear the plaid,  
 But by he brutes themselves eleckit,  
     To be their guide. •

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,  
 Sic hale and hearty every shank ?  
 Nae poison'd sour Airmman stank  
     He let them taste.  
 Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—  
     Oh, sic a feast !

The thummair,<sup>1</sup> wil'-cat,<sup>2</sup> stock,<sup>3</sup> and tod,<sup>4</sup>  
 Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,  
 He smelt their ilk hole an' road,  
     Bith out and in,  
 And weel he likel<sup>t</sup> to shed then bluid,  
     A' al sell then skin.

What heid like Russell tell'd his tale,  
 His voice was, head through mur and dale,  
 He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilk tail,  
     O'er a' the height,  
 And saw gin they were sick or hale,  
     At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrib,  
 On nobly swing the gospel-club,  
 And New-Light hinds could nicely drub,  
     Or pay then skin,  
 Could shake them owie the burning dub,  
     Or heave them in.

Sic twa - oh ! do I live to see't,  
 Sic famous twa should disagree,  
 And nunes hie "villain," "hypocrite,"  
     Ilkither gr'en,  
 While New-Light hinds, wi' laughin' spite,  
     Say neither's keen' !

W' ye wha tent the gospel auld,  
 There's Duncan,<sup>5</sup> deep, and Peebles,<sup>6</sup> shaw,<sup>7</sup>  
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,<sup>8</sup>  
     We trust in thee,  
 That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,  
     Till they agree.  
 Consider, sugg how we're beset,  
 There's scarce a new herd that we get

1 Pe-e-cat

2 Badger.

3 Fox

4 Shallow.

Dr. Robert Duncan, minister of Dunadonald  
 5 Rev. William Peebles, of Newton-upon-Ayr  
 6 Rev. William Auld, minister of Mauchline

But comes frae' mang that cursed set  
 I winna name ;  
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet  
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple \* has been lang o'er fae,  
 M'Gill † has wrought us meikle wae,  
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae.‡  
 And baith the Shaws, §  
 That ast hae made us black and blaue,  
 Wi' vengesu' paws.

Auld Wedlow || lang has hatch'd mischief,  
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,  
 But he has gotten, to our grief,  
 Ane to succeed him,  
 A chei whall soundly butt our beef ;  
 I meikle dread him.

And mony aane that I could tell,  
 Wha fair would openly rebel,  
 Forbye turn-coats amang oursel ;  
 There's Smith for aane,  
 I doubt he's but a gray-neck quill,  
 And that ye'll fin'.

• Oh ! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,  
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,  
 Come, join your counsel and your skills,  
 To cewe the land,  
 And get the brutes the powers themsel,  
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,  
 And learning in a woody dance,  
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,  
 That bites sic sair,  
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France :  
 • Let him bark therie.

• Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,  
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,  
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,  
 And guid M'Math,  
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,  
 May a' pack aif.

## I Halter

\* Rev Dr. Dalrymple, one of the ministers of Ayr

† Rev William M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr.

‡ Minister of St. Quivox.

§ Dr Andrew Shaw of Craigne, and Dr David Shaw of Coylton.

|| Dr Peter Wodrow, Torbolton.

## HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

THIS IS THE most terrible commentary on the Calvinistic doctrine of Election ever written. The origin of the lines may be briefly told. Burns's friend, Gavin Hamilton, had been refused the ordinances of the Church, because he was believed to have made a journey on the Sabbath, and because one of his servants by his orders had brought in some potatoes from the garden on another Sunday, hence the allusion to the "kail and potatoes" in the piece.

William Fisher, one of the Rev. Mr. Auld's elders, made himself very conspicuous in the case. He was a great pretender to sanctity—and only a pretender. Afterwards he fell into drunken habits, and died in a ditch while in a helpless state of intoxication.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,  
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,  
Sends aye to heaven, and ten to hell,  
    A' for thy glory,  
And no soi ony guid or r'ly  
    They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,  
Whan thou ands, thou hast left in night,  
That I am here, afore thy sight,  
    For gifts and grace,  
A burnin' and a shun' light  
    To a' this place.

What was I, on my generation,  
That I shou'd get sic exaltation?  
I, wha deserve sic just damnation  
    For broken law,  
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,  
    Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
Thou might hae plunged me into hell,  
To gnash my gulis, to weep and wail,  
    In burnin' lake,  
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,  
    Cham'd to a stake.

Yet I am herè a chosen sample,  
To show thy grace is great and ample;  
I'm herè a pillar in thy temple,  
    Strong as a rock,  
A guide, a buckler, an example,  
    To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,  
When drinkers drirk, and swearers swear,  
And singing there, and dancing here,  
    Wi' great and sma';  
For I am kept, by thy fear,  
    Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,  
At times I'm fash'd<sup>1</sup> wi' fleshly lust;

<sup>1</sup> Troubled.

And sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,  
Vile self gets in;  
But thou remembers we are dust,  
Defiled in sin.

O Lord ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—  
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,  
Oh, may it ne'er be a livin' plague,  
    To my dishonour,  
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg  
    Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,  
Wi' Lizzie's law, three times I trow—  
But, Lord, that Friday I was sou'  
    When I came near her,  
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true  
Wadane'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn  
Beset thy servant e'eft and morn,  
Lest he owfe high and proud should turn,  
    Cause he's sae gifted ;  
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne  
    Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,  
For here thou hast a chosen race :  
But God confound their stubborn face,  
    And blast their name,  
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace  
    And public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,  
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,  
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,  
    Wi' grit and sma',  
Frac God's ain priests the people's hearts .  
    He steals awa'.

And whan we thästen'd him therefore,  
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,<sup>1</sup>  
As set the world in a roar  
    O' laughin' at us ;—  
Curse thou hi, basket and his stoe,  
    Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer  
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr ;  
Thy strong tight hand, Lord, mak it bare  
    Upo' their heads,  
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
    For their misdeeds.

<sup>1</sup> Disturbance.

O Lord, my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,<sup>1</sup>  
My very heart and soul are qualm'd,  
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',

And swat wi' dread,  
While he, wi' lungin' lip and snakin',<sup>2</sup>  
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,  
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,  
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,  
Not hear their prayer;  
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,  
And dinna spare

But, Lord, remember me and mine,  
Wi' mercies temp'r'al an' divine,  
That I for gear and grace may shew,  
Excell'd b' nane,  
And a' the glory shall be thine,  
Amen, Amen!

#### EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay  
Taks up its last abode;  
His soul has ta'en some other way,  
I fear the left-hand road  
Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,  
Poor silly body, see him;  
Nae wonder he's as black's the gun,  
Observe wha's standing wi' him!

You bruntaste devilship, I see,  
Has got him there before ye;  
But hand your nine-tail cat a wee,  
Till ance ye've heard my story.

You pity I will not implore,  
I'm pity ye ha'e nane!  
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,  
And mercy's day is gane.

But heu me, sir, deil as ye are,  
Look something to your credit;  
A coof<sup>3</sup> like him wad stain your name,  
If it were kent ye did it.

#### TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

GILBERT BURNS says, "The verses to the 'Mouse' and 'Mountain Daisy' were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding

<sup>1</sup> Sneering.

<sup>2</sup> Fool

\* William Aiken, a solicitor, a special friend of the poet's.

the plough. I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise.

"John Blane," says Mr Chambers, "who was farm-servant at Mossgiel at the time of its composition, still (1838) lives at Kilmarnock. He stated to me that he recollects the incident perfectly. Burns was holding the plough, with Blane for his driver, when the little creature was observed running off across the field. Blane, having the *pettle*, or plough-cleaning utensil, in his hand at the moment, was thoughtlessly running after it, to kill it, when Burns checked him, but not angrily, asking what all the poor mouse had ever done him. The poet then seemed to his driver to grow very thoughtful, and, during the remainder of the afternoon, he spoke not. In the night time he awoke Blane, who slept with him, and, reading the poem which had in the meantime been composed, asked what he thought of the *mouse* now."

Wi'e, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie.

Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!<sup>1</sup>

I wad be laith to sin and chase thee,  
Wi' murdr'ring pattle!<sup>2</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken nature's social union,

And justifies that ill opinion

Which mak's thee start'e

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,

And fellow-mortall!

I doubt na, whyles,<sup>3</sup> but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daiven icker in a thrave<sup>4</sup>

'S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,

And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

It's silly wa's the win's aie strewin'!

And naething now to big a new ane

O' foggage green!

And bleak December's winds ensuin'

Bath snell<sup>5</sup> and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,

And weary winter comin' fast,

And cozies<sup>6</sup> here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell

Till, crash! the cruel coulter past

Out through thy cell.

That wee byt heap o' leaves and stipple

Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!

<sup>1</sup> Hurrying run.

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes.

<sup>3</sup> Pattle or pettle, the plough spade.

<sup>4</sup> Sharp.

<sup>5</sup> Comfortable.

<sup>6</sup> An ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

New thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hauld,  
To thole<sup>1</sup> the winter's sleetly dribble,  
And crane euch<sup>2</sup> cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In ploving foresight may be vain:  
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain  
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !  
The present only toucheth thee.  
But, och ! I backward cast my ee  
" On prospects drear !  
And forward, though I cunn see,  
I guess and fear.

## HAI LOWTEN

THE following poem will, by many readers be well enough understood, but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with Prophecy & the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The vision of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state in all ages and nations, and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if they such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of them among the more unenlightened in our own land.

' Ves ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
The simple pleasures of the lowly train  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than ill the gloss of art "

—GOUDMITH.

UPON that night, when fairies light  
On Cassillis Down ins<sup>\*</sup> dance,  
Or owre the hys<sup>†</sup> in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance;  
Or for Colean he route is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams;  
There, ilp the cove,<sup>‡</sup> to stray and rove,  
Among the rocks and steems  
To spoilt that night.

Among the bonny winding banks  
Where Doon runs, wimplin', clear,  
Where Bruce<sup>§</sup> ance ruled the martial ranks,  
And shook his Carrick spear,

<sup>1</sup> Endure.<sup>2</sup> Icicle frost.<sup>3</sup> Fields.

\* Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis — *B*

† A noted cavern near Colean house, called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassillis Down nans, is famed in country story for being a favorite haunt of faeries — *B*

‡ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert Bruce, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick. *B*

Some merry, friendly, country-folks  
 Together did convene,  
 To burn their nits, and pou<sup>1</sup> their stocks,  
 And haud them Halloween  
 Fu' blithe thit nigt.<sup>2</sup>

The lassesfeat,<sup>3</sup> and cleanly neat,  
 Mair braw than whin they're fine,  
 Their faces blithe fu' sweetly lythe,<sup>4</sup>  
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin'  
 The lads sae trig,<sup>5</sup> wi' wooner babs,<sup>6</sup>  
 Weel knotted on their garten,  
 Some unco blate,<sup>7</sup> and some wi' gab,<sup>8</sup>  
 Gar lasses' hearts ging startin'  
 Whilcs fast at night

Then, first and foremost, through the kail,  
 Themstolks<sup>9</sup> mun' be sought nae,  
 They steek<sup>10</sup> their een, and graip and wile,<sup>11</sup>  
 For muckle anes and straight anes.  
 Poor huv tel<sup>12</sup> Wi' sell off the drift,  
 And wander'd through the bow kail,  
 And pou t, for want o' better shift,  
 A runt was lae a sow tul,  
 At bow t that night.

Then, straight or crooked, ynd or nane,  
 They loai and cly a throu ther,  
 The very wee things, toddlin inn,  
 Wi' stocks cut owie their shouther,  
 And gif the custo's sweet or sou,  
 Wi' jocetegs,<sup>13</sup> they taste them,  
 Syne cozily, aboon the doo,  
 Wi' cannle cue, they've placed them  
 To lie that night

The lasses staw<sup>14</sup> free 'mung them iv'  
 Lo pou their stalks o' corn ♫

<sup>1</sup> Pull

<sup>3</sup> Show

<sup>5</sup> Double loops

<sup>2</sup> Trim

<sup>4</sup> Spruce

<sup>6</sup> Pashful

<sup>7</sup> Mouths, here spoken<sup>15</sup> in connection with talk power,

Close

<sup>10</sup> Half witted

<sup>7</sup> Stole

<sup>8</sup> Grope and choose

<sup>11</sup> Clasp knives

\* The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out hand in hand with eyes shut and pull the first they meet with its being big or little straight or crooked is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells - the husband or wife. If my 3rd, or earth, stick to the root that is inclinar or fortune and the taste of the custo, hat is, the heart of the stem is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the property of placing the runts, the names in question - B.

† They go to the barnyard and pull each, at three several times a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top pickle that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed anything but a maid - D.

But Rab slips out, and jinks about,  
Behint the muckle thorn :  
He grippit Nelly hard and fast ;  
Loud skuled<sup>1</sup> a' the lasses ;  
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,  
When kittin'<sup>2</sup> in the fause-house,  
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nut,<sup>†</sup>  
Ae round and round divided,  
And mony lads' and lasses' fates  
Ae there that night decided :  
Some kindle coothie,<sup>3</sup> side by side,  
And burg<sup>4</sup> thegither 'imly ;  
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
And jump out-owre the chimbie  
I' the high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee ;  
Wha twas she wad tell ;  
But this is Jock, and this is me,  
She says in to hersel' :  
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,  
As they wad never mair part ;  
Till, fuff ! he started up the lum,<sup>4</sup>  
And Jean had e'en a sair heart  
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail tum,  
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie,  
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the d<sup>u</sup>al,<sup>5</sup>  
To be compared to Willie,  
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,  
And her ain fit it brunt it ;  
While Willie lap, and swore, by jing.  
'Twas just the way he wanted  
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house<sup>6</sup> in her min'  
She pits hersel and Rob in ;  
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
'Till white in ase they're sobbin' ;  
Nell's heart was danerin' at the view,

<sup>1</sup> Shrieked  
<sup>2</sup> Cuddling.

<sup>3</sup> Agreeably  
<sup>4</sup> Chimney

<sup>5</sup> Det

<sup>6</sup> When the corn is in a bountiful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind. thus he calls a fause-house -- *R*.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courts will be *B*.

She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :  
 Rob, stowlin's, pree'd<sup>1</sup> her bonny mou',  
 Fu' cozie<sup>2</sup> in the neuk for't,  
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell.  
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,<sup>3</sup>  
 And slips out by hersel' :  
 She through the yaid the nearest talk,  
 And to the kiln she goes then,  
 And darklins graipit for the bauks,<sup>4</sup>  
 And in the blue-clue<sup>†</sup> throws then,  
 Right feir't that night.

And aye she win't,<sup>4</sup> and aye she swat,  
 I wat she made nae jaukin',<sup>5</sup>  
 Till something held within the pat,  
 Guid Lord ! but she was jaukin' !  
 But whether 'twas the deil himsel',  
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',  
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
 She didna wait on talkin'  
 To spier<sup>6</sup> that night.

Wee Jenny to her grannie say,  
 " Will ye go wi' me, grannie ?  
 I'll eat the apple  $\ddagger$  at the glass  
 I gat frae Uncle Johnnie : "  
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a hurnt,<sup>7</sup>  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',  
 She notice't na, an aizle<sup>8</sup> brunt  
 Her braw new worset ap'on  
 Out through that night.

" Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !  
 I daur you try sic sportin'  
 As seek the foul thief ony place,  
 For him to spaec your fortune ;  
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !

1 Steadily kissed

4 Wound.

Cloud of smoke.

2 Snugly

5 Challyng

Cinder.

3 Cross-beam

6 Ask.

\* A purely literal rendering here is of no use. "She leaves them in the full tide of confident talk" may nearly convey the poet's meaning.

† Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions - Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling, throw into the pot clu<sup>o</sup> of blue yurn, wind it off a new clue off the old one, and, to the end, something will hold the thread Demand " Wha hauds?" — B., who holds An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse B.

‡ Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass, eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time, the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder — B.

Great cause ye hae to fear it;  
 For mony a one has gotten a fright,  
 And lived and died deeret  
 On sic a night.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherramoor, —  
 I mind't <sup>as</sup> weel' yestreen,  
 I was a gilpey<sup>1</sup> then, I'm sure  
 I wasna past fifteen ;  
 The summer had been cauld and wet,  
 And stuff was unco green,  
 And aye a wantin' kirk<sup>2</sup> we gat,  
 And just on Hallowe'en  
 I fell that night

" Our stibble-ring was kib M'Giac,  
 A clever, sturdy fellow  
 His son <sup>got</sup> Eppie <sup>from</sup> a wean,  
 That lived in Achincalla :  
 He got hemp-seed, <sup>&</sup> I mind it weel,  
 And he made unco light o't ;  
 But mony a day was by himself,  
 He was <sup>one</sup> surly sight,  
 That very night."

Then up gat scuttin' Jamie I leek,  
 And he swore by his conscience,  
 That he could siv hemp seed i peck ;  
 For it wis a' but nonsense  
 The aul' guidman brought<sup>3</sup> down the peck,  
 And out a handfu' gied him ;  
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,  
 Some time when nae one see'd him,  
 And tryt that night.

He matches through amang the stacks,  
 Though he wis something stutin' ;  
 The graip<sup>4</sup> fit for a hallow taks,  
 And haulr<sup>5</sup> it at hi curpin' ;  
 And every now and then he says,  
 " Hemp-seed, I saw thee,  
 And her that is to be my lass,  
 Come after me, and draw thee  
 As fast this night."

<sup>1</sup> Young girl<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Harvest home

<sup>3</sup> Reached

<sup>4</sup> Timorous

<sup>5</sup> Dung fork

<sup>6</sup> Dragg,

<sup>7</sup> Rear.

\* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing if with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp seed, I saw thee, and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself. In which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee." — *B.*

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march  
 To keep his courage cheery;  
 Although his hair began to aich,  
 • He was sae slay'd<sup>1</sup> and eeine:  
 Till presently he hear a squeak,  
 And then a grane and gruntle;  
 He by his shouther gae a keek,  
 And tumbled wi' a wintle<sup>2</sup>  
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,  
 In dreadfu' desperation!  
 And young and auld cam rinnin' out  
 To hear the sad narration:  
 He swwe 'twas hildan<sup>3</sup> Jean McCraw,  
 Or crouchie<sup>4</sup> Meiran Humphie,  
 Till, stop! she trotted through them a--  
 • And wha was it but gumpfie<sup>5</sup>  
 Asteer that aight!

Mcg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen,  
 To win thiee wechts<sup>6</sup> o' naething;  
 But soi to meet the daill hei lane,  
 • Sic pat but little faith in.  
 She gies the heid a pickle<sup>7</sup> nit,  
 And twa red-hekit apples,  
 'To watch, while soi the bun she sets,  
 In hopes to see 'Iam kipples  
 That very night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thiaw.  
 And owre the threshold ventures,  
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',  
 Syne baudly in she entis:  
 A ratton rattled up the wa',  
 And she cried, I ord, preserve he. !  
 And ran through midden hole and a',  
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,  
 Fu' fast that night

They hoy't<sup>8</sup> out Will, wi' sair adviser,  
 They hecht<sup>9</sup> him soine fine braw ase;

<sup>1</sup> Brightened.  
<sup>2</sup> Staggering.  
<sup>3</sup> Halting.

<sup>4</sup> Crookbacked.  
<sup>5</sup> The pig.  
<sup>6</sup> Corn baskets.

<sup>7</sup> Lew.  
<sup>8</sup> Uiged.  
<sup>9</sup> Promised.

\*This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible, for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht and go through all the attitudes of letting down over against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or reline marking the employment or station in life.—B.

It chanced the stack he faddom<sup>1</sup>n't thuce<sup>2</sup>  
 Was tummer-prop<sup>t</sup> for thravin';  
 He tak<sup>s</sup> a swinie,<sup>3</sup> auld moss-oak,  
 For some black, grousome<sup>4</sup> carlin;  
 And Ploot a wive,<sup>5</sup> and dicw a stroke,  
 Till skin in blypes<sup>6</sup> cam haurlin'  
 Aff's nieves<sup>7</sup> that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
 As canty as a kittin',  
 Lat, oon<sup>8</sup> that night, amang the shaws,  
 She got a feaful' settlin';  
 She through the whins,<sup>9</sup> and by the caun,  
 And owe the lill' ~~ad-screvin'~~,  
 Whre three land<sup>s</sup> lands met at a burn,<sup>10</sup>  
 To dip her left shirt-sleeve in,  
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owe a lion<sup>11</sup> the burnie plays,  
 As through the glen it wimplt,  
 Whyles round a kno<sup>12</sup>cky cum it strays;  
 Whyles in a wiel<sup>13</sup> it dimplt;  
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,  
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazle,  
 Whyles cookit underneath the bracs,  
 Below the spreding hazel,  
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brackens, on the brac,  
 Between her and the moon,  
 The deil, or else an outlet quay,<sup>14</sup>  
 Gat up and gae a croon.<sup>15</sup>  
 Poor Leezi's heart maist lap the hool!<sup>16</sup>  
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;  
 But mist a fit, and in the pool  
 Out-owle the lugs she plampit,  
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth stane,  
 The luggies three<sup>17</sup> are hanged,

<sup>1</sup> Knotty.

<sup>2</sup> Hideous.

<sup>3</sup> An oath.

<sup>4</sup> Shreds.

<sup>5</sup> Hounds

<sup>6</sup> Corse

<sup>7</sup> Lady.

<sup>8</sup> Unhoused huter

<sup>9</sup> Moon

<sup>10</sup> Burst its case

<sup>11</sup> Take an opportunity of going unnoticed to a heap-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow. — *B.*

<sup>12</sup> You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three land<sup>s</sup> lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bedan sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and, some time near midaug<sup>t</sup>, in apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. — *B.*

<sup>13</sup> Take three dishes, put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty, blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the

• And every time great care is ta'en  
 • To see them duly changed :  
 • Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
 • Sin' Mar's year did desne,  
 • Because he gat the toom<sup>1</sup> dish thrie,  
 • He heaved them on the fire  
 • In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly crack,  
 I wat they dinna weary ;  
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,  
 Then sports were cheap and cheery ;  
 Tid butter'd so'n,<sup>2</sup> wi' fragrant hunt,<sup>3</sup>  
 Set a' their gabs<sup>4</sup> a-steelin',  
 Sync<sup>5</sup>, wi' a social glass o' strunt,<sup>6</sup>  
 They parted aff eatiein'  
 • • • Tu' blythe that night.

—  
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DITGH

GLENKIRK BURN.—It us that "Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author's. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the clergy, 'Man was Made to Mourn,' is composed.

An old Scottish ballad had suggested the poem. "I had an old grand-uncle," says the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, "with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years. The good old man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man'." From the poet's mother, Mr. Cromek procured a copy of this composition, it commences thus,—

"Upon the sixteen hundred year  
 Of God and fifty-three  
 The Christ w<sup>s</sup> boar<sup>t</sup>, who bought us dear,  
 As writings testifie,  
 On January the sixteenth day,  
 As I did lie alone,  
 With many sigh and sob did say  
 Ah! man was made to mourn!"

WHEN chill November's sultry blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wander'd forth  
 Along the banks of Ayr,

1 Empty

2 Smoke

3 Mouths

4 Spirits

dishes are ranged, he or she dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bir<sup>t</sup> of matrimony a maid, if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, n<sup>t</sup> marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—B

\* *Sourous*.—The shell of the corn (called shellings) is left in water until the fine meal particles are extracted, the liquid, when strained off, is boiled with butter

I spied a man whose aged step  
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;  
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"  
Began the reverend sage,  
"Does thist of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful pleasure's rage ?  
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth with me to mourn  
The miseries of man."

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Outspreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride.  
I've seen yon wavy winter sun  
Twice forty times return,  
And every time has addell proofs  
That man was made to mourn.

"O man ! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time !  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime !  
Alternate follies take the sway ;  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tens'd force gives nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not along on youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might ;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
Supported is his right :  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,  
Then age and want— oh ! ill-match'd pair !—  
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,  
In pleasure's lap carest ;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are liker sic truly blest.  
But, oh ! what crowds in every land  
Are wretched and forlorn !  
Through weary life this lesson learn—  
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame !  
More pointed still we make ourselves—  
Regret, remorse, and shame !

And man, whose heaven-ejected face  
 The smiles of love abhor,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 • Makes countless thousands mourn ! •

" See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
 So abject, mean, and vile,  
 Who begs a brother of the earth  
 To give him leave to toil ;  
 And see his lordly fellow-worm  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
 And helpless offspring mourn

" If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave--  
 By nature's law design'd--  
 Why was an independent wish  
 F'er planted in my mind ?  
 If not, why am I subject to •  
 His cruelty or scorn ? •  
 Or why has man the will and power  
 To make his fellow mourn ?

" Yet let not that too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;  
 This partial view of humankind  
 Is surely not the last !  
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
 Had never, sure, been born  
 Had there not been some recompence  
 To comfort those that mourn

" O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend -  
 The kindest and the best !  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest !  
 The great, the wealthy, feel thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;  
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those  
 That weary-ladden mourn ! "

## THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT MCKEN, ESQ.

GILBERT BURNS says, "regard to this fine poem --" Robert had frequently remarked to me that nothing peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us sing God!' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons--those precious breathing times to the labouring part of the community--and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanza,

and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul." The cotter, in the 'Saturday Night,' is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'. Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny-fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds, and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue, and from thus motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distresses."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor grandeur here, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor." —GRAY.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:  
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways.  
What Aiken in a cottage wild have been;  
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows, loud wi' angry sigh ;  
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
The muir beasts retreating frae the pleugh;  
The black'ning trains o' claws to their repose;  
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely' cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,  
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through  
To meet their dad, wi' flichtern' noise and glee.  
Hi, wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,  
His cleeng hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
The lisping infant piattling on' his knee,  
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve,<sup>2</sup> the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out, among the farmers roun',  
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
A canny errand to a neiber town:  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,  
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,  
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

<sup>1</sup> Moan

<sup>2</sup> By and by.

"Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
And each for other's weelfare kindly spires;<sup>1</sup>  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet;  
Each tells the uncos<sup>2</sup> that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother wi' her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amairt as weel's the new---  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition duc.

Their master<sup>3</sup> and their mistress's command  
• The younkers a' are warn'd to obey;  
And mind their labours wi' an eydent<sup>4</sup> hand,  
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk<sup>5</sup> or play:  
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,  
Jenny, wha ken's the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;  
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,  
While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rale.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;  
A strappin' youth; he tak's the mother's eye,  
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill<sup>6</sup>ta'en,  
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate<sup>7</sup> and lathefu',<sup>8</sup> scarce can weel behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and ~~the~~ grave;  
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave!

O happy love!--where love like this is found!--  
O heart-felt raptures!--bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare--  
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

<sup>1</sup>Inquires.

<sup>2</sup>Strange things.

<sup>3</sup>Diligent.

<sup>4</sup>Dally.

<sup>5</sup>Bashfu'.

<sup>6</sup>Hesitating.

<sup>7</sup>Other people.

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth:  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
 Then paints the rum'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:  
 The soupe<sup>1</sup> their only hawkie<sup>2</sup> does afford,  
 That 'yont the b<sup>3</sup> plan<sup>d</sup> singly shows her coof:  
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,  
 To grace the lad, her we<sup>t</sup> haun'd kebbuck,<sup>4</sup> fell,<sup>5</sup>  
 And ast he's prest, and ast he ca's it gud.  
 The fegal wifie, gan<sup>6</sup> din<sup>7</sup>, will tell,  
 How twas a towmond<sup>8</sup> auld, sin' lunt was i' the bell  
 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sic turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big h<sup>9</sup> Bible, ance his father's pride;  
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets<sup>7</sup> wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He waies<sup>8</sup> a portion with judicious care,  
 And "Let us worship GOD!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant then artless notes in simple guise;  
 They tune then hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-waibling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;  
 Or noble "Elgin" beets<sup>9</sup> the heaven-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise,  
 Nae "mison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on high;  
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny:  
 Or how the royal bairn d<sup>10</sup> groan<sup>11</sup>g lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng<sup>12</sup>ng ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
 In other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

<sup>1</sup> Milk.<sup>2</sup> Cow.<sup>3</sup> Porch.<sup>4</sup> Well-saved chee-<sup>5</sup> Bitting<sup>6</sup> Twelvemonth.<sup>7</sup> Gray temples<sup>8</sup> Selects.<sup>9</sup> Nourishes.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,  
     Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :  
 How His first followers and servants sped,  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land .  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
     Sav in the san a mighty ang,I stand :  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's com-  
     mand.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
     The saint, the father, and the husband pray :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"\*  
     That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncircled ray,  
     No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
     In such society, yet still more dear,  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.  
 Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,  
     In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
     Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
     The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stile.  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
     May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol

Then homeward all take off their several w<sup>y</sup>,  
     The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
 The parent-p<sup>m</sup> in their secret homage pay,  
     And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
 That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
     And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom see the best,  
     For them and for their little ones provide,  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine I<sup>w</sup> side.  
 From scenes like these old Scotia's grande espres<sup>s</sup>,  
     That makes her loved at home, revered abroad .  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
     "An honest man's the noblest work of God,"  
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
     The cottage leaves the palace far behind.  
 What is a lordling's pomp ?--a cumbersome load,  
     Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !  
 O Scotland! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent

\* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent,  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, howe'er crown and coronets be sent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious pair,  
 The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,  
 His friend, in-jug, guardian, and reward !  
 Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-hurd,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

## ADDRESS TO THE DEVIL

GILBERT BURNS says - "It was, I think, in the winter of 1784, as we were going with carts for coals to the family fire, (and I could yet point out the particular spot,) that Robert first repeated to me the 'Address to the Devil.' The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage."

"Burns," says Carlyle, "even pities the very devil, without knowing, I am sure, that my uncle Toby had been before-hand here with him : 'He is the father of curses and lies,' said Dr. Sont, 'and is cursed and damned already.' 'I am sorry for it,' said my uncle Toby. 'A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.'

"O prince ! O chief of many throned powers,  
 That hat led th' combatted veraphim to war ! -- MILTON.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,  
 Auld Hormie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,\*  
 Whin yon cavin grim and sootie,  
 Closed under hatches,  
 Spanges† abut the brun-tane cootie †  
 \* To scaud poor wretched !

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,  
 And let poor damned bodies be ;  
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie  
 E'en to a deil,  
 To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,  
 And hear us squeel !

\* Called Clootie on account of his hoofs (*Scotice, clootie*)  
 † *Spanges* is the best Scots word in its place I ever met with. The den is not standing flinging the liquid brimstone on his friends with a ladle, but we see him standing at a large boiling vat, with something like a golf-bat, striking the liquid this way and that way adant, with all his might, making it fly through the whole apartment, while the inmates are winking and holding up their arms to defend their faces. This is precisely the idea conveyed by *spanges* ; flinging it in any other way would be *laveng* or *splashing* — THE BLACK SHEPPARD

† Literally, a small wooden tub. Here the poet means both the utensil and its contents.

Great is thy power, and great thy fame;  
 Far kenn'd and noted is thy name:  
 And though yon lowin' heugh's<sup>1</sup> thy hame,  
     Thou travels far;  
 And, faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,  
     Nor blate nor scaur.<sup>2</sup>

Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,  
 For prey a' holes and corners trym':  
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',  
     Th' Vire<sup>3</sup> the kirks;  
 Whyles in the human bosom prym',  
     Unseen thou lurking,

I've heard my reverend grannie say,  
 In lanely glens ye like to stray:  
 Or where auld ruin'd castles gray,  
     Nod to the moon,  
 Ye fright the mighty wanderer's way  
     Wi' clritch croon.<sup>4</sup>

When twilight did my grannie summon,  
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman,  
 At yont the like he's heard you bummin',  
     Wi' eerie drone;  
 Or, rustlin, through the boortries<sup>5</sup> comin',  
     Wi' heavy groan.

Ac dreary, windy, winter night,  
 The stars shot down wi' skleintin'<sup>6</sup> light,  
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a sight  
     Ayont the lough;  
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,  
     Wi' waving cough.

The cudgel in my nieve<sup>7</sup> did shake,  
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,  
 When wi' an eldritch stoor quaick, quaick,  
     Among the spungs,  
 Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,  
     On whistling wing.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,  
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,  
 They skim the mulls and dizzy crags,  
     Wi' wicked speed;  
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues  
     Ow'e howkit<sup>8</sup> dead.

Thence contra wives, wi' toil and pain,  
 May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain:

<sup>1</sup> Flaming pit.

<sup>2</sup> Nor baithful nor likely  
to be frightened

<sup>3</sup> Shaking

<sup>4</sup> Unearthly mons

<sup>5</sup> Slanting.

<sup>6</sup> Fist.  
<sup>7</sup> Disinterred

For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen  
By witching skill ;  
And dawtit<sup>1</sup> twal-pint hawkie's gaen  
As yell's the bill.<sup>2</sup>

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse  
On young guidmen, fond, keen, and ~~crouse~~  
When the best wark-lume i' the house,  
By cantrip wit,  
Is instant made no worth a louse,  
• Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,  
And float the jinglin' icy-boord,  
Then water-kelpie hant the foord,  
• By your direct on,  
And 'nighted travellers are al ned  
To their destrict 'm.

And ast your moss-traversing spunkies<sup>\*</sup>  
Decoy the wight tha' litte and drunk is.  
The bleezin', crust, mischievous monkeys  
Deblide his eyes,  
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
Ne'er man to use.

When mason's mystic word and grip  
In storms and tempests raise you up,  
Some cock or cat your rage mun-stop  
• Oh, strange to tell !  
The youngest brother ye wad whip  
Aff straught to hell !

Lang sync, in Eden's bonny ynd,  
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,  
And all the soul of love they shared,  
The raptured hour,  
Sweet on the fragrant flowery swind,  
In shady bower, ♦  
Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing dog<sup>†</sup>  
Ye came to Paradise<sup>‡</sup>,  
And play'd on man a cursed brogue,  
(Black be y' an fa' !)  
And gied the infint wrold a shog,<sup>§</sup>  
• • • 'Mar' tuuid a'.

Pettet	2 As milkies, v the bull	1 shak
--------	--------------------------	--------

The will o' the wisp	† This verse was originally thus --
Lang sync in Eden's happy scene, When strippin' Adam's clys were green, And Eve wa' bi' my bonny Jean, My dearest part, A dancin', weet young handsome quean,	Wi' guileless heart

<sup>1</sup> Literally, withdrawing a bolt for a dishonest purpose--here the poet apes to mean that he got into paradise on a false pretence.

D'ye mind that day, when in a buzz,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wi' reekit duds,<sup>2</sup> and teestit gizz,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ye did present your smoutie<sup>4</sup> phiz  
     'Mang better folk,  
 And sklented<sup>5</sup> on the man of Uzz  
     Your spitefu' joke?  
 And how ye got him i' your thrall,  
 And brak him out o' house and hall,  
 While scabs and blotches did him gall,  
     Wi' bitter claw,  
 And lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,<sup>6</sup>  
     Was warst ava!  
 Buton' your doings to rehearse,<sup>7</sup>  
 Your wily snare, and fechtin' fierce,  
 Sm' that day Michael did you pierce,  
     Down to this time,  
 Wad ding a Lallan<sup>8</sup> tongue wi' Else,<sup>9</sup>  
     In prose or rhyme.  
 And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',  
 A certain Bairdie's rantin', drinkin',  
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin'  
     To your black pit,  
 But, lauth, he'll turn a corner jinkin',<sup>10</sup>  
     And cheat you yet.  
 Put, fire you weel, auld Nukie-ben!  
 Oh, waly tak a thought and men!  
 Ye aublins<sup>11</sup> might I dimma ken--  
     Still hae a stake--  
 I' a wae to think upon you den,  
     Even for your sake!

## THE JOLLY BEGGARS

## A CANADA

This, the most dramatic effort of the poet's muse, was composed in 1785, and was suggested by a scene actually witnessed by Tom M'Gibon, (Poosie Nuisie,) kept a publick house in Muchline, frequented by all the vagrant fruitfulness of the district. Burns, passing the house one night in the company of his friends James Smith and John Richmond, was attracted by the sounds of mirth and revelry proceeding from the interior, entered and was made heartily wel come by the motley crew assembled, who did not allow his presence to interrupt their enjoyment.

So little did Burns think of the performance that he forgot all about it, and but for the fact that one of his friends had a copy of it, it would have been lost. It was printed as a chap-book in Glasgow in 1798.

Sir Walter Scott says, "The Jolly Beggars," for humorous description and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagabonds, met to carouse and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge shophouse.

<sup>1</sup> Hurry<sup>5</sup> Glanced<sup>9</sup> Celtic<sup>2</sup> Smotching clothes.<sup>6</sup> Scolding wife<sup>10</sup> Dodging<sup>3</sup> Singed hair<sup>7</sup> Lowland<sup>11</sup> Perhaps<sup>4</sup> Smutty

Yet, even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches, the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the southron. The most prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a hackneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of a Highland kettler or sturdy beggar,—‘but weary fa’ the wae fu’ woodie !’ Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a ‘pigmy scraper with his fiddle,’ and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected with vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language. The concluding ditty, chanted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose ‘mirth and fun have now grown fast and furious,’ and set them above ‘the sublunary terrors of jail and whipping-posts, is certainly far superior to an ‘bing in the ‘Beggar’s Opera,’ where alone we could expect to find its parallel. In one or two passages of ‘The Jolly Beggars,’ the muse has slightly trespassed on decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,\*

‘High kilted was she,  
As she gae'd owre the lea.’

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet, and if, from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indecency of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad human air.”

#### RECITATIVO.

WHIN lyart<sup>1</sup> leaves bestrew the ynd,<sup>2</sup>  
Or, wavering like the baukie-bin<sup>3</sup>,  
Bedim cauld Boreas<sup>4</sup> blast ;  
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,<sup>4</sup>  
And infant foests begin to bite,  
In hoary cranreuch<sup>5</sup> drest ;  
At night at e'en a merry core  
O' iandie, gangrel<sup>6</sup> bodies,  
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,<sup>7</sup>  
To dunk their ora duddies :<sup>8</sup>  
Wi' quaffing and laughing,  
They ranted and they sang ;  
Wi' jumping and thumping,  
The veia girdle<sup>9</sup> rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,  
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,  
And knapsack a' in order ;  
His doxy lay within his arm,  
Wi' uschae and blankets warm—  
She blinket on her solger :

<sup>1</sup> Gray. •

<sup>2</sup> Earth.

<sup>3</sup> The bat

<sup>4</sup> Dash.

<sup>5</sup> Thin white frost.

<sup>6</sup> Vagrant.

<sup>7</sup> Merry meeting.

<sup>8</sup> Odd pieces of raiment.

\* The iron plate on which oat cakes were baked vibrated with the noise.

And aye he gied the touse drab  
 The tither skelpin' kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab,  
 Just like an aumos dish.\*  
 Ilk smack still did crack still,  
 Just like a cadger's† whup,  
 Then staggering and swaggeing  
 He roa'd this ditty up —

## AIR.

*Tune — " Soldiers' Joy "*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come :  
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,  
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.  
 Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past wher' my leader breathed his last,  
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abiam ;‡  
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,  
 And the Moys low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &amp;c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,||  
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;  
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot ¶ to head me,  
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle &amp;c.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,  
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,  
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

Lal de daudle, &amp;c.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,  
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,,  
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,  
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &amp;c.

\* The aumos, or beggar's dish, a wooden platter carried by every mendicant for the purpose of receiving the alms, whether in the shape of money or eatables.

† An itinerant vendor of fish or miscellaneous goods, which he purveyed from a cart.

‡ The battle-field near Quebec, where General Wolfe fell in 1759.

|| El Moro, a strong castle defending Havannah, which was gallantly stormed when the city was taken by the British in 1762.

¶ The destruction of the Spanish floating batteries, during the famous siege of Gibraltar in 1782, on which occasion the gallant Captain Curtis rendered the most signal service.

|| George Augustus Elliot, created Lord Heathfield, for his memorable defence of Gibraltar, during the siege of three years. He died in 1790.

## RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars<sup>1</sup> shook  
 Aboon the chorus roar ,  
 While frightened rations<sup>2</sup> backwud leuk ,  
 And seek the benmost bore ;<sup>3</sup>  
 A fany fiddler frae the neuk ,  
 He skuled out " Encore !"  
 But up arose the matrial chuck ,  
 And laid the loud uproar .

*Tune. " Soldier Laddie "*

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when,  
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddy,  
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie,  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;  
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so juddy,  
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;  
 He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the body,  
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctisie I set,  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got ,  
 From the gilded spontoon to the sife I was ready,  
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair ,  
 His tags, regimental they flutter'd so gaudy ,  
 My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived --I know not how long,  
 And still I can join in a cup or a song ;  
 But whilst with both hand- I can hold the glass steady,  
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Poor Meiry Andrew in the neuk  
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkle<sup>4</sup> lassie

<sup>1</sup> Riflers<sup>2</sup> Rats.<sup>3</sup> Innermost hole.

They mind't na wha the chorus' teuk,  
 Between themselves they were sae busy :  
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,  
   He stotter'd up and made a face ;  
 Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzie,  
   Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace :--

## AIR.

*Tune - "Auld Sir Symon."*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's son,  
 Sir Knave is a fool in *ȝ* session,  
 He's there but a 'prentice, I trow,  
   But I am a fool by profession.

My grannic she bought me a huk,  
 And I held awa' to the school ;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
   But what will ye hac of a fool ?

For drunk I would venture my neck,  
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft,  
 But what could ye other expect,  
   Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

Fance was tied up like a stink,<sup>1</sup>  
 For civilly swearing and quafsing !  
 I ance was abused in the kirk,  
   For touling<sup>2</sup> a lass i' my dassie.<sup>3</sup>

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer.  
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court  
   A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observe ye you reverend lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ?  
 He rails at our mountebank squad -  
   It's rivalship just i' the job

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry ,  
 The chiel that's a fool for himself,  
   Gude Lord ! he's far dastier than I.

## REUTATIVO.

Then neist outspak a rauncle carlyn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wha kno'nt fu' weel to cleek the straing,<sup>2</sup>  
 For mony a pursie she had hookit,  
 And had na mony a well been doukit.  
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie<sup>3</sup>  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :--

<sup>1</sup> Baileck  
<sup>2</sup> Rumping

<sup>3</sup> Mairment  
<sup>4</sup> A sturdy old woman

<sup>5</sup> The gallows.

## AIR.

*Tune—“Oh, an ye were Dead, Guidman f<sup>st</sup>*

A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lawland laws he held in scorn ;  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

## CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !  
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !  
There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
Wi' match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and taitan plaid,  
And guid claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And lived like lords and ladies gay,  
For a Lawland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

• Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.

• Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn  
The pleasures that will ne'er return,  
Nae comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.

• Sing, hey, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

A pigny<sup>st</sup> scraper, w<sup>t</sup> his fiddle,  
• Wha used at tysts and fairs to driddle,<sup>st</sup>  
Her strappin' lumb and gaucy<sup>st</sup> middle  
(He reach'd nae higher)  
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
And blawn't on fire.

• Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,  
He croon'd his galoot, one, two, three,

<sup>st</sup> Play.

<sup>st</sup> Fusion.

Then in an arioso key,  
The wee Apollo  
Set off wi' allegretto glee  
His giga solo.

## AIR.

*Tune*—“Whistle owre the lave o’t.”  
Let me ryke<sup>1</sup> up to dight<sup>2</sup> that tear,  
And go wi’ me and be my dear,  
And then your every care and fear  
May whistle owre the lave o’t.

## CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,  
And a’ the tunes that ere I play’d,  
The sweetest still to wise or maid,  
Was whistle owre the lave o’t.  
At kirns and weddings we’ll be there,  
And oh! sac nicely’s we will sue;  
We’ll hause about till Daddy Care  
Sungs whistle owre the lave o’t.  
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we’ll pyke,  
And sun oursel’s about the dike,  
And at our leisure, when ye like,  
We’ll whistle owre the lave o’t.  
I am, &c.

But bless me wi’ your heaven o’ charms,  
And while I kittle han on thaums,  
Hunger, cauld, and a’ sic baums,  
May whistle owre the lave o’t.  
I am, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy cauld.<sup>4</sup>  
As weel a’ popp’ gut-scapel,  
He taks thg fiddle by the beard,  
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swore by a’ was swearing worth,  
To speet him like a pliver,  
Unless he wad fr’m that time forth  
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi’ ghaistly ee, poor Tweedle-dee  
Upon his hunkers<sup>5</sup> bended,  
And pray’d for grace wi’ ruefu’ face,  
And sae the quareel ended.

<sup>1</sup> Reach.<sup>2</sup> Wipe.<sup>3</sup> Fiddlestrings.<sup>4</sup> Tinker.<sup>5</sup> Hams.<sup>\*</sup> To pit him like a plover.

But though his little heart did grieve  
 When round the tinkler press'd her,  
 He feign'd to snittle<sup>1</sup> in his sleeve,  
 When thus the card address'd her:—

## AIR.

*Tune—“Clout the Caudron”*

My bonny lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinkler is my station.  
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation.  
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been emoll'd  
 In many a noble squadron:  
 But van they seach'd, when off I march'd  
 To go and clout the caudron.  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.  
 Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin',  
 And tak a share wi' those that bear  
 The budget and the apron  
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,  
 And by that dear Kilbegie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my crangie<sup>2</sup>  
 And by that stoup, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed—the unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae san,  
 And partly she was drunk  
 Su Violino, with an air  
 That show'd a man of spunk,  
 Wi' h'd uni-on between the pair,  
 And mifte the bottle chunk  
 To their health that night.

• But urchin Cupid shot a shaft  
 That play'd a dame a shavie,<sup>4</sup>  
 The fiddler raked her forg and ast,  
 Ahnt the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord a wight o' Homer's craft,<sup>5</sup>  
 Though limping wi' the spavie,  
 He hurled up, and bip like daft,  
 And shored<sup>6</sup> them Damny Davie  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defyng blade  
 As ever Bacchus list'd,

<sup>1</sup> Laugh

<sup>2</sup> Patch the pots or pans.

<sup>3</sup> Thr' at

<sup>4</sup> A trick.

<sup>5</sup> A ballad-singer

<sup>6</sup> Offered.

Though fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever miss'd it.  
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,  
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 And thus the muse suggested  
 His sang that night :—

## AIR

*Tune*—“For a' that, and a' that”

I am a bard of no regard,  
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that :  
 But I Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,<sup>1</sup>  
 • F'rae town to town I draw that.

• For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle 's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin'  
 I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,<sup>2</sup>  
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that :  
 But for how lang the flee may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.  
 For a' that, &c. \*

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the sea !  
 I like the jads for a' that. \*

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle 's a' that ;  
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> The staring crowd.

<sup>2</sup> Pool.

## RECITATIVO.

So sang the baird—and Nansie's wa's  
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,  
 Re-echoed from each mouth,  
 They toom'd then pokes and pawn'd their duds,<sup>1</sup>  
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,<sup>2</sup>  
 To quench their lowin' drouth.  
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,  
 The poet did request,  
 To loose his pack and wale<sup>3</sup> a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best,  
 He, ris'g, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Deborahs,  
 Looks round him and found them  
 Impatient for the chorus.

## AIR.

*Tune—“Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses”*  
 See ! the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial ragged ring,  
 Round and round take up the chorus,  
 And in raptures let us sing

## CHORUS.

A fig for those by law proctored !  
 Liberty's a glorious feast  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.  
 What is title? what is treasure?  
 What is reputation's care?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where !  
 A fig, &c.  
 With the gaudy trinket and sable,  
 Round we wander at the day;  
 And at night, in barn or stable,  
 Hug our doxies on the hay.  
 A fig, &c.  
 Does the train-attended carriage  
 Through the country light or slow?  
 Does the sober bed of man  
 Witness brighter scenes of love?  
 A fig, &c.  
 Life is al' a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes ;  
 Let them cant about decorum  
 Who have characters to lose  
 A fig, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Tails.<sup>2</sup> Burning thirst.<sup>3</sup> Choose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
 Here's to all the wandering train!  
 Here's our tagged brats and callees!  
 One and all cry out -Amen!

A fog for those by law protected!  
 Liberty's a glorious feast!  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

## THE VISION

In consequence of his quarrel with the father of Jean Armour, and the unfortunate condition of his love affairs, the allusion to Jean which appeared in the first edition

• "Down low'd her toby, ~~short~~ in slæn,  
 Till half a leg was seen by ~~seen~~,  
 And such a leg! my bairn Jean  
 Could only peecit,  
 Sae straught, sae taper, light, and clear  
 Naïne else can near it."

was removed in the next issue of his poems, the name of mother charmer being introduced. When the course of his love was smoother, he in a time was introduced, never more to give way to another.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in allusion to the fact that one of her daughters was engaged on a picture representing one of the incidents in "The Vision," Burns says:—"I am engag'd by the news you tell me of Coda. I may say to the fur painter who does me so much honour, is Dr. Beattie says to Ross,<sup>2</sup> the poet, of his Mts. Scott, from which by the by, I took the idea of Coda." This is a poem of Beattie in the Scottish dialect, which perhaps you have never seen,

"Ye shalde your bairn, but o' my legs,  
 Ye've set odd Scott i' on hemleg,  
 Lang haud she haen wi' beills and blairs,  
 Bimbized and dizzie,  
 Her fiddle waund strings and pens,  
 Wae me, I'm hazzie."

## DUAN FIRST.

The sun had cloid the winter day,  
 The cults quit their young jays,  
 And hunger'd maunkin'ta'en her w  
 • To kail-yards g'en,  
 While faulness, snows ilk step by tray  
 Whare she haes been.

<sup>2</sup> Ross, the author of a popular poem in the Scottish dialect, entitled "Heilenore; or, The Fortunate Shepherdess."

<sup>3</sup> *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a descriptive poem. See his "Cathloda," vol. II. of Macpherson's translation. *B*

<sup>4</sup> *Curling* is a winter game peculiar to the northern countries of Scotland. When the ice is sufficiently strong on the lochs, a number of individuals, each provided with a large stone of the shape of an oblate spheroid, smoothed at the bottom, range themselves on two sides, and being furnished with handles, play against each other. The game resembles bowls, but is much more animated, and keenly enjoyed. It is well characterized by the poet as a *roaring play*.

The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree!  
The lee-lang day had tired me;  
And when the day had closed his ee,  
    Far i' the west,  
But i' the spence,<sup>2</sup> right pensivelie,  
    I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,<sup>3</sup>  
I sat and eyed the spewin' reek,<sup>4</sup>  
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking sneek,<sup>5</sup>  
    The auld clay biggin';  
And heard the restless rattons squeak  
    About the riggin'.

All in this yonnie,<sup>6</sup> misty clime,  
I backward mused on waste time,  
How I had spent my youthfu' prime.  
    And done naething,  
But stringin' bethells<sup>7</sup> up in rhyme,  
    For fools to sing

Had I to gude advice but harkit,  
I might by this ha'e led a market,  
Or struttit in a bank, and kerkit  
    My cash-account  
While here, hal' nul, half-scd, half-sarkit,  
    Is a' th' amount!

I started, mutterin', Blockhead! coof!<sup>8</sup>  
And heaved on high my waukit loof,<sup>9</sup>  
Te sweat by a' you stairy roof,  
    Or some rash anf,  
That I henceforth would be rhyme proof  
    Till my last breath--

When, chick!<sup>10</sup> the string the sneek<sup>10</sup> did draw  
And, jee!<sup>11</sup> the door gaed to the wa';  
And by my ingle-lowe I s'w,  
    Now bleedin' bright,  
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,  
    Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht;  
The infant aith,<sup>12</sup> half-form'd, was crusht;  
I glower'd as e'en's I'd been dusht<sup>11</sup>  
    In some wild glen;  
When sweet, like modest Wotth, she blusht,  
    And stepp'd ben.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The flail<sup>6</sup> Cough-provoking smoke.<sup>11</sup> Hardened palm.<sup>2</sup> The parlour<sup>6</sup> Hazy<sup>10</sup> Latch<sup>3</sup> Fireside<sup>7</sup> Nonsense.<sup>11</sup> Frightened.<sup>4</sup> Belching smoke<sup>8</sup> Fool<sup>12</sup> Into the roor

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs  
Were twisted gracefu' round her brow—  
I took her for some Scottish Muse,  
By that same token ?  
And come to stop those reckless vows,  
Would soon be broken.

A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace"  
Was strongly mark'd in her face ;  
A wildly-witty, rustic grace  
Shone full upon her ;  
Her eye e'en turn'd on empty space,  
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flaw'd her robe, a tartare-sheen,  
Till half a leg was scimply seen ;  
And such a leg ! my bonny Jean  
Could only peer it ;  
Sae straight, sae taper, tight, and clean,  
None else cam near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,  
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;  
Theep lights and shades, bold-mingling threw  
A lustie grand ;  
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,  
A well-known land

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;  
There, mountains to the skies were toss'd :  
Here, tumbling Lillows mark'd the coast,  
With singing foam ,  
There, distant shone Ayr's lofty boast,  
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pou'd down his far fetch'd floods ;  
There, well-fed I wine stately thuds :<sup>2</sup>  
Auld heimit Ayr staw<sup>3</sup> through his woods,  
On to the shore ;  
And many a lesser torrent scuds,  
With seeming roar

Low, in a sandy valley spread,  
An ancient borrough<sup>4</sup> rear'd her head .  
Still, as in Scottish story read,  
She boasts a race  
To every nobler virtue bled,  
And poli-h'd grace  
By stately tower or palace fair,  
Or ruins pendent in the air,

<sup>1</sup> Starry

<sup>2</sup> Sounds

<sup>3</sup> Stole.

\* The town of Ayr.

Bold stems of heroes, here and there,  
I could discern;  
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,  
With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,  
To see a race<sup>\*</sup> heroic wheel,  
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel  
In sturdy blows;  
While back-receding seem'd to reel  
Then suthor foes.

His country's saviour, I mark him well!  
Bold Richardson<sup>†</sup> heroic swell;  
The chief on Sark<sup>‡</sup> who glorious fell,  
In high command;  
And he whom ruthless fat<sup>§</sup> expel  
His native land.

There, where I sceptred Pictish shade<sup>||</sup>  
Stalk'd round his fishes lowly lair,  
I mark'd a martial race, portay'd  
In colours strong;  
Bold of their-features, undignified  
They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,<sup>¶</sup>  
Near in my a hermit-fenced cove,  
(But I pants for friend ship or for love,)  
In musing mood,  
An aged judge, I saw him rove,  
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe  
The learned sue and son I saw,<sup>\*\*</sup>  
To nature's God and nature's law  
They gave their love,  
Thus, all its source and end to hew,  
That, to adore.

\* The Wallace — B.

† Sir William Wallace — B.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardson, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence — B.

§ Wallace, Lord of Craignure, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought in 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and impudent valour of the gallant Lord of Craignure, who died of his wounds after the action — B.

|| Celdis, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coldingham, where his burial-place is still shown — B.

¶ Birsinghame, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk — B. (Sir Thomas Miller of Glencoe, afterwards President of the Court of Session.)

\*\* The Rev. Dr. Matthew Stewart, the celebrated mathematician, and his son Mr. Dugald Stewart, the elegant expositor of the Scottish school of metaphysics, are here meant, their villa of Catrine being situated on the Ayr.

Brydone's brave ward \* I well could spy,  
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye:  
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,  
     To hand him on,  
 •Where many a patriot name on high  
     And hero shone.

## DUAN SECOND

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,  
 I view'd the heavenly seening fair ;  
 A whispering throb did witness bear  
     Of kindred sweet,  
 When with an elder sister's air  
     •She did me greet :—

“All hail ! my own inspired bard !  
 In me thy native Muse regard ;  
 Not longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
     Thus poorly low !  
 I come to give thee such reward  
     As we bestow.

“Know, the great genius of this land  
 Has many a light, aerial hand,  
 Whg, all beneath his high command,  
     Harmoniously,  
 As arts or arms they understand,  
     Then labours ply.

“They Scotia's race among them share;  
 Some fire the soldier on to dare :  
 Some rouse the patriot up to bate  
     Corruption's heart :  
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,  
     The tuneful art

“Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour,  
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,  
     They, sightless, stand.  
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,  
     And grace the land.

“And when the bard, or hoary sage,  
 Charm or instruct the future age,  
 They bind the wild, poetic rage,  
     In energy,  
 Or point the inconclusive page  
     Full on the eye.

“Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;  
 Hence Dempster's seal-inspired tongue ;

Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
 His Minstrel lays;  
 Or sore, with noble ardour stung,  
 The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd  
 The humbler ranks of humankind,  
 The rustic bard, the labouring hind,  
 The artisan;  
 All choose, as various they're inclined,  
 The various man.

"When yellow waves thy heavy grain,  
 The threatening storm come, strongly, win;  
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,  
 With tillage skill;  
 And some instruct the shepherd and ram,  
 Blithe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the low'ry's lampless wile;  
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;  
 Some soothe the labourer's weary toil.  
 For humble gains,  
 And make his cottage-scene beguile  
 His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a distinct-space,  
 Explore at large man's infant race,  
 To mark the embryotic trace  
 Of rustic bard:  
 And careful note each opening grace,  
 A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Call my name,  
 And this district as mine I claim,  
 Where once the Campbells,\* chiefs of fame,  
 Held ruling power,  
 I mark'd thy embryo tumult flame,  
 Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
 Fond, on thy little early way,  
 Thy ruderly-caroll'd, chunting phrase,  
 In uncouth rhymes,  
 Fired at the simple, artless lays  
 Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
 Delighted with the dashing roar;  
 Or when the north his fleecy store  
 Drove through the sky  
 I saw grim nature's visage hoar  
 Struck thy young eye.

\* The Loudoun branch of the Campbell family is here meant.

“Or when the deep green-mantled earth  
 Warm cherish’d every floweret’s birth,  
 And joy and music pouring forth  
     In every grove,  
 I saw thee eye the general mirth  
     With boundless love.

“When open’d fields, and azure skies,  
 Call’d forth the reaper’s rustling noise.  
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
     And lonely stalk,  
 To vent thy bosom’s swelling use  
     In pensive walk.

“When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,  
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
     Th’ adorèd Name,  
 I taught thee how to pour in song,  
     To sooth thy flame.

“I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,  
 Wild, send thee Pleasure’s devious way,  
 Misled by Fancy’s meteor-ray,  
     By passion driven ;  
 But yet the light that led astray  
     Was light from Heaven.

“I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
 The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
     Thy fame extends ;  
 And some, the pride of Coile’s plains,  
     Become thy friends.

“Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
 To paint with Thomson’s landscape glow :  
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
     With Shenstone’s rig :  
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
     Warm on the heart.

“Yet all beneath the unrivall’d rose,  
 The slowly daisy sweetly blows ;  
 Though large the forest’s monarch throws  
     His am’ry shade,  
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
     Adown the glade.

“Then never murmur nor repine ;  
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine :  
 And, trust me, not Potos’s mine,  
     Nor kings’ regard,  
 Can give a bliss o’er-matching thine—  
     A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;  
Preserve the dignity of man,  
With soul erect;  
And trust, the universal plan  
Will all protect

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head.  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play.  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away

## A WINTER NIGHT

CARLYLE says of this Poem "How touching it, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that amid the storm, he still thinks of the cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee harmless birdies" - *yis*, the tenant of the mean lowly hut has the heart to pity all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy, his soul rushes forth into all the torments of being, nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."

"Poor naked wretches, where'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm!  
How shall your houseless heads, and naked sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggidness, defend you,  
From seasons such as these?" SHAKESPEARE

WHEN biting Boreas, fell<sup>1</sup> and doone,<sup>2</sup>  
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;  
When Phœbus gies a short-lived glower<sup>3</sup>  
Far south the list,<sup>4</sup>  
Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,  
Or whirling drift.

At night the storm the steeples rocked,  
Poor labour sweet in sleep, was locked,  
While bums, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,  
Wild-coldlyng snarl,  
Or through the minning outlet bocked,<sup>5</sup>  
Down headlong hurl.

I stenning the doors and windows<sup>6</sup> rattle,  
I thought me on the oure<sup>7</sup> cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle<sup>8</sup>  
O' winter war,  
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,<sup>9</sup>  
Reneath a scaur.<sup>10</sup>

Ilk happing<sup>11</sup> bird, wee, helpless lung,  
That in the fiery months o' spring,

<sup>1</sup> Keen.

<sup>5</sup> Belched.

<sup>9</sup> Struggle.

<sup>2</sup> Stern.

<sup>6</sup> Win faws

<sup>10</sup> Cliff.

<sup>3</sup> Look.

<sup>7</sup> Shivering.

<sup>11</sup> Hopping.

<sup>4</sup> Sky.

<sup>8</sup> Dashing storm.

Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
What comes o' thee?  
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,  
And close thy ee !

Even you, on murdering errands tol'd,  
Lone from your savage homes exiled,  
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,  
My heart forgets,  
While pitiless the tempest wild  
Sore on you beats.

Now Phoebe, in her midnight reign,  
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain ;  
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,  
Rose in my soul,  
When on my ear this plaintive strain,  
Slow, solemn, stole :—

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !  
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !  
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !  
Not all your rage, as now united, shows  
More hind uskindness, unrelenting,  
Vengeful malice unrepenting,  
Than he wretched man on brother man bestows !

“ See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
Sending, like blood-hounds from the ship,  
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !  
Even in the peaceful rural vale,  
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,  
The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide,  
And eyes, the simple rustic hind,  
Who e'er toil upholds the glittering show,  
A creature of another kind,  
Some coarser substance unrefined,  
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

Where, where is Love's fond, tender throes,  
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,  
The powers you proudly own ?  
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,  
Can harbour dark the selfish aim,  
To bless himself alone !  
Mark maiden innocence a prey  
To love-pretending snares :  
This boasted Honour turns away,  
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,

Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers !  
 Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid nest,  
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,  
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

"O ye who, sunk in beds of down,  
 Feel not a want but what youselv<sup>e</sup> create,  
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate  
 Who n friends and fortune quite disown !  
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,  
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,  
 While through the ragged roof and chunky wall,  
 Chill o'er his shunbers ples the driftsy heat !  
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,  
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !  
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !  
 But shall thy legal rage pursue  
 The wretch, already crushed low  
 By cruel Fortune's undeserv'd blow ?  
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,  
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"

I heard na man, for chanticleer  
 Shook off the poulticy snaw,  
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,  
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind -  
 Through all His works abroad,  
 The heart benevolent and kind  
 The most resembles God

#### SCOTCH DRINK.

DUNCAN FOIBES of Culloden, who did so much to pacify the country after the defeat of Culloden, received from the government as a reward for his services the privilege of distilling whisky free of duty. So popular did his whisky become that Fernintosh, the name of his barony in which his whisky was manufactured, became a recognised name or synonym throughout the country for all sorts of whisky.

When the privilege was withdrawn in 1785, his family received from the government compensation to the amount of £21,580.

In addition to this the public attention was further turned to "the national beverage," on account of the stringent way in which the excise laws were being enforced at the various distilleries. These circumstances gave the poet his cue.

Writing to Robert Muir, Kilmarnock, he says, "I here enclose you my 'Scotch Drak,' and may the devil follow with a blessing for your education. I hope some time before we hear the gowk, [scold], to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarnock, when I intend we shall have a gill between us in a mucklekin stoup, which will be a great comfort and consolation to your humble servant, R. B."

"Gie him strong drink, until he wink,  
 That's sinking in despair,  
 And liquor giv'd to fire h's bl. io,  
 That's prest wi' grief and care,

There le' him bouse, and deep carouse,  
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
And minds his griefs no more.

—SOLomon's PROVERBS xxxi 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas  
'Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,  
And crabbit names and stories wjack<sup>1</sup> us,  
And grate our lug,<sup>2</sup>  
I sing the juice Scotch beaie can mak us,  
In gla spot jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink,  
Whether through wimplin' worms thou jink,<sup>\*</sup>  
Or, wichly brown, team o'er the brink,  
In glorious faem,  
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,  
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,  
And aits set up their awfie horn,<sup>3</sup>  
And peas and beans, at e'en or morn,  
Perfume the plain,  
~~Laze~~ me on thee, John Barleycorn,  
Thou king o' grain!

On thee ast Scotland chow, her cood,  
In souple scones<sup>4</sup> the wale o' food!  
Or tumblin' in the boilm' flood  
Wi' kail and beef;  
But when thou pouis thy strong heart's blood,  
There thou shines chick.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin';  
Though life's a gift no worth receivin'  
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';  
But, oil'd by thee,  
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin',<sup>5</sup>  
Wi' rattlin' glee.

• Thou clears the head o' doited Lea;  
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;  
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sur,  
At's weary toil;  
Thou even brightens dark Despair,  
Wi' gloomy smile.

A't clad in massy siller weed,<sup>6</sup>  
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;

<sup>1</sup> Bother.  
<sup>2</sup> Ear.

<sup>3</sup> Beard.  
<sup>4</sup> Cakes.

<sup>5</sup> Trippishly  
<sup>6</sup> Silver jugs

\* Whether through winding pipes thou steal

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,  
The poor man's wine,  
His wee drap pannish, or his bread,  
Thou kitchens<sup>1</sup> fine.

Thou art the lfe o' public haunts;  
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?  
Even godly meetings o' the saints,  
By thee inspired,  
When gaping they besiege the tents, +  
Aie doubly fued.

That merry night we get the corn in,  
Oh, sweetly then thort reams the hornin!  
Or ickin' on a new-year mornin'  
In cog or bicker,<sup>2</sup>  
And just a wee drap spiritu. bark in,  
And gusty sucker!<sup>3</sup>

When Vulc in gie<sup>4</sup>hi, bellows breath,  
And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,<sup>5</sup>  
Oh, rare! to see thee sizz and freath  
I' the lugget camp!<sup>6</sup>  
Then Burnewin<sup>6</sup> comes on like death,  
At every chap

Nae mercy, then, for arm or steel;  
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,  
Bungs hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,  
The strong forchimmer,  
Till block and studdie ring and reel,  
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skuln' weanies<sup>7</sup> see the light,  
Thou maks, the gossips clatter bright,  
How fumblin' curs<sup>8</sup> their dearies slight;  
Wae worth the name!  
Nae howly<sup>9</sup> gets a social night,  
Or playk frae them.

When neibors anger at a plea,  
And just as wud as wud<sup>10</sup> can be,  
How easy can the barley-wire  
Sement the quarrel!  
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee  
To taste the barrel.

A'ake! that e'er my Muse has reason  
To wytte<sup>11</sup> her countrynen wi' treason!

<sup>1</sup> Relishes.

<sup>2</sup> Wooden cup with ears.

<sup>9</sup> Midwife.

<sup>2</sup> Wooden vessels.

<sup>6</sup> The blacksmith.

<sup>10</sup> Mad.

<sup>3</sup> Toothsome sugar.

<sup>7</sup> Shouting children.

<sup>11</sup> Charge.

<sup>4</sup> Implements.

<sup>8</sup> Awkward fools.

Ale is frequently taken with porridge instead of milk.  
The refreshment at out-door conunous (See "Holy Fair")

But mony daily weet their weason<sup>1</sup>  
                   Wi' liquor, nice,  
 And hardly, in a winter's season,  
                   E'er spier<sup>2</sup> her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !  
 Fell source o' mony a pain and blash !<sup>3</sup>  
 "Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash  
                   O' half his days ;  
 And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash  
                   To her worst faes.

Ye Sopts, wha wish auld Scotland well !  
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,  
 Poor plackless devils like mysel,  
                   It sets you ill,  
 Wi'bitter, dearthfu'<sup>4</sup> wines to pell,  
                   Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,  
 And gouts torment him inch by inch,  
 Wha twists his gantle wi' a ghund,<sup>5</sup>  
                   O' som disdum,  
 Out-ow'e a glass o' whisky punch  
                   Wi' honest men.

O whisky ! soul o' plays and prankis !  
 Accept a Bairdie's gratzfu' thanks !  
 When wanting thee, what tuneless crankis  
                   Are my poor verses !  
 Thou comes— they rattle t' thyne rankis  
                   At ither's a—es.

Thee, Ferintosh ! oh, sadly lost !  
 Scotland lament fiae coast to coast !  
 Now colic grips, and barkin' hoast,<sup>6</sup>  
                   May kill us a' ;  
 For loyal Forbes's charter'd boast,  
                   Is ta'en awa' !

Thae gurst horse-leeches, o' th' Excise,  
 Wha mak the whisky-wells then play !  
 Haud up thy han', deil ! ance, twice, thrice,<sup>7</sup>  
                   There, sewe the blinker,<sup>8</sup>  
 And bake them up in binnstane pies  
                   For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still  
 Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill,

<sup>1</sup> Throat.

<sup>2</sup> Ask.

<sup>3</sup> Sickness.

<sup>4</sup> Rough fellow.

<sup>5</sup> Laid.

<sup>6</sup> Meddle.

<sup>7</sup> Once with a grim.

<sup>8</sup>ough.

<sup>9</sup> A team of contemp-

And rowth<sup>1</sup> o' rhyme to rave at will,<sup>2</sup>  
 Tak a' the rest,  
 And deal't about as thy blind skill  
 Directs thee best.

## REMORSE.

## A FRAGMENT

THE following is from the commonplace-book of the poet, and is supposed to relate to his first serious error

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish.  
 Beyond comparison, the worst are those  
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.  
 In every other circumstance, the mind  
 Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"  
 But when, to all the evil of ill-fortune,  
 This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self,"  
 Or, worse! far, the pangs of keen remorse—  
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—  
 Of guilt perhaps where we've involved others,  
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lo'ed us,  
 Nay, more—that very love then cause of ruin!  
 O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,  
 There's not a keener lash!  
 Lives there a man so hum, who, while hi heart  
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,  
 Can reason down its agonising throb;  
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,  
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?  
 Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!  
 Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

## ANSWER TO A POLITICAL EPISTLE,

## SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR

THE following is the poet's reply to a rhymed epistle from a tailor near Mauchline, censuring him for his irregular behaviour

"WHAT ails ye now, ye lousy bitch,  
 To thrash my back at sic a pitch?  
 Losh, man! hae mercy w' your natch,  
 Your bodkin's bauld,  
 I didna suffer half sae much  
 Frae Daddie Auld.

What though at times, when I grow crouse,<sup>3</sup>  
 I gie the jameas a random pouce,  
 Is that enough for you to souse?<sup>4</sup>  
 Your servant sae?  
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse  
 And jag-the-flae.

<sup>1</sup> Abundance.<sup>2</sup> Jolly<sup>3</sup> Scold.

King David, o' poetic brief,  
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief  
As nill'd his after life wi' grief  
And bluidy rants,  
And yet he's rank'd among the chief  
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my evnts,  
My wicked thymes, and drucken rants,  
I'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts  
An unco slip yet,  
And snugly sit among the saunts  
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs,<sup>1</sup> the session says I maun  
Gae fa' upon another plan,  
Than gaun<sup>2</sup> lasses cowp the cran  
Clean heels owe gowdy,  
And sairly thole<sup>3</sup> then mither<sup>4</sup> ban  
Afoul the howdy.<sup>5</sup>

This leads me on, to tell for sport,  
How I din' at<sup>6</sup> the session sort :  
Auld Clinkum at<sup>7</sup> the inner port  
Cried three times—"Robin !  
Come hither, lad, and answer for't,  
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,  
And snooved<sup>4</sup> awa' before the session ;  
I made an open, fair confession—  
I scorn'd to he ;  
And sync Mess John, beyond<sup>9</sup> expression,  
Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator-toon he call'd me,  
And said my fault ha'e bliss expell'd me ;  
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,  
"But what the maner?"  
Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,  
I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and what fo' no?  
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,  
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,  
You shou'd rememb'r  
To cut it aff—and what for no  
Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,  
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't ;

I'd rather suffer for my fault,  
     A hearty flewit,  
 As sair owre hip as ye can drawt,  
     Though I should rue it!

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,  
     To please us a', I've just ae iither—  
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,  
     Whate'er betide it,  
 I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,  
     And let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleased them warst ava,  
 And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,  
 I said, "Gud micht," and cam awa',  
     And left the session;  
 I saw they were resolvèd  
     On my expression.

## THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

For the introduction to the poem entitled "Scotch Drink," p. 60, for an account of the circumstances which induced the composition of the following

"Dearest of distillations! last and best!  
     How art thou lost!" — *Parsody on Milton.*

Ye Irish lords, ye knights and squines,  
 Wha represent our brughs and shunes,  
 And doucely<sup>1</sup> manage our affauns  
     In parliament,  
 To you a simple Bairdie's prayers  
     Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roopit<sup>\*</sup> Muse is hearse!<sup>†</sup>  
 Your honouris' heart wi' grief twad pierce,  
 To see her sittin' on her a—e  
     Low i' the dust,  
 And scraichin' † out proarie verse,  
     And like to burst!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,  
 Scotland and me's in great affliction,  
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction  
     Oh aqua vita;  
 And rouse them up to strong conviction,  
     And move their pity.

<sup>1</sup> Soberly

<sup>2</sup> Hoarse.

\* A party suffering from hoarseness and a dry, tickling cough, is said to be roopy or roopit.

† The meaning of this phrase cannot possibly be conveyed by any single English equivalent. Fancy a person with a sore throat trying to screech, or the noise the common hen makes when she is enraged, and some idea may be found of the meaning of the verb

Stand forth and tell yon Premier youth,<sup>2</sup>  
 The honest, open, naked truth :  
 Tell him o' mine and Scotland's douth,<sup>1</sup>  
 His servants humble :  
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,  
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch<sup>3</sup> and gloom ?  
 Speak out, and never fash your thoom !<sup>4</sup>  
 Let posts and pensions sink, or soom<sup>4</sup>  
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :  
 If honestly they canna come,  
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'in' votes you were na slack ;  
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;  
 Ne'er claw your lug,<sup>5</sup> and fidge<sup>6</sup> your back,  
 And hump and haw ;  
 But raise your arm, and tell you crack<sup>7</sup>  
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin'<sup>8</sup> owre her thrissle,  
 Her mutchin stoup as toom<sup>9</sup> a whissle ;  
 Damn'd excitemen in a bubble,  
 Sezin' a stell,  
 Triumphant crushin' t' like a mussle  
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tithe hand present her,  
 A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,  
 And check-for-show a chuffie<sup>10</sup> vintner,  
 Colleaguing jom,  
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter  
 Of a' kind corn.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,  
 But feels his heart's-bluid rising hot,  
 To see his poor auld mither's pot  
 Thus dung in staves, •  
 And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat  
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,  
 Trod <sup>P</sup> the mire and out o' sight !•  
 But could I like Montgomeryes fight,<sup>†</sup>  
 Or gab like Boswell, <sup>‡</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thirst.

<sup>2</sup> Crown.

<sup>3</sup> Trouble your thumb.

<sup>4</sup> Swim.

<sup>5</sup> Far.

<sup>6</sup> Shug.

<sup>7</sup> Tale.

<sup>8</sup> Weeping.

<sup>9</sup> Empty.

<sup>10</sup> Fat-faced.

\* William Pitt.

† Colonel Hugh Montgomery, then representing Ayrshire, who had seen service in the American war.

‡ James Boswell of Auchinleck, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,  
And tie some hose well<sup>1</sup>.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,  
The kind, auld, cantie caulin greet,<sup>1</sup>  
And no get warmly to your feet,  
And gar them hear it,  
And tell them wi' a patriot heat,  
Ye wunna bear it?<sup>2</sup>

Some o' you neeley ken the laws,  
To round the period and pause,  
And wi' rhetorick clause on clause  
To shake harangues;  
Then echo through St. Stephen's waws,  
Auld Scotland's wrangs,

Dempster,<sup>3</sup> a true-blue S—t'P—warian';  
Thee, aith-l—teting, chaste Kilkerran;<sup>4</sup>  
And that glib-gabbet<sup>5</sup> Highland bairn  
The Laird o' Graham,<sup>6</sup>  
And ane, a chap that's damn'd auldsarian,<sup>7</sup>  
Dundas his name.<sup>§</sup>

Erskine,<sup>||</sup> a spunkie<sup>4</sup> Nofland billie;  
True Campbells, Frederick and Hay;||  
And Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;  
And mony others,  
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully  
Might own for brothers.

Thee, Hodger Hugh, my watchman stentied,  
If lairdies e'er are represented,  
I ken if that your sword were wanted,  
Ye'd tend your hand:  
But when there's aught to say anent it,  
Ye're at a stand.<sup>\*\*</sup>

Arouse my boys, exert your mettle,  
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;  
Or, faith! I'll wad my new plough pettle<sup>8</sup>  
Ye'll see't o' lang,  
She'll teach you, wi' a neckin' whittle,<sup>6</sup>  
Another sang.

<sup>1</sup> The cheerful old whistery  
(Scotland is personified)

<sup>3</sup> Knowing  
<sup>4</sup> Plucky

<sup>5</sup> Plough-staff.  
<sup>6</sup> Knife.

<sup>2</sup> Ready-touged

\* George Dempster of Duanichen, Forfarshire.

† Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran, then member for Edinburgh.

‡ The Marquis of Graham.

§ Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.

|| Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

¶ Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll, and Hay Campbell, then Lord Advocate.

\*\* Colonel Hugh Montgomery, as member for Ayr, was looked upon with a poet's interest as his special watchman in the matter. The allusion at the end of the verse is to his imperfect or ineffective eloquence.

This while she's been in crankous<sup>1</sup> mood,  
Her lost militia fired her blud;  
(Deil na they never man do good,  
Play'd her that pliskie<sup>2</sup>)  
And now she's like to rin red-wud  
About her whisky.

And, Lord, if ance they pit her thit,  
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
And dunk and pistol at her belt,  
She'll tak the streets,  
And rin her whittle to the hilt  
I' th' first she meets!

For God's sake, sirs, then speak her fan,  
And straik her camme wi' the hair,  
And to the muckle House r'pan  
Wi' m-tent speed,  
And strive, wi' a' your wimble,  
To get mead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,  
May taun you wi' his jees and mocks;  
Wi' gre him't hej, my hearty cocks!  
E'en cowe the caddie!  
And send him to his dicing-box  
And spoutin' lady.

Tell yon gud bluid o' auld Boconnock's<sup>\*</sup>  
I'll be his debt twa mushlin bannocks,  
And drunk his health in auld Nanse Linnock's<sup>†</sup>  
Nine times a week,

<sup>1</sup> Ill-tempered, restles

<sup>2</sup> Trick

Fellow.

\* William Pitt was the grandson of Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

† A mixture of oats, barley, pease, and yarrow or bulby flour.

‡ A wery old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of gude old Scotch Ale -- B. "Nansey Linck is long deceased, and no one has caught up her mantle. She is described as having been a true *ale-wench*, in the poor bird sense of the word - close, discreet, civil, and no talk-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking after John it was here, 'Oh no,' Nansey would reply, striking money in her pocket as she spoke, 'he's no here,' implying to the questioner that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to her self that he was not among her half pence - thus keeping the word of promise to the wife, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and had a front tow ards the street, by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Moss-giel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nansey never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house 'nine times a-week.' 'The and,' she said, 'houldly ever drank three half-pintkins under her roof in his life.' Nansey, probably, had never heard of the *Ale-tum* licence. In truth, Nansey's hostelry was not the only one in Mauchline which Burns resorted to: a rather better looking house, at the opening of the Cowgate, kept by a person named John Dove, and then and still bearing the arms of Sir John Whiteford of Ballochmyle, was also a haunt of the poet's, having this high recommendation, that its back windows surveyed those of the house in which his 'Jean' resided. The reader will find in its proper place a droll epitaph on John Dove, in which the honest landlord's religion is made out to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors." -- CHAMBERS.

If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,<sup>1</sup>  
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some computation broach,  
I'll pledge my aith in gud braid Scotch,  
He needna fear their foul reproach  
Nor erudition,  
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The coalition.†

Auld Scotland has a raucle<sup>2</sup> tongue ;  
She's just a devil wi' a tung ;<sup>2</sup>  
And if she promise auld or young  
To tak their part,  
Though by the neck she should be stiung,  
She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,‡  
May still your mother's heart support ye ;  
Then though a minister grow doity,<sup>3</sup>  
And kick your place,  
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,  
Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days !  
Wi' sowps<sup>4</sup> o' kail and brats o' claire,<sup>5</sup>  
In spite o' a' the thicvish kaes,<sup>6</sup>  
That haunt St. Jamie's !  
Your humble poet sings and prays  
While Rab his name is.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starved slaves in warmer skies  
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise ;  
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
But blithe and frisky,  
She eyes her free-born, martial boys  
Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phebus kinder warms  
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !  
When wretches range, in amish'd swarms,  
The scented groves,  
O'er, hounfled forth, dishonour arms  
In 'hungry drovts.

<sup>1</sup> Rough.  
<sup>2</sup> Cuiriel.

<sup>3</sup> Sulky  
<sup>4</sup> Spoonfuls.

<sup>5</sup> Rags o' clothes.  
<sup>6</sup> Jackdaws

\* Light and air not being so highly valued then as now, Pitt had gained credit for a revision of a part of the duty on tea at the expense of the winnocks (windows).

† Mixtie-maxtie and Hotch-potch - Scotch phrases for a mixture of incongruous elements

‡ The number of Scotch representatives

Their gun's a burthen on their shouther ;  
 They downa bide<sup>1</sup> the stink o' pouther ;  
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither<sup>2</sup>  
     To stan' or rin,  
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,<sup>3</sup>  
     To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman fra his hill;  
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
 Say, such is royal George's will,  
     And there's the foe ;  
 He has nae thought but how to kill  
     Twa at a blow.

Nac ~~cauld~~, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;  
 Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;  
 Wi' bluidy han'<sup>4</sup> a welcome gies him ;  
     And when he fa',  
 His latest draught o' breathin' leas him  
     In ~~faint~~ huzzas !

Sages their solemn cen may steek,<sup>5</sup>  
 And raise a philosophic reek,<sup>6</sup>  
 And physically causes seek  
     In clime and season ;  
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,  
     I'll tell the reason,

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !  
 Though whiles ye moistify your leather,  
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,  
     Ye tine<sup>7</sup> your dam ;  
 Freedom and whisky gang thegither !—  
     Tak aff your diam<sup>8</sup> !

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION  
 TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN  
 THE NEW YEAR

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie !  
 Hae, there's a rip<sup>7</sup> to thy auld Maggie :  
 Though thou's howe-backit now and knaggie,<sup>8</sup>  
     I've seen the day

<sup>1</sup> They cannot stand

<sup>2</sup> Uncertainty.

<sup>3</sup> Pell mell.

<sup>4</sup> Eyes may shut.

<sup>5</sup> Smoke

<sup>6</sup> Lose.

<sup>7</sup> A handful of corn in the stalk.

<sup>8</sup> Bent-backed and ridged.

Thou could haen like ony staggie  
Out-owre the lay<sup>1</sup>

Though now thou's dowie,<sup>2</sup> stiff, and crazy,  
And thy auld hude's as white's a daisy,  
I've seen thee dapp'l'd, sleek, and glazie,<sup>3</sup>  
A bonny gray :<sup>4</sup>  
He should been tight that daur't to raze<sup>5</sup> thee  
Aince in a day

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,  
A fully burdly, steeve, and swank,<sup>6</sup>  
And set weel down a shapely shank,  
As e'er tread ynd,<sup>7</sup>  
And could haen down out-owre a stank,  
I like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-tv<sup>8</sup> year,  
Sm' thou was my guid fatl i's meid :  
He gied me thee, o' tocher<sup>9</sup> clear,  
"And fiftie mark ;  
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,  
And thou was stark<sup>10</sup>

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,  
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie<sup>11</sup> ;  
Though ye was 'ockie, sree, and funnie,  
Ye ne'er was domste,<sup>12</sup>  
But hanely, towie, qua<sup>t</sup>, and comme,<sup>13</sup>  
An' unco sonsie<sup>14</sup>

That day ye prined wi' muckle pride  
When ye bare hame my bonny bride :  
And sweet and graefu' she did ride,  
Wi' maiden air !  
Kyle-Stewart<sup>\*</sup> I could haen brigged<sup>15</sup> wide,  
For sic a pair

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobic<sup>16</sup>  
And wimle lif'e a salmon-coble,<sup>17</sup>  
That day ye was a jinker<sup>18</sup> noble,  
For heels and win'<sup>19</sup>  
And ran them till they r'did wauble,<sup>20</sup>  
Far, far, behin'

When thou and I we're young and skeigh,<sup>21</sup>  
And stable-meals at fairs were dreugh,<sup>22</sup>

1 Grass-field

2 Low-spirited

3 Glumming

4 Fit'cite

5 Stately, strong, active

6 Twisted about like the lumbering boat used in salmon fishing

7 Stagger—being done-up

6 Firth

7 Ditch

8 Dowry

9 Strig

10 Mother

11 Mischievous

12 Good-natured.

13 Engaging

14 Challenged

15 Can but limp and totter

16 Runner

17 Lengthy.

\* The district between the Ayr and the Doon.

How thou would prance, and snore and skeigh,  
And tak the road!  
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,<sup>1</sup>  
And ca't thee mad. •

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,  
We took the road ave like a swallow:  
At Brooses<sup>2</sup> thou had ne'er a fellow,  
For pith and speed;  
But every tail thou payt them hollow,  
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-tumpl't,<sup>3</sup> hunter cattle,  
Might aiblins wauf't thee for a brattle;<sup>4</sup>  
But sax Scotch miles thou tyt't then mettle,  
And gauf't them whazle<sup>5</sup>  
Nae whup nor spin, but just a wattle<sup>6</sup>  
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble fittie-lim',  
As e'er in tug or tow wad drawn!  
Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gann,  
In guid March weather,  
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',  
For days thegither.

Thou never brundg't, and fecht', and fliskit,<sup>7</sup>  
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,<sup>8</sup>  
And spread abreed thy well-fill'd basket,<sup>9</sup>  
Wi' pith and power,  
Till sprittie knowes wad ran't and risket,  
And slypet owie.\*

When frosts lay lang, and saws were deep,  
And threaten'd labour back to keep,  
I gied thy cog<sup>11</sup> a wee bit heap  
Aboon the tummer;  
I kenn'd my Maggie wadna sleep  
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit,<sup>12</sup>  
The steyest<sup>13</sup> brae thou wad hae f'ed it;  
Thou never lap, and sten't, and brosttit,<sup>14</sup>  
Then stood to baw;  
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,  
Thou snoov't awa'. •

<sup>1</sup> Aside<sup>2</sup> Wedding races<sup>3</sup> Sloping-backed<sup>4</sup> Migh't perhaps have beaten thee in a short run.<sup>5</sup> Wheeze<sup>6</sup> A' the<sup>7</sup> The near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.<sup>8</sup> Shaken<sup>9</sup> Never pulled by fits or starts, or frittered.<sup>10</sup> Stopped<sup>11</sup> Brea' Corn measure<sup>12</sup> Steep at<sup>13</sup> Never leaped, reared, or started forward

\* This is a magnificent description. 'Til hard knolls would open with a crackling sound, the earth falling gently over in the wake of the resistless plough-share.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';<sup>1</sup>  
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did diau;  
 Forbye sax mac, I've sell't awa',  
 That thou hast nurst:  
 They drew me thretteen pund and twa,  
 The vera waist.

Mony a satr daug<sup>2</sup> we twa hae wrought,  
 And wi' the weary warl' fought!  
 And mony an anxious day I thought  
 We wad be beat!  
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,  
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, iey auld trusty servan',  
 That now perhaps thou's liss deservin',  
 And thy auld days may en<sup>4</sup> m<sup>5</sup> starvin',  
 For my l<sup>6</sup> st souf,  
 A hepit stimpaff,<sup>7</sup> I'll reserve ane  
 And by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;  
 We'll toyte<sup>8</sup> about wi' ane anither;  
 Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy fther  
 To some han'd rigg,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whare ye may nobly lax<sup>6</sup> your leather,  
 Wi' sma' faigne.

## THE TWA DOGS:

## A FABLE.

GILBERT BURNS says, - "The tale of 'The Twa Dogs' was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a gude favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person, the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend.' But this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Caesar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath." The factor who stood for his portrait here was the son of whom he writes to Dr. Moore in 1787, - "My indignation yet boils at the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
 That bears the name o' auld King Col,<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon a blenny day in June,  
 When wearin through the afternoon,  
 Twa dogs that were a thrang<sup>2</sup> at hame  
 Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,  
 Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;

<sup>1</sup> My plough team are all thy children.

<sup>2</sup> Day's labour.

<sup>3</sup> A measure of corn.

<sup>4</sup> Totter.

<sup>5</sup> Saved ridge of grass.

<sup>6</sup> Stretch.

<sup>7</sup> The middle district of Ayrshire.

<sup>8</sup> Busy.

His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,<sup>1</sup>  
 Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;  
 But whalpit some place far abroad,  
 Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lock'd, letter'd, braw brass collar  
 Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;  
 But though he was o' high degréé,  
 The fient<sup>2</sup> a pride—nac pride had he ;  
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',  
 Even wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messan ;  
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,  
 Nae tawted<sup>4</sup> tyke, though e'er sae duddie,  
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,  
 And stoan't<sup>6</sup> on stanes and hillocks wi' him,

The tither was a ploughman's collie,  
 A rhyming, ranting, roving bilie,  
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,  
 And in his freaks had Leath et'd him,  
 After some dog in Highland sang,\*  
 Was made lang 'yne—I ord knows how lang.

He was a gash<sup>7</sup> and faiffu' tyke,  
 As ever lap a sheugh<sup>8</sup> or dyke  
 His honest, sonsie, bawsnt face,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ay'e got him friends in ilka place.  
 His beast wa, white, his touzie<sup>10</sup> back  
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;  
 His gauchy<sup>11</sup> tail, wi' upward curl,  
 Hung o'er his hindies<sup>12</sup> wi' a swul.

Nae doubt but they were faip o' ither,<sup>13</sup>  
 And unco pack and thick<sup>14</sup> thegither,  
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,<sup>15</sup>  
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;<sup>16</sup>  
 Whyles scou'd awa' n. lang excursion,  
 And worned ither in diversion ;  
 Until wi' dasfin'<sup>17</sup> weary grown,  
 Upon a knowe<sup>18</sup> they sat them down,  
 And there began a lang digression  
 About the lords o' the creation.

## CÆSAR

I've often wonder'd, honest Luat's,  
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;

<sup>1</sup> Ears.<sup>2</sup> Fair.<sup>4</sup> Matted and dirty.<sup>9</sup> His honest, comely, white-marked face.<sup>11</sup> Bushy.<sup>12</sup> Hips.<sup>16</sup> Sometimes for mice and moles they scraped<sup>2</sup> A petty oath—"the devil a bit o' "<sup>5</sup> Ragged<sup>6</sup> Pissed<sup>13</sup> Fond of each other<sup>14</sup> Very close and friendly<sup>17</sup> Sporting.<sup>17</sup> Knoll.<sup>7</sup> Knowing.<sup>8</sup> Ditch.<sup>10</sup> Shaggy.<sup>15</sup> Scandal.<sup>16</sup> Sporting.<sup>18</sup> Knoll.

\* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's "Fingal"—B.

And when the gentry's life I saw,  
 What way poor bodies lived ava  
 Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents,<sup>1</sup>  
 He rises when he likes himself,  
 His flunkies answer at the bell,  
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his house;  
 He draws a bonny silken purse  
 As lang's my tail, whate, through the steeks,<sup>2</sup>  
 The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.<sup>3</sup>

Frae morn to even it's nought but toiling,  
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling,  
 And though the ponyt<sup>4</sup> fuit are stechin,  
 Yet even tho' ha' folk fill tho' a pechan<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic<sup>6</sup> trashin,  
 That's littl short o' downing it wastin.  
 Our whipper-snapper, blastit wunner,<sup>7</sup>  
 Poor worthless ell, it eats a dinner  
 Better than ony tenant man  
 His honour has in a' the lan';  
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

## THE THIRTY.

Trowth, Caesar, whyles they're fight<sup>8</sup> enough;  
 A cotter howkin' in a shuegh,<sup>9</sup>  
 Wi' duty stanes biggin' a dike,  
 Bairn a quarey, and sic like;  
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smytin' o' wee duddie weans,<sup>10</sup>  
 And nought but his han' daig<sup>11</sup> to keep  
 Them i ght and tight in thack and rope.<sup>12</sup>  
 And when they meet wi' sur disasters,  
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,  
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,  
 And they maun starve o' cold and hunger;  
 But how it comes I never kenn'd yet,  
 They're marily wonderfu' contented:  
 And bundly chiel, and clever hizzie,<sup>13</sup>  
 Are breed in sic a way as this is.

## C 1846.

But then to see how ye're negleikit,  
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespekit!  
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little  
 For delver<sup>14</sup> ditchers, and sic cattie;

<sup>1</sup> His corn rents and assessments.<sup>2</sup> Stitches.<sup>3</sup> Glances.<sup>4</sup> Stuffing.<sup>5</sup> Stomach.<sup>6</sup> Wonder, a contemptuous appellation.<sup>7</sup> Troubled.<sup>8</sup> Digging in a ditch.<sup>9</sup> A number of ragged children.<sup>10</sup> Day's work.<sup>11</sup> Under a roof-tree--literally, thatch and rope.<sup>12</sup> Stalwart men and clever women.

They gang as saucy by poo' folk  
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock<sup>1</sup>  
 • I've noticed, on our land's court-day,  
 • And mony a time my heart's been wae,  
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
 How they maun thole a factor's snash :<sup>2</sup>  
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,  
 He'll apprehend them, pond them gear,  
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that ha'e riches,  
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

## TRUTH

They're no sac wretched's an' ~~wad~~ think ;  
 Though constantly on poorith's<sup>3</sup> blink :  
 They're ae accustom'd w<sup>y</sup> the sight,  
 The view o't gies them little fight

Then chance and ~~fortune~~ are sic guided,  
 They're ave in less or mair provided ;  
 And though fatigued wi' close employment,  
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
 Then giushie<sup>4</sup> weans and faitherfu' wives,  
 The prattling things are just their pride  
 That sweetens a' their fu'-ide,  
 And whyles twalpenie worth o' happy<sup>5</sup>  
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;  
 They lay aside their private caes,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affars :  
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,  
 Wi' kindling fury in their breast ;  
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',  
 And scrib<sup>6</sup> at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,  
 They get the joyful ranting knus,<sup>7</sup>  
 When mair life o' every station  
 Unite in common recreation,  
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mir<sup>8</sup>  
 Feigets there's Care upo' the eart).

That merry day the year begins,  
 They ~~hit~~ the door on frosty win's ;  
 The happy reeks<sup>9</sup> r<sup>t</sup> mantling team,  
 And sheds a heat-inspiring steam,  
 The humtin pipe and sneeshin mill<sup>10</sup>,  
 Ais handed round wi' right guid will ;

<sup>1</sup> Badger<sup>2</sup> Bear a factor's abuse<sup>3</sup> Poverty<sup>4</sup> Thriving.<sup>5</sup> Ale<sup>6</sup> Wonder, or talk about<sup>7</sup> Illewest-homes<sup>8</sup> The smoking pipe and<sup>9</sup> snuff-box

The cantie<sup>1</sup> auld folks crackin' crouse,  
The young anes rantin' through the house,  
My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.  
There's mony a creditable stock  
O' decent, honest, fawsont<sup>2</sup> folk,  
Are riven out baith root and branch,  
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
Wha thinks to knit himself the faste  
In favour wi' some gentle master,  
Wha ablinis<sup>3</sup> thivv<sup>4</sup> a parliamentur'  
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'. . .

## C 1846

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ; •  
For Britain's guid<sup>5</sup> guid faith, I doubt it.  
Say rather, gau<sup>6</sup> as Premiers lead him,  
And saying Ay or No's they bid him.  
At operas and plays parading,  
Mortgaging, gambling, misquerading ;  
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,  
To Hague or Calais tak<sup>7</sup> a waif,  
To mak a tom, and tak a whif,  
To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,  
He lives his father's auld entails,<sup>6</sup>  
Or by Madrid he takes the route,  
To thium guitars, and fecht wi' nowte,<sup>7</sup>  
Or down Italian vista startles,  
Whore-hunting among groves o' myrtles,  
Then houses diunly German water,  
To mak himself look fair and fatter,  
And clear the onsequential sorrows,  
Love-gifts of Carnival signoris  
For Britain's guid ! — for her destruction !  
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction !

## L 1846

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate . . .  
They wast<sup>8</sup> sae mony a braw estate !  
Ave we sae foughten and harass'd  
For gear to gang that gate at last !  
Oh, would they stay aback fra counts,  
And please themselves wi' country sports,  
It wad for every ane be better,  
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter !

<sup>1</sup> Cheerful<sup>2</sup> Talking briskly<sup>3</sup> Seemly<sup>4</sup> Perchance<sup>5</sup> A trip<sup>6</sup> Breaks the entail on his estate.<sup>7</sup> See bull-fights, *nowte* meaning cattle.

For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,  
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;  
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,  
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,<sup>1</sup>  
Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,  
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,  
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?  
Nae cauld nor hunger c'er can steer them,  
The very thought o' needna feal them.

## CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whate I am,  
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.  
It's true they needna strive nor sweat,  
Through winter's cauld, or summer's heat ;  
They've nae san' walk to graze their banes,  
And fill auld age wi' gripe a'nd granes :<sup>2</sup>  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' then colleges a'nd schools,  
That when nie real ills perplex them,  
They mak enow themsel's to vex them ;  
And aye the less they ha'e to stut<sup>3</sup> them,  
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plenagh,  
Tis a'ces till'd, he's right eneugh ;  
A country gal at her wheel,  
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :  
But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,  
Wi' evendown want o' wark are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy,  
Though deil hit<sup>4</sup> ails them, yet uneasly :  
Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless ;  
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless ;  
And e'er their sports, then balls and races,  
Their galloping through public places,  
There's sic paradise, sic pomp and airt,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,  
Then sowther<sup>5</sup> a' in deep debauches ;  
At night they're mad wi' drink, and whoring,  
Neist day their life is past enduring.  
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,  
As great and graciou's a' as sisters ;  
But hear their absent thoughts a' ithair,  
They're a' run-deils and jads<sup>6</sup> thegither.  
Whyles, owie the wee bit cap and platie,  
They sip the scandal potion pretty :

<sup>1</sup> Concubine.<sup>2</sup> Pains and groans.<sup>3</sup> Trouble.<sup>4</sup> Devil a thing.<sup>5</sup> Solder, wind up.<sup>6</sup> A giddy girl.

On lee-lang nights, wi' ciabbit leuks,  
Pore owe the devil's pictured beuks ;  
Stake on a chance a faimer's stackyard,  
And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.  
There's some exception, man and woman ;  
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,  
And darker gloaming brought the night :  
The hum-clock<sup>1</sup> humm'd wi' lazy drone ;  
The kye stood rowlin<sup>2</sup> i' the loan  
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,  
Rejoined they weena men, but dogs ;  
And each took off hi' several way,  
Resolved to meet some r'her day.

I TO A LOUSL,  
ON SITTING ON E'DON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Haa ! whare ye galan, ye crowlin' ferlie !<sup>3</sup>  
Your impudence protects you saurly .

I canna say but ye shunt<sup>4</sup> rarely,

Owie gayze and lace ;  
Though, faith, I fear ye dinne but sparingly  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd, by saint and sinner,  
How, ye set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a lady ?  
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's halset squattle ;<sup>5</sup>  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprawtle<sup>6</sup> .  
Wi' ither kindied, jumping cattle,  
In shoais and nations ;  
Whare horn nor bane ne'er o' an unsettle.\*  
Yon thick plantation.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'lns,<sup>7</sup> snug and tight ;  
Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
Till, ye've got on it,  
The very tapmost, towering height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump<sup>8</sup> and gray as ony gooseberry.

<sup>1</sup> Beetle.

<sup>4</sup> Strut.

<sup>7</sup> The ribbon-ends.

<sup>2</sup> Lowing.

<sup>5</sup> Swift crawl in some beggar's hair.

<sup>8</sup> Gooseberry.

<sup>3</sup> Crawling wonder.

<sup>6</sup> Scramble.

\* Where no comb ever unsetles the hair.

Oh for some rank, mercurial rozent,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or sell, red smedium,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,  
 Wad dress your droddum!<sup>3</sup>

I wadna been surprised to spy  
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy :<sup>4</sup>  
 Or ablinis some bit duddie boy,  
 On's wyliecoat;<sup>5</sup>  
 But Miss's fine Lunardi ! \* sie !  
 How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
 And set your beauties a' abroad !  
 Ye hielde ken what cursed speed  
 The blastic's makin' !

Thae winks and finger-end's, I dread,  
 Are notice takin' !

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursels as others see us !  
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
 And foolish notion :  
 What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,  
 And even devotion !

## THE ORDINATION.

THE induction of the Rev. James Mackinlay, minister of the parochial or laigh (low) church of Kilmarnock in 1786, was the occasion which called forth the following poem. There was a popular notion, "says Mr. Chambers, "that Mr. Lindsay (a predecessor of Mr. Mackinlay in the pastoratehip of the laigh kirk) had been indebted for his presentation from the patron, Lord Glencairn, to his wife, Margaret Lauder, who was believed, but, I am assured erroneously, to have been his lordship's housekeeper." Mr. Lindsay's induction, in 1764, was so much in opposition to the sentiments of the people, that it produced a riot, attended by many outrages. Three young men who had distinguished themselves by their violence, were whipped through Ayr, and imprisoned a month. These circumstances evoked from a shoemaker named Hunter, a scoffing ballad, to which Burns alludes in the note marked thus † p. 82, and which may be found in the 'History of Kilmarnock,' by Archibald M'Kay: 1848." A third edition of Mr. M'Kay's very interesting work appeared in 1865, and an account of Mr. Lindsay's induction together with "The Scorning Ballad," will be found at pp. 119-128.

"For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—  
 To please the mob, they hide the little given."

KILMARNOCK wabsters,<sup>6</sup> fidge and glaw,  
 And pour your creeshie nations,<sup>7</sup>  
 And ye wha leather ray<sup>8</sup> and draw,  
 Of a' denominations,<sup>†</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robin.

<sup>2</sup> Powder.

<sup>3</sup> Breech.

<sup>4</sup> Flannel cap.

<sup>5</sup> Flannel waistcoat.

<sup>6</sup> Weavers.

<sup>7</sup> Greasy crowds.

<sup>8</sup> Stretch.

\* A fashionable bonnet, so called after a celebrated Italian aeronaut.

† The inhabitants of Kilmarnock were then mainly engaged in the manufacture of coarse woollen goods and the tanning of leather.

Swith to the Laugh Kirk, ane and a',  
 And there tak up your stations;  
 Then aff to Begbie's\* in a raw,  
 And pour divine libations  
 For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp e' hell,  
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; †  
 But Oliphant ast made her yell,  
 A' wi' Russell sair misca'd her, ‡  
 This day Mackinlay takes the flail,  
 And he's the boy will blaud' her! †  
 He'll clip a shangan<sup>2</sup> on her tail,  
 And set the bairns to daud<sup>3</sup> her.  
 Wi' cat this day.

Mak ha te and turn king<sup>4</sup> auld owe,  
 And like wi' holy clange,  
 O' double verse come gie us foun,  
 And skul up the Bangor:  
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stome,<sup>4</sup>  
 Nae man the knaves shall wrang her,  
 For hetesy is in her power,  
 And gloriously she'll wrang<sup>5</sup> her,  
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,  
 And touch it off wi' vigour,  
 How graceless Ham<sup>§</sup> leugh at his dad,  
 Which made Cuanan a nigger,  
 Or Phinehas<sup>||</sup> drove the murdering blade,  
 Wi' whole-abhorring vigour;  
 Or Zipporah<sup>¶</sup> the scauldin' jad,  
 Was like a bluidy tiger  
 I' the inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
 And bin' him down wi' caution,  
 That stipend is a carnal weed  
 He taks but for the fishon;  
 And gie him owe the flock to feed,  
 And punish each trans-gression;  
 Especial, ram, that cross the breed,  
 Gie them sufficient threshin',  
 Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail  
 And toss thy horns fu' canty; <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sip.

<sup>2</sup> A cleft stick.

<sup>3</sup> Bespatter

<sup>4</sup> A dust.

<sup>5</sup> Thrash.

<sup>6</sup> Merrily

\* Begbie kept a tavern near the church

† Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laugh Kirk -- B

‡ Oliphant and Russell, clergymen belonging to the Auld-Licht party.

§ Genesis ix. 22

|| Numbers xxv. 8.

¶ Exodus iv.

Nae mair thou'l rowte\* out-owre the dale.  
 Because thy pastur'e's scanty ;  
 For lapsu's large o' gospel kail  
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,  
 And runts<sup>1</sup> o' grace the pick and wale,  
 No gien by way o' damty,  
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,  
 To think upon our Zion ;  
 And hung our fiddles up to sleep,  
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin'.  
 Come, screw the peggs, wi' tunesu' cheep,  
 And o'er the thanms<sup>2</sup> be trym' ;  
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,<sup>3</sup>  
 And a' like lamb-tails flym'  
 Fu' fast this day !

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' ain,  
 Has shored<sup>4</sup> the Kirk's undom',  
 As lately Fenwick,† san forlaun,<sup>5</sup>  
 Has proven to its ruin :  
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,  
 He saw mischief was comin',  
 And, like a godly elect bairn,  
 'Le's waled<sup>6</sup> us out a tree ane  
 And sound this day.

Now, Robinson,‡ harangue nae mair,  
 But steek your gab<sup>7</sup> for ever :  
 Or try the wicked town of Ay,  
 For there they'll think you clever  
 Or, nae reflection on your leir,  
 Ye may commence a shaver ;  
 Or to the Netherton § repair,  
 And turn a carpet-weaver  
 At-hand this day.

Mutrie || and you were just a match,  
 We never had sic twa drones :

<sup>1</sup> Huge lumps.  
<sup>2</sup> Strings.  
<sup>3</sup> Jelbows jerk.

<sup>4</sup> Encircled  
<sup>5</sup> Menaced

<sup>6</sup> Chosen  
<sup>7</sup> Shut your mouth.

\* *Rompe* is used here cannot easily be explained by a single phrase. Residents in the country must have seen the cattle in a poor pasture stamping listlessly about and lowing as if to draw attention to their wants. The phrase is used in this sense in regard to the scanty spiritual pastureage of the district.

† Rev. William Boyd, minister of Fenwick, whose settled right had been disputed.

‡ The colleague of the newly-appointed clergyman - a moderate.

§ A part of the town of Kilmarnock where carpet-weaving was carried on.

|| The deceased clergyman, whom Mr. MacLain succeeded.

Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,  
 Just like a winkin' baudrons : \*  
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,  
 'To fiy them in his caudrons :  
 But now his honour mann detach,  
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,  
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes  
 She's swingem'<sup>1</sup> through the city ;  
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !  
 I vow its unco pretty :  
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,  
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;  
 And Common Sense is garn, she says,  
 To mak to Jamie Beattie +  
 Her plant this day.

But there's Morality himsel,  
 Embracing all opinions ;  
 Hear how he gies the tither yell,  
 Between his twa companions ;  
 See how she peels the skin and fell,<sup>2</sup>  
 As ane were peelin' onions !  
 Now there—they're pack'd aff to he'e,  
 And banish'd our dominions  
 Henceforth this day. —

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !  
 Come bouse about the porter !  
 Morality's demure decoys  
 Shall here nae mair find quanter :  
 Mackmlay, Russell, are the boys,  
 That Heresy can torture,  
 They'll gie her on a rapa a hoyse,<sup>3</sup>  
 And cowe<sup>4</sup> her measure shortei  
 By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,  
 And here's, for a conclusion,  
 To every New-Light ♦ mother's son,  
 From this time forth, Confusion :  
 If mair they deave<sup>5</sup> us w<sup>t</sup> their din,  
 Or patronage intrusion,  
 We'll light a spunk,<sup>6</sup> and, every skin,  
 We'll rin them aff in fusion,  
 Like oil some day.

\* Whipping

† A heist in a rope.

♦ Deafen.

‡ The skin and flesh.

§ Cut

¶ A matcen.

\* The devil in the good old times witched the Laigh Kirk like a half sleeping cat, there being no need for watchfulness. In the new regime he was altogether put to flight.

† Author of the "Essay on Truth."

‡ "New Light" is a cant phrase, in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously. — B

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY  
RIGHTEOUS

"My son, these maxims make a rule,  
 And lump them aye thegither :  
 The rigid righteous is a fool,  
 'The rigid wise another ;  
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ,  
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
 For random fits o' daffin."—SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,  
 Sae giuous<sup>1</sup> and sae holy,  
 I've nougnt to do but mark and tell  
 Your neighbour's faults and folly !  
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water,  
 The heapeit happer's ebbing still,  
 • And still the clap plays clatter.  
 Hear me, ye venerable core,  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass douce<sup>1</sup> Wisdom's door  
 For glaikit<sup>2</sup> Folly's portals ;  
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
 Would here propone defences,  
 Their donsie<sup>3</sup> tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.  
 Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
 And shudder at the nisser,<sup>4</sup>  
 But cast a moment's fair regard,  
 What maks the mighty differ ?  
 Discount what scant occasion gave  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
 Your better art o' hiding.  
 Think, when your castigated pulse  
 \*Gies now and then a wallop,  
 What ragings must his veins convulse,  
 That still eternal gallop :  
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;  
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
 It makes an unco lee-way.  
 •See social life and glee sit down,  
 All joyous and unthinking,

• Sober.

• Senseless

• Unlucky.

• Comparison

Till, quite transmugified, they're grown  
 Debauchery and drinking :  
 Oh would they stay to calculate  
 The eternal consequences :  
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
 Damnation of expenses !

Ye high; exalted, virtuous dames,  
 Tied up in godly laces,  
 Before ye gie poor fainly names,  
 Suppose a change o' cases ;  
 A deu-loved lad, convenience smug,  
 A treacherous inclination --  
 But, let me whisper t' you lug,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye'e gibbin' nae temptation.

Then gently scan your b'other man,  
 Still gentler sister won't ;  
 Though they may gang a kennin'<sup>2</sup> wiang,  
 To step aside's human :  
 One point must still be greatly dark --  
 The moving why they do it :  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they meit  
 Who made the heart, 'tis He alone !  
 Decidedly can ty us,  
 He knows each chord - its various tone  
 Each spring - its various bias.  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it,  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

## THE INVENTORY.

## IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVOR OF TAXES.

MR CHAMBERS says - "The 'Inventory' was written in answer to a mandate sent by Mr Aiken of Ayr, the surveyor of windows, curtains, &c., for the district, to each farmer, ordering him to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, &c., and to state whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and also the number of his children. The poem is chiefly remarkable for the information it gives concerning the farm, the household, and the habits of Burns."

SIR, as your mandate did request,  
 I send you here a saulife<sup>3</sup> list  
 O' guidis and gear, and a' my graith,  
 To which I'm clear to gie my ath.

*Imprimis*, then, for carriage cattle,  
 I ha'e four brutes o' gal'ant mettle,

<sup>1</sup> Ear,<sup>2</sup> Perhaps.<sup>3</sup> A little bit.

As ever drew afore a pettle.<sup>1</sup>  
 My han'-afore's<sup>2</sup> a guid auld *has-been*,  
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days been.  
 My han'-ahin's<sup>3</sup> a weel-gaun silly,  
 That ast has borne me hame siac Killie,\*  
 And your auld buiro' mony a time,  
 In days when ridng was nae crime—  
 But ance, when in my woong pride,  
 I, like a blockhead boost<sup>4</sup> to ride,  
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,  
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins, and that too !)  
 I play'd my silly sic a shavie,<sup>5</sup>  
 She's a' bedevil'd w<sup>g</sup> the spavie.  
 My fur-ahin's<sup>6</sup> a worthy beast,  
 As e'er in tug or tow was traced,  
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastic,  
 A damn'd<sup>7</sup> wud Kilburnie blastie!  
 Forby a cowte,<sup>8</sup> o' cowte, the wale,<sup>9</sup>  
 As ever ran afore a tail :  
 If he be spared to be a beast,  
 He'll draw me fifteen pun'<sup>10</sup> at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,  
 Three carts, and twa are fckly<sup>11</sup> new ;  
 An auld wheelbarrow, man for token  
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;  
 I made a poker o' the spin le,  
 And my auld mither brunt the trim'l.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
 Run-deils for rantin' and for noise,  
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,  
 Wee Davoc haunds the nowtein fother.<sup>12</sup>  
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,  
 And often labour them completely ;  
 And aye on Sundays duly, nightily,  
 I on the question targe<sup>13</sup> them lightly,  
 Till, faith, wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,<sup>14</sup>  
 Though scarcely larger than my leg,  
 He'll screed you aff I ffectual Calline<sup>15</sup>  
 As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servan' station,  
 (Lord, keep me aye siac a' temptation !)

<sup>1</sup> A plough spide

<sup>2</sup> The foremost horse

<sup>3</sup> The hindmost horse

<sup>4</sup> on the left-hand in

<sup>5</sup> the plough

<sup>6</sup> on the left-hand in

<sup>7</sup> the plough

<sup>8</sup> Must needs

<sup>9</sup> A trick

<sup>10</sup> The hindmost horse

<sup>11</sup> on the right-hand in

<sup>12</sup> the plough

<sup>13</sup> A colt

<sup>8</sup> Choice

<sup>9</sup> Nearly

<sup>10</sup> Keeps the cattle in

<sup>11</sup> fodder

<sup>12</sup> Task.

<sup>13</sup> So sheep

\* Kilmarnock

† The answer to a leading question in the Shorter Catechism

I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;  
 And then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,  
 I ken the devils darena touch me.  
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
 Heaven sent me aye man than I wanted  
 My sonsie,<sup>1</sup> smirking, deau-bought Bess,\*  
 She stares the daddy in her face,  
 Enough of ought you like but grace ;  
 But her, my bonny sweet wee lady,  
 I've paid enough for her already,  
 And gin ye tax her or her mither,  
 B' the Lord ! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,  
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ;  
 Frae this time forth I do declare,  
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hause mair ;  
 Through dirt and dub for life I'll pailde,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ere I sac dear pay for a saddle ;  
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank<sup>3</sup> it,  
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.  
 The kirk and you may tak you that,  
 It puts but little in your pat<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,  
 Nor for my ten hite shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,  
 The day and date as under noted :  
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,

*Subscripti huc,* ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSEFIELD, February 22, 1786.

#### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

MR. CHAMBERS says — “The ‘Mountain Daisy’ was composed as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the ‘Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower’ lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse; and both are on the farm of Mossfield, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry.”

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure<sup>5</sup>  
                   Thy slender stem :  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
                   Thou bonny gem.  
 Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet,

<sup>1</sup> Comely

<sup>2</sup> Tramp.

<sup>3</sup> Walk.

<sup>4</sup> Dust.

\* An illegitimate child born to the poet by a female servant of his mother's.

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble, birth,  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted<sup>1</sup> sooth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shiel'd;  
But thou, beneath the random bield<sup>2</sup>  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histic<sup>3</sup> stubble-field,  
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bairn,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blew hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes ha' driven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
To misery's brink,  
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,  
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom!

## LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

AFTER speaking of the uproar raised against him by the appearance of "Holy Willie's Prayer," when "*The奴, a guid*," the over-righteous, were endeavouring to devise some means of prosecuting their duncing assailant, his unfortunate worldly circumstances gave some of them an opportunity which he supposed they would not be slow to follow up of laying him by the heels in prison. He says, "Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of then heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem 'The Lament.' This was a most melancholy affair, which I will yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of a nation's life. I had been for some days walking from covert to covert, under all the tenors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merek & pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends, my chest was on the road to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, & opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

"It is scarcely necessary," Gilbert Burns says, "to mention that 'The Lament' was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop, [alluding to his connexion with Jean Armour]. After the first distraction of his feelings had subsided, that connexion could no longer be concealed. Robert durst not engage with a family in his own unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an illegal and private marriage, that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*, and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,  
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"—HOMER.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines  
While care-untroubled frontals sleep!  
Thou seest a wretch that only pines,  
And wand'res here to wail and weep!  
With woe I nightly vigils keep  
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam,  
And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays, whom  
The faintly-mark'd distant hill.  
I joyless view thy trembling horn,  
Reflected in the quivering hill:  
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!  
Thou busy power, remembrance, cease!  
Ah! must the agitating thrill  
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd poetic pains  
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;  
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;  
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;  
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;  
The oft-attested Powers above;

The promised father's tender name ;  
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,  
How have the raptured moments flown,  
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,  
For her dear sake, and hers alone !  
And must I think it — is she gone,  
My secret heart's exulting boast ?  
And does she heedless hear my groan ?  
And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,  
So lost to honour, lost to truth,  
As from the fondest lover part,  
The plighted husband of her youth ?  
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !  
Her way may lie through rough distress ;  
Then, who her pangs and pain will soothe,  
Her sorrows share, and dim them less ?

Ye wing'd hours that o'er us pass'd,  
Entangled more, the more enjoy'd,  
Yon dear remembrance in my breast  
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.  
That breast, how dreary now, and void,  
For her too scanty once of room !  
Even every ray of hope destroy'd,  
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day  
Awakes me up to toil and woe :  
I see the hours in long array,  
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.  
Full many a pang, and many a throe,  
Keen recollection's dirful train,  
Must wring my soul, ore Phœbus, low,  
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my mighty couch I try,  
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,  
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,  
Keep watchmen with the nightly thief :  
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,  
Reigns haggard wild, in sore affright :  
Even day, all-bitter, brings a chief  
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse  
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !  
Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
Observed us, fondly wandering, stray !  
The time, unheeded, sped away,  
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,

Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray.  
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !  
Scenes never, never, to return !  
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,  
Again I feel, again I burn !  
From every joy and pleasure torn,  
Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;  
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
A faithless woman's broken vow.

## DI SPONDENCY :

## AN ODE

In speaking of this poem, Burns says, "I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, care, joys, and loves, an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear,  
I set me down and sigh :  
O life ! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I !  
Dim, backward, as I cast my view,  
What sickening scenes appear !  
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,  
Too justly I may fear !  
Still caring, despairing,  
Must be my bitter doom :  
My woes here shall close ne'er,  
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,  
Who, equal to the bustling strife,  
No other view regard !  
Even when the wishedend's denied,  
Yet while the busy meats are plied,  
They bring their own reward :  
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,  
Unfitted with an aim,  
Meet every sad returning night  
And joyless morn the same ;  
You, bustling, and jostling,  
Forget each grief and pain ;  
I, listless, yet restless,  
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,  
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,  
Within his humble cell,  
The cavern wild with tangling roots,  
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,

Beside his crystal well !  
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,  
 By unfrequented stream,  
 The ways of men are distant brought,  
 A faint collected dream ;  
 While praising, and raising  
 His thoughts to Heaven on hi  
 As, wand'ring, meand'ring,  
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed  
 Where never human footstep traced,  
 Less fit to play the part ;  
 The lucky moment to improve,  
 And just to stop, and just to move,  
 With self-respecting art :  
 But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys  
 Which I too keenly taste,  
 The solitary can despise,  
 Can want, and yet be blest !  
 He needs not, he heeds not,  
 Or human love or hate,  
 Whilst I here must cry here  
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,  
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,  
 To care, to guilt unknown !  
 How ill exchanged for upper times,  
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,  
 Of others, or my own !  
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,  
 Like linnets in the bush,  
 Ye little know the ills ye court,  
 When manhood is your wish !  
 The losses, the crosses,  
 That active man engag.  
 The fears all, the tears all,  
 Of dim declining age !

## ODE TO RUIN.

CURRIE says.—“ It appears from internal evidence that the above lines were composed in 1786, when ‘ Hungry Rynn had him in the wind ’ The ‘ dart ’ that ”

‘ Cut my dearest tie,  
 And quivers in my heart,’ ”

is evidently an allusion to his separation from his ‘ bonny Jean ’ Burns seems to have glanced into futurity with a prophetic eye images of misery and woe darkened the distant vista ’ and when he looked back on his career he saw little to console him —‘ I have been, this morning,’ he observes, ‘ taking a peep through, as Young finely says, “ the dark postern of time long elapsed.” ’Twas a rueful prospect ! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly ! My life reminded me of a ruined temple What strength, what proportion, in some parts ! What unsightly gap, what prostrate ruins in others !

I kneeled down before the Father of mercies and said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son" I rose, eased and strengthened "

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !  
 At whose destruction-breathing word  
 The mightiest empires fall !  
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,  
 The ministers of grief and pain,  
 A sullen welcome, all !  
 With stern-resolved, despising eye,  
 I see each arm'd dart ;  
 For one has cut my dearest tie,  
 And quivers in my heart.  
 Then lowering and pouring,  
 The storm no more I dread ;  
 Though thickning and blackning,  
 I find my devoted head  
 And thou great power, by life abhorrd,  
 While life a pleasure can afford,  
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !  
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;  
 I count, I beg thy friendly aid  
 To close this scene of woe !  
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,  
 Resign life's joyless day,  
 My weary heart its thro'long cease,  
 Cold mouldering in the clay ?  
 No fear more, no tear more,  
 To stum my lifeless face,  
 Enclosed, and enclasp'd  
 Within thy cold embrace !

ADDRESS OF THE ELZEBUB  
 TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

The history of this poem is as follows.—"On Tuesday, May 3, there was a meeting of the Highland Society at London for the encouragement of the fisheries in the Highlands, &c. Three thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by eleven gentlemen present for this particular purpose. The Earl of Breadalbane informed the meeting that five hundred persons had agreed to emigrate from the estates of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry, that they had subscribed money, purchased ship, &c., to carry their design into effect. The noblemen and gentlemen agreed to co-operate with Government to frustrate their design, and to recommend to the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands to enter into a prevent migration, by improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures, and particularly to enter into a subscription for that purpose"—*Edinburgh Advertiser* of 3rd May 1786. In view of the indignation excited some fifteen or twenty years ago against the forcible eviction of poor people from estates in the Highlands of Scotland, the reader of to-day may be pardoned feeling some surprise at the expression of the poet's feelings against a laudable attempt to retain his countrymen in independence on their native soil. The Address first appeared in the *Scots Magazine* with the following heading—"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to

concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr M—— of A——s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr Macdonald of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing LIBERTY."

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,  
Unscatt'd by hunger'd Highland boors ;  
Lord, grant nae duddie<sup>1</sup> desperate beggar,  
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,  
May twin auld Scotland o' a life  
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.  
Faith, you and Applegross<sup>2</sup> were right  
To keep the Highland hounds in sight ;  
I doubt na' they wad bid nae better  
Than let them aince out ower the water ;  
Then up amang tha lakes and seas  
They'll mak what rules and laws they please ;  
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,  
May set them Highland bluid a-ranklin'.  
Some Washington again may head them,  
Or some Montgomery, fearle's lead them,  
Till God knows what may be effected—  
When by such heads and hearts directed—  
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire  
May o' Patrickian rights aspire !  
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,  
To witch and premier o'er the pack vile,  
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons  
To bring them to a right repentance,  
To cow the rebel generation,  
And save the honour o' the nation ?  
To day and be damn'd ! what right ha'e they  
To meat or sleep, or light o' day ?  
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,  
But what your lordship like, to gie them ?  
But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !  
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear !  
Your factors, gracie, trustees, and bairnes,  
I canna say but they do gylies,<sup>3</sup>  
hey lay aside a' tender mercies,  
nd till the halloans to the burses ;<sup>4</sup>  
et while they're only pond't and heiret,<sup>5</sup>  
hey'll keep them stubborn Highland spirit ;  
ut smash them ' crash them a' to spauls<sup>6</sup>  
nd rot the dyvois<sup>7</sup> i' theauls !  
he young dogs swing them to the labou',  
et walk and hunger mak them sober<sup>8</sup>  
he hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ragged

<sup>2</sup> Mackenzie of Appl-

<sup>3</sup> cross well

<sup>4</sup> And strip the clowns to

<sup>5</sup> the skin

<sup>6</sup> Sold out and despoiled

<sup>7</sup> Chips

<sup>8</sup> Binkrip

<sup>9</sup> Whup

<sup>10</sup> The girls if they be at all handsome

Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd;  
 And if the wives and dirty brats  
 E'en thugger<sup>1</sup> at your doors and yetts,<sup>2</sup>  
 Flastan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',<sup>3</sup>  
 Flightin' awa' your ducks and geese,  
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,<sup>4</sup>  
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,  
 And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack  
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back!  
 Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,  
 And in my house at hame to greet you;  
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle;  
 The benmost neul,<sup>5</sup> beside the ingle,<sup>6</sup>  
 At my ight han' assign'd your seat,  
 'Tween Herod's lip and Polycrate,  
 Or if you on your station tarow,<sup>7</sup>  
 Between Almagro and Pizai,  
 A seat, I'meine ye'e weel deservin';  
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BELZERUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 5790 [A.D. 1786]

## A DREAM

THE friends of the poet tried hard to prevent the publication of this poem without success, judging rightly that it would injure his prospects with the Government. He introduces it as follows.—

"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with treason;  
 But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason."

On reading in the public papers the Laureate's "Ode,"<sup>1</sup> with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following ADDRESS.—BURNS.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!  
 May Heaven augment your blisses,  
 On every new birthday ye see,  
 A humble poet wishes!  
 My hardship here, at your levee,  
 On sic a day as this is,

<sup>1</sup> Dog.<sup>2</sup> Gates.<sup>3</sup> Fluttering in rags and  
gray with veinin'.<sup>4</sup> A dog<sup>5</sup> The innermost cor-

ner

<sup>6</sup> Fire-place.<sup>7</sup> Complain.

\* Thomas Warton then filled thy office. His ode for June 4, 1786, begins as follows.—

"When Freedom nur-ed her native fire  
 In ancient Greece, and ruled the lyre,  
 Her bards disdainful, from the tyrant's brow,  
 The tinsel gifts of flattery tore,  
 But paid to guiltless power their willing vow  
 And to the throne of virtuous kings," &c.

On these verses, the rhymes of the Ayrshire bard must be allowed to form an odd enough commentary.—CHAMBERS

I see an uncouth sight to see,  
Among thae birthday dresses  
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,  
By many a lord and lady;  
"God save the king" 's a cuckoo sang  
That's unco easy said aye,  
The poets, too, a venal gang,  
Wi' rhyme, weel-turn'd and ready,  
Wad ga' ye liew ye ne'er do wrang,  
But aye unerring steady,  
On sic a day

For me, before a monarch's face,  
Even there I winna flatter,  
For neither pension, post, nor place,  
Am I your humble debtor.  
So, nae reflection on your grace,  
Your kingship to besmirch;  
There's mony waur been o' the race,  
And aiblins<sup>1</sup> ane been better  
Than you this day.

\* 'Tis very true, my sovereign king,  
My skill may weel be doubted.  
But facts are cleeks that winna ding,<sup>2</sup>  
And downa<sup>3</sup> be disputed:  
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,  
Is e'en right rest and clouted,  
And now the thind put of the string,  
And less, will gang about it  
Than did ay day.\*

Far le't frae me that I aspire  
To blame your legislation,  
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,  
To rule this mighty nation.  
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,  
Ye've trusted ministration  
To chaps,<sup>4</sup> wha, in a bain or byre,  
Wad better fill'd then station  
Than courts you day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,  
Her broken shins to plaster:  
Your sair taxation does her fleece,  
Till she has scarce a taster:  
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,  
Nae bargain wearing faster,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps.

<sup>2</sup> Beat.

<sup>3</sup> Dare not

<sup>4</sup> Broken and patched

<sup>5</sup> Belows.

\* The poet alludes here to the great diminution of the king's territory by the disastrous issue of the American war.

Or, sauh! I fear that wi' the geese,  
I shortly boast<sup>1</sup> to pasture  
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistusting Wilhe Pitt,  
When taxes he enlarges,  
(And Will's a true guid fellow<sup>2</sup>gent,<sup>\*</sup>  
A name not envy spanges,<sup>2</sup>)  
That he intends to pay your debt,  
And lessen a' your charges;  
But, God-sake<sup>1</sup> let nae saying hit  
Abridge your bonny barges<sup>†</sup>  
And boats this day.

Athen, my hege<sup>1</sup> m<sup>2</sup>y Freedom g<sup>3</sup>eek<sup>3</sup>  
Beneath your high protection,  
And may you tax<sup>4</sup> Corruption's neck,  
And sic her for dis<sup>5</sup>c<sup>6</sup>tion!  
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,  
In loyal, true affection,  
To pay your queen, with due respect,  
My fealty and subjection  
This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!  
While nobles strive to please ye,  
Will ye accept a compliment  
A simple poet gies ye?  
Thae bonnie bairn-time<sup>‡</sup> Heaven has lent,  
Still higher may they heez<sup>5</sup> ye  
In bliss, till late some day is sent,  
For ever to release ye  
Tae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,  
I tell you Highness sauh,  
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,  
I'm taugh<sup>6</sup> ye driving rarely;  
But some day ye may gnaw your nail  
(And curse your folly sauh,  
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,  
Or rattled dice wi' 'barlie,<sup>§</sup>  
By night or day.

Yet ast<sup>7</sup> I rugged cowt<sup>8</sup>s<sup>6</sup> been known  
To mak a noble avet,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Behove

<sup>4</sup> Stricte

<sup>2</sup> Bespatters

<sup>5</sup> Raise

<sup>7</sup> Hers

<sup>3</sup> Left her head

\* A good fellow' setting This is not the only compliment Burns pays to the Earl of Chatham.

† In allusion to an attempt to end or the lowering of the strength of the navy.

‡ Family of children

§ The Right Hon. Charles James F

So, ye may doucely<sup>1</sup> fill a' thronie,  
For a' then clish-ma-claver,<sup>2</sup>  
Thin' him at Agincourt<sup>3</sup> wha shone,  
Few better were or baver :  
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John +  
He was an unco shaver<sup>4</sup>

• For mony a day  
For you, right reverend Osnaburg ♦  
None sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,  
Although a ribbon at your lug  
Wad been a dress completer.  
As ye disown yon haughty<sup>5</sup> dog  
That bears the keys o' Peter,  
Then, swith ! and get a wife to hug,  
Or, trouth ! ye'll stam the nattie  
Some luckless day.

Young royal Tally Brecks, § I leain,  
We've lately come athwart her,  
A glorious galley<sup>6</sup> stern and tem,  
Weel egg'd for Venus' barter ;  
But first hang out, that she'll discern,  
Your hymeneal chatter,  
Then heave aboard you grapple-arm,  
And, laige upon her quarter  
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',  
Ye royal lasses dainty,  
Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,  
And gie you kids a-plenty.  
But sneer na British boys awa',  
For kings are unco scant<sup>7</sup> ave;  
And German lutes are but sma',  
They're better just than want aye  
On ony day.

God bless you a' ! consider noy  
Ye're unco muckle daurit ;<sup>8</sup>  
But ere the course o' life be throw,  
It may be bitter sautit.<sup>9</sup>  
And I hae seen them coggie fu,<sup>7</sup>  
I hat yet hae tarow't<sup>8</sup> at it ;  
But on the day was done, I trow,  
The daggen they hae clautit<sup>9</sup>  
Fu' clean that day.

<sup>1</sup> Wisely

<sup>2</sup> Idle scame

<sup>3</sup> A wicked

<sup>4</sup> Haughty

<sup>5</sup> Too much flattered

<sup>6</sup> Salted

<sup>7</sup> Platter full

<sup>8</sup> Grumbled

<sup>9</sup> They have  
out the dish

\* King Henry V -- B

† Sir John Falstaff

‡ The Duke of York

§ William IV, then Duke of Clarence

|| Alluding to the newspaper account of the royal sailor's amour

## THE HOLY FAIR

This is a true tale of the boldst and the ablest of the shafts Burns shot at the abuses of the Church of Scotland. No one who has not been present at one of these scenes of piety and revelry, can form any idea of the appetite the lower orders of the Scotch country people have for a strong dose of religion and rough excesses combined. The publication of "The Holy Fair" did much to mitigate the evil, although in outlying districts such scenes were to be witnessed up to a very recent period.

As many as half a dozen clergymen used to be engaged for the day's services, and amongst them there was a rivalry for the mastery, the mounting of the rostrum by a poor preacher being the signal for an adjournment to the refreshment tents, and the provision-baskets, while the appearance of a man of fluent speech and strong lungs would at once recall the errant crowd and subdue them to quietness and attention.

The Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion — *B. 1*

"A robe of seemin' r' truth, a d' trust  
 His leathery observation,  
 And secret hing, with pa' old crust,  
 The dark o' Defamation  
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,  
 Dye-virying on the pigeon,  
 And for a mantle, la' ge and broad  
 He wrapt him in Religion." — *Hypocrisie et la Mode*

UPON a summer Sunday morn,  
 When Nature's face is fair,  
 I walk'd south to view the corn,  
 And snuff the ealler<sup>1</sup> air.  
 The rising sun owre Galston<sup>2</sup> muntys,  
 Wi' glorious light was glintin',  
 The hares were huplin<sup>3</sup> down the furz,<sup>4</sup>  
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'  
 Fu' sweet that day  
 As lightsomely I glower'd abroad,  
 To see a scene sae gay,  
 Thrie hizzies<sup>5</sup> early at the road,  
 Cam skelpin' up the wyi,  
 Twa had manteeles o' delicht' black,  
 But ane wi' lyart<sup>6</sup> lining;  
 The third, that gaed a wee a back,  
 Was in the fashion shuning  
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,  
 In feature, form, and claes,  
 Then visage, wither'd lang, and thin,  
 And grey as ony slaes:  
 The third cam up, hap-step-and-lowp,  
 As light as ony kumbie,

<sup>1</sup> Fresh

<sup>2</sup> Glazengow

<sup>3</sup> Lumping

<sup>4</sup> Furrows.

<sup>5</sup> Wenche

<sup>6</sup> Gray.

\* The adjoining parish to Mauchline.

And wi' a curchie low did stoop,  
 As soon as e'er she saw me,  
     Fu' kind that day.  
 Wi' bonnet off, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
     I think ye seem to ken me;  
 I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,  
     But yet I canna name ye"  
 Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,  
     And taks me by the hand,  
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck<sup>1</sup>  
     Of a' the ten commands  
         A screech some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,  
     The nearest friend ye hae;  
 And this is Superstition here,  
     And that's Hypocrisy.  
 I'm gien to Mauchline holy fan,  
     To spend an hour in daffin';<sup>2</sup>  
 Gm ye'll go there, yon runkled pair,  
     We will get famous laughin',  
         At them this day."

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't,  
     I'll get my Sunday's sail on,  
 And meet you on the holy spot,  
     Faith, we'se hae fine remakin'<sup>3</sup>!  
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,<sup>4</sup>  
     And soon I made me ready;  
 For roads were clad, fiae side to side,  
     Wi' mony a weary body,  
         In dooves that day.

Hete farmers ga'd in uidin' graith,  
     Gaed holdin' by then cotters,  
 There, swaalies<sup>5</sup> young, in law braid clath,  
     Are springin' owre the gutters,  
 The lasses, skepin' barefit, thrang,  
     In silks and scarlets, glitter;  
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a wheng,<sup>6</sup>  
     And saus,<sup>7</sup> baked wi' butter,  
         Fu' crump that day

When by the plate we set our nose,  
     Weel tap'ed up wi' ha'pence,  
 A grcey glower Black-bonnet throws,

<sup>1</sup> Bilk.<sup>4</sup> Well to do.<sup>7</sup> Crut.<sup>2</sup> Sport.<sup>5</sup> Juggins.<sup>6</sup> Cakes.<sup>3</sup> Breakfast time.<sup>8</sup> Sippings.

\* A colloquial appellation bestowed on the church elders or deacons, who in landward parishes in the olden time generally wore black bonnets on Sundays, when they officiated at "the plate" in making the usual collection for the poor.  
—MOTHERWELL.

And we maun draw ou tippence  
 Then in we go to see the show,  
 On every side they're gath'rin',  
 Some carv'ng dails,<sup>1</sup> some chairs and stools,  
 And some are busy blyth'rin'<sup>2</sup>  
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fand the showers,  
 And screen our country gentry,  
 There Racer Jess,<sup>\*</sup> and twa-three whores,  
 Are blinkin' at the enty  
 Here sits a raw of titlin'<sup>3</sup> jades,  
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,  
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blaikguarding frae Kilm'noock,  
 For fun the day.

Here, some are shinkin' on their sins,  
 And some upo' their ches,  
 Ane curses feet that syld<sup>4</sup> his shins,  
 Another sighs and prayes.  
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-pigud faces;  
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,  
 Thiang winkin' on the lasses,  
 To chans that day.

Oh, happy is that man and blest!  
 Nae wonder thit it pride him!  
 Whase am dear lass that he likes best?  
 Comes clunkin' down besid him!  
 Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,  
 He sweetly does compose him,  
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
 An's loof<sup>6</sup> upon her bo om,  
 Unkennid that day.

Now a' the congregation o'  
 Is silent expectation,  
 For Moodie<sup>†</sup> speels<sup>7</sup> the holy door,  
 Wi' tellings o' damnation  
 Should Hame, as in ancient days,  
 'Mang sons o' God present him,

<sup>1</sup> Planks, or bounds, to

<sup>2</sup> Sit on

<sup>3</sup> Talking loudly,

<sup>5</sup> Wh spring.

<sup>4</sup> Sealed

<sup>6</sup> Samp'e.

<sup>7</sup> Mind

<sup>8</sup> Climbs.

\* The following notice of Racer Jess appeared in the newspapers of February 10th - "Died at Muckline a few weeks since, Janet Cason, consigned to immortality by Burns in his 'Holy Fair,' under the title of 'Racer Jess.' She was the daughter of 'Poosie Nannie' who figures in 'The Jolly Beggars.' She was remarkable for her pedestrian powers, and sometimes ran long distances for a wager."

† Moodie was the minister of Riccarton, and one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds."

The very sight o' Moodie's face  
 To's am het hame had sent him  
 Wi' fright that day.  
 Hear how ne clears the points o' faith  
 Wi' rattle<sup>1</sup> and wi' thumpin'<sup>2</sup>  
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
 He's stampin' and he's jumpin'<sup>3</sup>!  
 His lengthen'd clin, his turn'd-up snout,  
 His eldritch<sup>4</sup> squeal, and gestures,  
 Oh, how they fire the heart devout,  
 Like cantharidian plasters,  
 On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent has changed its voice!  
 There's peace and rest nae langer:  
 For a' the real judges use,  
 They canna sit for anger.  
 Smith<sup>5</sup> opens out his cauld harangues  
 On practice and on meals;  
 And aff the godly pour in things,  
 To gie the jars and barrels  
 A lift that day.

What signifies his bairn shime  
 Of mortal powers and reason?  
 His English style, and gesture fine,  
 Are a' clean out o' season.  
 Like Socrates or Antonine,  
 Or some awfu' pagan heathen,  
 The moral man by dox define,  
 Put ne'er a word o' faith in  
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote  
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;  
 For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,<sup>†</sup>  
 Ascends the holy rostrum.  
 See, up he's got the Word o' God,  
 And meek and mild<sup>2</sup> has view'd it,  
 While Common Sense<sup>‡</sup> has ta'en the road.  
 And's aff and up the Cowgate,<sup>§</sup>  
 Fast, fast, that day.

I Up earthly

2 Pruny

\* Mr (afterwards Dr) George Smith, minister of Galston. Burns intended a compliment here on his rational mode of preaching, but the rev. gentleman did not appreciate the effort.

† The Rev. Mr (afterwards Dr) William Peebles, minister of Newton-upon-Ayr, sometimes named, from its situation, *the Water-fit*.

‡ Dr Mackenzie, then of Muichline, afterwards of Fivie, had recently conducted some village controversy under the title of "Common Sense". Some local commentators are of opinion that he, and not the personified abstraction, is meant.

is meant. Probably both are included.

§ A street so called which faces the tent in Muichline. — B

Wee Miller\* neist the guard relieves,  
 And orthodoxy rabbles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Though in his heart he weel believes  
   And thinks it auld wives' fables :  
 But, faith ! the bukie wants a manse,  
   So, cannily he hums them ;  
 Although his carnal wit and sense  
   Like hafslim-ways<sup>2</sup> o'ercomes him  
     At times that day.

Now 'ut and ben the change-house fills  
 Wi' yill-caup commentators :  
 Here's crying out for bakes<sup>3</sup> and gills,  
   And there the pint-stoup clatters ;  
 While thick and thrang, a id loud and lang,  
   Wi' logic and wi' Scripture,  
 They raise a din, that, m th' end,  
   Is like to break a rupture  
     O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair  
 Than either school or college :  
 It kinnaes wit, it waukens lan,  
   It pangs us sou o' knowleddge.  
 Nae whisky gill, or peuny whipee,  
   Or any stronger potion,  
 It never fails, on drinking deep,  
   To kittle<sup>4</sup> up our notion  
     By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blithely bent,  
 To mind bath saul and body,  
 Sit round the table weel content,  
   And steer about the toddy.  
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,  
   They're making observations,  
 While some are cooie i' the leek,<sup>5</sup>  
   And forming a signition  
     To meet some day

But now the Lord - am trumpet touts,  
 Till a' the hills are ramm',  
   an echoes back return the shouts,  
 Black Russell is na spurn' ;

<sup>1</sup> Rattles

<sup>2</sup> Half-way.

<sup>3</sup> Cakes

<sup>4</sup> Rouse

<sup>5</sup> Song in the corner

\* The Rev. Mr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmarnock. He was of remarkably low stature, but enormous girth.

† The Rev. John Russell, at this time minister of the chapel of ease, Kilmarnock, afterwards minister of Stirling—one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds." "He was," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "the most tremendous man I ever saw. Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder, and his sentiments were such as must have shocked any class of hearers in the least more refined than those whom he usually addressed."

His piercing words, like Highland swords.

Divide the joints and marrow;

\* His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell;

Oui vera sauls does harrow\*

Wi' fright that day.

A vast, embottom'd, boundless pit,

Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,

Whase ragin' flame, and scorchin' heat

Wad melt the h'dest whunstane:

The half-asleep start up wi' fear,

And think they hear it roarin',

When presently it does appear

'I was but some neighbor snorin'

Asleep that day.

\* Twad be owre lang a tale to tell

How mony stories past,

And how they crowded to the yill

When they we're a' dismirt:

How duink gaed round, in cogs and caups,

Among the forms and benches:

And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,

\* Was dealt about in lunches,

And dauds<sup>1</sup> that day.

In comes a gauncie, gash<sup>2</sup> guidwise,

And sits down by the fire,

Syne draws her kebbuck<sup>4</sup> and her knife;

The lasses they ate shyer.

The auld guidmen, about the grace,

Frae side to side they bothe,

Till some ane by his bonnet jays,

And gies them't like a tether

Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks<sup>5</sup> for him that gets nae fax,

Or lasses that hae naething.

Sma' need has he to say a grace,

Or melvie<sup>6</sup> his braw claithing!

O wifes, be mindfu' ance yersel

How bonny lads ye wanted,

And dinna, for akebbuck-hieel,<sup>8</sup>

Let lasses be affronted

On sic a day! \*

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,

Begins to jow and croon,<sup>7</sup>

Some swagger hame, the best they dow,<sup>8</sup>

Some wait the afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> Lumps

<sup>4</sup> Alas.

<sup>7</sup> Sing and groan

<sup>2</sup> Fat and homely

<sup>5</sup> Soil.

<sup>8</sup> Can. \*

<sup>3</sup> Cheese

<sup>6</sup> Chee e-crust

\* Shakepear's "Hamlet."—B.

At slaps<sup>1</sup> the billyes<sup>2</sup> halt a blink,  
 Till lasses strip their shoon :  
 Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,  
 They're a' in famous tune  
 For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts  
 O' sinners and o' lasses !  
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,  
 As eft as ony flesh is.  
 There's some are foul o' love divyne ;  
 There's some are foul o' brandy ;  
 And mony jobs that day begin  
 May end in houghmagin ly\*  
 Some ill day.

VERSES ON<sup>4</sup> A SCOTCH BARD.

## GONE TO THE WEST INDIES

The following lines were written when the poet meditated emigrating to Jamaica.

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,  
 A' ye wha live by crumbo-clink,  
 A' ye wha live and never think,  
 Come, monoun wi' me !  
 Our bille's gien us a' a jink,<sup>3</sup>  
 And oye the sea.

Lament him aye iantin' core,  
 Wha dearly like a random splore,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar  
 In social key,  
 For now he's ev'en another shore,  
 And oye the sea !

The bonny lasses weel may wiss him,  
 And in their dear prettions place him :  
 The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,  
 Wi' tearfu' ee ;  
 For we'll wat they'll sairly miss him  
 That's owie the sea !

O Fortress, they hae room to grumble !  
 Hadst thou ta'en a'f some drowsy bummle<sup>6</sup>

Buckles in fen  
Lands  
Visiting

\* "Our friend is eluded

From  
Bungler

\* May end in copulatio

Wha can do nought but syke and fumble,<sup>1</sup>  
 "Twad been nae plea,  
 But he was gleg<sup>2</sup> as ony wumble,<sup>3</sup>  
 That's owre the sea !

Auld caftie Kyle may weepers wear,  
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut-tear,  
 'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,  
 In flinders<sup>4</sup> flee,  
 He was her laureate mony a year,  
 That's owrie the sea !

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west  
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;  
 A jillet<sup>5</sup> brak his heart at last,  
 Ill may she be !  
 So<sup>6</sup> took a berth afore the mast,  
 And owrie the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,<sup>6</sup>  
 On seae a bellyf<sup>7</sup> o' dummock,<sup>8</sup>  
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,  
 Could ill agree ;  
 So, lowt his hindies<sup>9</sup> in a hammock,  
 And owrie the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,  
 Yet com his pouches wadna bide in,  
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hidin'.  
 He dealt it free  
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in  
 That's owrie the sea

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,  
 And hap him in a cozie biel,  
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,<sup>10</sup>  
 And fu' o' glee ;  
 He wadna wrang the very deil,  
 That's owrie the sea

Farewell, my rhyme-composing baie !  
 Your native soil was right ill-wilie,  
 But may ye flourish like a hly,  
 Now bonnie !  
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie<sup>11</sup>  
 Though owrie the sea !

<sup>1</sup> " Make a fuss "

<sup>2</sup> Snup

<sup>3</sup> Wumble

<sup>4</sup> Pieces

<sup>5</sup> Jilt

<sup>6</sup> Pod

<sup>7</sup> Meal and water

<sup>8</sup> Wrapt his hauns

<sup>9</sup> Warm shelter

<sup>10</sup> Kindly fellow

<sup>11</sup> My last gill

## A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Or this beautiful epitaph, which Burns wrote for himself, Wordsworth says,—  
"Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration from his own will—a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy!"

Is there a whum-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate<sup>1</sup> to seek, owre proud to snool?<sup>2</sup>  
Let him draw near,  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng?  
Oh, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here heave a sigh

Is there a man, whose judgment clear  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life's mad career  
Wild as the wave?  
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stam'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubbs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious self-control  
Is wisdom's root.

## A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

In the following dedication of his poems to Gavin Hamilton, the poet, after complimenting, very naturally has a fling at the "unco guid," who had persecuted his patron as well as himself.

EXPICT na, sir, in this narration,  
A sleeking, fletch'inn'<sup>3</sup> dedication,  
To roose<sup>4</sup> you up, and ca' you guid,  
And sprung o' great and noble bluid,  
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace;  
Perhaps related to the race;

<sup>1</sup> Rashful<sup>2</sup> Be obsequious<sup>3</sup> Flattering, fawning.<sup>4</sup> Praise

Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,  
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinsfu' lie,  
 Set up a face, how I stop short,  
 For fear your modesty be hurt.  
 This may do—maun do, sir, w' them wha  
 Maun please the great folks for a wamefu' ;  
 For me ! sae laugh<sup>2</sup> I needna bow,  
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough ;  
 And when I downa<sup>3</sup> yoke a naig,  
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;  
 Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',  
 It's just sic poet, and sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,  
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp<sup>4</sup> him,  
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,  
 But only—he's no just began yet

The patron, (sir, ye maun forgie me,  
 I winna lie, come what will o' me,)  
 On every hand it will allow'd be,  
 He's just — nae better than he should be,

I readily and sievly grant,  
 He downa see a poor man want ;  
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,  
 What ance he say, he winna break it,  
 Aught he can lend he'll no refus't,  
 Till aft his guidness is abused ;  
 And rascal, whyleg that do him wrang,  
 Even that he doesna mind it lang :  
 As master, landlord, husband, father,  
 He doesna fail his part in either.

But then nae thanks to him for a' that ;  
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ,  
 It's naething but a milder feature  
 Of our poor sinsfu'<sup>5</sup> corrupt nature :  
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,  
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turk,  
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,  
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.  
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,  
 The gentleman in word and deed,  
 It's no througl̄ terror of damnation ,  
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !  
 Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is  
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

<sup>1</sup> Bellyful

<sup>2</sup> Low.

<sup>3</sup> Cannot

<sup>4</sup> Beat.

No—stretch a point to catch a peck ;  
 Abuse a brother to his back ;  
 Steal through a winnock<sup>1</sup> fae a whore,  
 But point the rake that takis the doot ;  
 Be to the poor like ony whunstane,  
 And hand their noses to the grunstane,  
 Ply every art o' legal thieving ,  
 No matter, stick to sound believng.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces  
 Wi' w'el-spread looves,<sup>2</sup> and lang, wry faces ,  
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,  
 And damn a' parties but your own ;  
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver—  
 A steady, sturdy, strinch believer. \*

O ye wha leave the spring-<sup>3</sup> Calvin,  
 For gumlie<sup>4</sup> dubs of your aw<sup>5</sup> delym' !  
 Ye sons of heresy and error,  
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !  
 When Vengeance di tw<sup>6</sup> the sword in w'ach,  
 And in the fire throws the sheath ,  
 When Rum, with his sweeping besom,  
 Just frets till Heaven commission gies him ;  
 While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,  
 And strikes the ever-deepening tones,  
 Still louder shriek , and heaviest groans !

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,  
 I maist forgot my Dedication ,  
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,  
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye seq 'twas nae daft vapour,  
 But I matinely thought it proper,  
 When a' my works I did review,  
 To dedicate them, sir, to you :  
 Because (ye needna tak it ill)  
 I thought them something like yours.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,  
 And your petitioner shall ever---  
 I had amairt said, ever pray .  
 But that's a word I needna say .  
 For prayin' I ha'e little skill o't ;  
 I'm baith dead sweci,<sup>7</sup> and wretched ill o'<sup>8</sup> ;  
 But I se repeat each poor man's prayer  
 That kens or hears about you, sir---

" May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark  
 Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk ! "

<sup>1</sup> Window

<sup>2</sup> Palms

<sup>3</sup> Muddy

<sup>4</sup> Unwilling

\* Mr Hamilton was clerk to a county court

May ne'er his generous, honest heart !  
 For that same generous spirit smart !  
 May Kennedy's fair honour'd name  
 Lang beat his hymeneal flame,  
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dozen,  
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :  
 Five bonny lasses round their table,  
 And seven braw fellows stout and able  
 To serve their king and country weel,  
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !  
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,  
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;  
 Till his wee curlie John's\* <sup>rei-oe,</sup>  
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !"

I will not wind a lang conclusion  
 Wi' complimentary effusion :  
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours  
 Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,  
 I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,  
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)  
 That non-heal'd earl, Want,  
 Attested in his grim advances,  
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,  
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,  
 Your humble servant then no more ;  
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?  
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !  
 Whilk recollection's power <sup>is</sup> given,  
 If, in the vale of humble life,  
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,  
 I, through the teidlet gushing tear,  
 Should recognise my master dear,  
 If friendless, low, we meet together,  
 Then, sir, your hand - my friend and brother !

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTL<sup>M</sup> MAN  
 TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The meetings of the members of St. James's Masonic Lodge were held in a small room in a public-house in Mauchline, kept by a man of the name of Manson. On the approach of St. John's day, Burns sent the following rhymed invitation to his friend Mr. Mackenzie —

FRIDAY first's the day appointed,  
 By our Right Worshipful anointed,

\* Great-grandchild.

\* John Hamilton, Esq., a worthy scion of a noble ~~ancestral~~.

To hold our grand procession ;  
 To get a blade o' Johnny's mortals,  
 And taste a swatch<sup>1</sup> o' Manson's barrels,  
 I' the way of our profession.  
 Our Master and the Brotherhood  
 Wad a' be glad to see you ;  
 For me I would be mar than proud  
 To share the mercies wi' you.  
 If death, then, wi' skaith, then,  
 Soine mortal heart is hechtin',<sup>2</sup>  
 Inform him, and storm him,  
 That Saturday ye'll fecht<sup>3</sup> him.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE FAREWELL

"THE following touching stanzas," says Cummingham, "were composed in the autumn of 1786, when the prospects of the poet darkened, 'till he looked towards the West Indies as a place of refuge, and perhaps of hope. All who shared his affections are mentioned—his mother—his brother Gilbert—his illegitimate child, Elizabeth,—whom he consigned to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated the copyright of his poems,—and his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aiken, but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour more tenderly or more naturally displayed."

"The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?  
 Or what does he regard his single woes ?  
 But when, alas ! he multiplies himself,  
 To dearest selves, to the loved tender fair,  
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,  
 To helpless children ! then, oh, then ! he feels  
 The point of misery festering in his heart,  
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward  
 Such, such am I !—undone !"

—THOMSON'S *Edwin and Eleanor*

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,  
 Far dearer than the torrid plains  
 Where rich ananas blow !  
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !  
 A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !  
 My Jean's heart-rending throe !  
 Farewell, my Bess ! though thou'rt bereft  
 Of my parental care ;  
 A faithful brother I have left,  
 My part in him thou'lt share !  
 Adieu too, to you too,  
 My Smith, my bosom frien' ;  
 When kindly you mind me,  
 Oh, then befriend my Jean !

What bursting anguish tears my heart !  
 From thee, my Jeame, must I part !  
 Thou, weeping, answerest, "No !"  
 Alas ! misfortune stares my face,  
 And points to ruin and disgrace,

<sup>1</sup> Sample.<sup>2</sup> Threatening.<sup>3</sup> Fight.

I, for thy sake, must go!  
 Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,  
 A grateful, warm, adieu!  
 • I, with a much-indebted tear,  
 Shall still remember you!  
 All hail then, the gale then,  
 • Wafts me from thee, dear shore!  
 It rustles and whistles—  
 I'll never see thee more!

---

## LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!  
 Fell 'quice o' a' my woe and grief!  
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!  
 For lack o' thee I scamp my glass.  
 I see the children of affliction  
 Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.  
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,  
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,  
 And, for thy potence vainly wish'd  
 To crush the villan in the dust.  
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,  
 Never, perhaps, to meet aul' Scotland more.

R. B. - Kyle.

## VERSES TO AN OLD SWELL THE ART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN ON THE BACK PAGE OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS  
 PRESENTED TO THE LADY

The name of the lady to whom the following lines were addressed has chanced to be discovered.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remembered dear,  
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows.  
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,--  
 Friendship 'tis all cold duty now allows.  
 And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,  
 One friendly sigh for him- he asks no more,--  
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,  
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's roar.

---

## VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEVE

The following lines, which first appeared in the *Sun* newspaper, April 1823, were originally written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the poet's works presented to a friend.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere  
 Wad on thy worth be pressin';  
 Rememb'rence oft may start a tear,  
 But oh! that tenderness forbear,  
 Though 'twad my sorrow's lessen.

My morning raze sae clear and fair,  
I thought sair storms wad never  
Bedew the scene ; but grief and care  
In wildest fury hae made bare

My peace, my hope, for ever

You think I'm glad, oh, I pay weel  
For a' the joy I borrow,  
In solitude—then, then I feel  
I canna to myself conceal

My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell ! within thy bosom free

A sigh may whiles awaken ;

A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,

For Scotia's son—ance ga' like them —

Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken !

### THE CALF

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN.

The Rev. James Steven was afterwards one of the Scottish clergy in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning in Ayrshire. He was no favourite of the poet's, and the following lines were written on hearing him preach from the text—

MALACHI IV. 2.—“And they shall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the stink”

RIGHT, sir ! your text I'll prove it true,  
Thought heretics may laugh ;  
For instance ; there's yourself just now,  
God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind  
As bless you wi' a link,  
I doubt na, sii, but then we'll find  
Ye're still as great a stink.<sup>1</sup>

But if the lover's raptur'd hour  
Shall ever be your lot,  
Forbid it, every heavenly power,  
You e'er should be a stink !<sup>2</sup>

Though, when some kind connubial dear  
Your but-and-ben<sup>3</sup> adorns,  
The like has been that you may wear  
A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,  
To hear you roar and howte,<sup>4</sup>  
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims  
To rank amang the nowte<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> A year-old bullock  
<sup>b</sup> Ox.

<sup>a</sup> Kitchen and parlour.  
<sup>b</sup> Below.

<sup>c</sup> Cattle

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,  
Below a grassy hillock,  
Wi' justice they may mark your head—  
"Here hes a famous bullock!"

## WILLIE CHALMERS

MR W CHALMERS, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:—R. B.

MADAM,  
Wi'braw new branks,<sup>1</sup> in mickle pride,  
And eke<sup>2</sup> a braw new brechan,<sup>3</sup>  
My Pegasus, I'm got astide,  
And up Parnassus pechin,<sup>4</sup>  
Whiles owie a bush, wi' downward crush,  
The doited beastie<sup>5</sup> summers;  
Then up he gets, and off he sets,  
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name  
May cost a pair o' blushes,  
I am nae stranger to your faine,  
Nor his warm-urgid wishes.  
Your bonny face, sae mild and sweet,  
His honest heart enamours,  
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,  
Though waived<sup>6</sup> on Willie Chalmers.  
Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,  
And Honour safely back her,  
And Modesty assume your air,  
And ne'er a aye mistak her:  
And sic twa love-inspiring een  
Might me even haly palmer,  
Nae wonder then they've fatal been  
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore,  
Some num-mor'd pouther'd priestie,  
Fu'lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
And band upon his breastie:  
But oh! what signifies to you  
His lexicons and grammars:  
The feeling<sup>7</sup> heart's the royal blue,  
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowlan' country laird  
May warse<sup>8</sup> for you favour;

<sup>1</sup> Bridle<sup>2</sup> Also<sup>3</sup> Collar<sup>4</sup> Panting<sup>5</sup> Stupid animal<sup>6</sup> Spent<sup>7</sup> Promise<sup>8</sup> Prim and powdered pars on<sup>9</sup> Strive

May claw his lug,<sup>1</sup> and straik his beard,  
 And haest<sup>2</sup> up some paliver  
 My bonny maid, before ye wed  
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,<sup>3</sup>  
 Seek Heaven for help, and baefit kelp<sup>4</sup>  
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.  
 ——————  
 Forgive<sup>5</sup> the baird ! my fond regard  
 For ane that shares my bosom  
 Insp'res my muse to gie 'm his dues,  
 For deil a han' I roose<sup>6</sup> him  
 May powers aboon unite you soon,  
 And fructify your amours --  
 And every year come in man dear  
 To you and Willie Chalmers.

## I AM SAMSON'S ELEGY \*

"No poet," says Cunningham, "ever embalmed fact with fiction more happily than Burns." The hero of this poem was a respectable old nursery-schoolman in Kilmarnock greatly addicted to sporting, and one of the poet's earliest friends, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season when no longer able to march over hill and dale in quest of "

'Patriots, &c., boor-pouts, and plavers.'

He loved to lie on the long settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood, and when a good tale was told, he would cry, "Hech, michty three at a shot, that was famous!" Some one having informed Tam, in his old age, that Burns had written a poem, "A gay queer mo'" concerning him, he sent for the bard, and, in something like wrath, requested to hear it. He smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, "I'm no dead yet, Roby — I'm worth ten dead fowk" — wherefore should ye say that I am dead?" Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute or so, and, coming back, recited the 'Pet Contrary.'

"Go, lame, und cunter like a tilly,"

with which Tam was so much delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed "That is 'o' fat ha' — that'll do!" He survived the poet, and the epitaph is inscribed on his grave-stone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock:

"An honest man's the noblest wark of God!" — Poem  
 Has auld Kilmarnock seen the doil?  
 Or great Mackinlay† thawn<sup>6</sup> his heel?  
 Or Robinson‡ again grown weel,  
 To preacan and read?  
 "Na, war than a!" cries ilka chiel,  
 "Tam Samson's dead!"

1 F.

2 C.

3 Blockheads

4 Run

Flatter

Twisted

\* When this worthy old sportsman went out last mairfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the mounds. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph — B

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million — *Vide* "The Ordination," stanza II — B

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time dying — For him, see also "The Ordination," stanza IX — B

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,  
And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane,  
And cleed<sup>2</sup> her bairns, man, wife, and wean.

In mornin' weed ;  
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane.  
~~To~~ Tam Samson's dead !

The biethren o' the mystic level  
May hang their head in waefu' b'leel,  
While by their nose the tears will rivel,  
Like ony bead ;  
Death's gien the lode an unco deavel<sup>1</sup>.  
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
And binds the nine up like a rock ;  
When to the lochs the curlers flock  
Wi' gleesome speed,  
Wha will they station at the cock ?  
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the coo,  
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore ;  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar  
In time o' need ;  
But now he lags on Death's hogg-score,—  
Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately salmon sail,  
And trout be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
And eels wed kenn'd for couple til,  
And geels<sup>5</sup> for greed,  
Since dunk in Death's fish-cueel we wail  
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye dirning patricks<sup>6</sup> a' ;  
Ye cootie<sup>7</sup> moor-cocks, clously<sup>8</sup> crav' ;  
Ye maulkins,<sup>9</sup> cock your fud fu' braw,  
Withouten dread ;  
Your mortal fae is now awt',—  
Tam Samson's dead !

That waefu' morn be ever mournit,  
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn't,  
While pointers round impatient lorn'd,  
I nae couples fecht,  
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !  
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters,  
In vain the gout his ankles fettters ;

<sup>1</sup> Weep by herself.

<sup>2</sup> Clothe.

<sup>3</sup> Rent paid in kind.

<sup>4</sup> Blow.

<sup>5</sup> Pikes.

<sup>6</sup> Whirling partridge.

<sup>7</sup> F<sub>z</sub> ther-larged.

<sup>8</sup> Gleefully.

<sup>9</sup> Hares.

In vain the burns cam' down like waters,  
 ' An acre braid !  
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owe mony a weary hag<sup>1</sup> he limpit,  
 And aye the tither shot he thumpit,  
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,  
 Wi' deadly feide ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,  
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger  
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;  
 "Lord, five!" he cried, an' owe did stagger—  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a b'othet ;  
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father :  
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,  
 Marks out his head,  
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blither,  
 Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;  
 Perhaps upon his mouldering breast  
 Some spitefu' moorsowl bugs her nest,  
 To hatch and breed ;  
 Alas ! ne mair he'll them molest !  
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,  
 And sportsmen warden by yon grave,  
 Three volleys let his memory crave  
 O' pouther and lead,  
 Till Echo answer sae hecave—  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Heaven rest his soul, whaire'er he be !  
 Is the wish o' mony mae than me ;  
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,  
 Yet what few'ad ?  
 Ae social honest man want we—  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,  
 Ye caufing zealots, spare him !  
 If honest worth in heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

<sup>1</sup> Moss.<sup>2</sup> Feud.

## PER CONTRA.

Go, Famine, and canter like a filly,  
 Through a' the streets and neiks o' Killie,  
 Tell every social, honest bilie  
     To cease his grievin',  
 For yet unskaithed by Death's gleg gullie,<sup>1</sup>  
     Tam Samson's leevin' !

## A PRAYER,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVRED FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM  
 WHERE HE SLEPT.

"THE first time," says Gilbert Burns, "Robert heard the spinnet played upon was while on a visit at the house of Dr Lawrie, then minister of the parish of London, a few miles from Mossgiel, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Dr Lawrie had several daughters, one of them played; the father and the mother led down the dance, the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family-scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were lost in the room where he slept."

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above !  
 I know Thou wilt me hear,  
 When for this scene of peace and love  
 I make my prayer sincere

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,  
 Long, long, be pleased to spate !  
 To bless his filial little flock,  
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes  
 With tender hopes and fears,  
 Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,  
 But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,  
 In manhood's dawning blush—  
 Bless him, I honor God of love and truth,  
 Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous seraph sister-band,  
 With earnest tears I pray,  
 Thou know'st the snares on every hand—  
 Guide Thou their steps alway !

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
 O'er life's tough ocean-driven,  
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,  
 A family in heaven !

<sup>1</sup> Sharp knife

\* Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west [Kilmarnock].—B

## THE BRIGS OF AYR

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

The following was written while the new bridge across the Ayr was being built. His friend Mr. Ballantyne being at that time chief magistrate, the poem is very appropriately dedicated to him.

THE simple baird, rough at the rustic plough,  
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;  
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green-thorn bush ,  
 The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shill,  
 Or deep-toned plover, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill .  
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,  
 To hardy independence bravely bred,  
 By early poverty to hardship st. l'd,  
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—  
 Shall he be guilty of their hatching crimes,  
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of thymes  
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,  
 Wuh all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?  
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
 He glows with all the spirit of the bard,  
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !  
 Still, if some patron's generous end he trace,  
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace,  
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,  
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,  
 With heart-felt thoes his grateful bosom swells,  
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

"Twas when the stacks get on their winter crop,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thatc<sup>2</sup> and rape secure the toil-won crop ;  
 Potato-bungs<sup>3</sup> are snugg'd up frae skauth  
 O' coming Winter<sup>4</sup> biting, frosty leath ;  
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,  
 Unnumble'd buds and flowers' delicious spoils  
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,  
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o' the weak,  
 The death o' devils, smoulder'd<sup>4</sup> wi' brimstone reek :  
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,  
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;  
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,  
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :  
 (What wain<sup>5</sup>, poetic heart, but only bleeds,  
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)  
 Nae man the flower in field or meadow springs,  
 Nae man the grove with airy concert rings  
 Except perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,

<sup>1</sup> Covering.<sup>2</sup> Thatch.<sup>3</sup> Heans.<sup>4</sup> Smothered.

Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang ~~tree~~:  
 The hoaly morns precede the sunny day,  
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon tide blaze,  
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,  
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,  
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,  
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,  
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,  
 And down by Simpson's<sup>\*</sup> wheel'd the leat abont :  
 Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,  
 To witness what I after shall narrate,  
 • Or penitential pangs for former sins,  
 Led him to rove by quondam Merian Duns;  
 (Or whether, rapt in meditation high,  
 He wander'd out, he knew nowhere nor why.)  
 The dusky Dungeon clock<sup>†</sup> had number'd two,  
 And Wallace Tower‡ had swigin the fact was true :  
 The tide-swohn Linn, w<sup>t</sup> sullen sounding roar,  
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.  
 All else w<sup>t</sup> is hush'd at Nature's closed ee :  
 The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree :  
 The chill frost, beneath the silver beam,  
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering strew.

When, lo ! on either land the listening bard,  
 The clanging sugh<sup>§</sup> of whistling wings is heard,  
 Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,  
 Swift as the gos<sup>§</sup> dives on the wheeling hare ;  
 Ane on the Auld Brig<sup>¶</sup> his airy shape upear,  
 The other fluttis o'er the rising plars :  
 Our warlock thymic instantly descried  
 The sprites, that owie the Brig, of Ayr preside.  
 (That bairds are second-sighted is nae joke,  
 And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk ;  
 Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can explain them,  
 And even the very deits they bawly ken<sup>¶</sup> them.)  
 Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,  
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :  
 He seem'd as he w<sup>t</sup> Time had warstled lang,  
 Yet, tenuously dome,<sup>¶</sup> he bade am unco bring<sup>¶</sup>  
 New Brig was buskit in a biaw new coat,  
 That he at Iron'on siac ane Adams got ;  
 In's hand five taper staves as smoothis a head,  
 Wi' virls and whinlygigums at the head .

<sup>1</sup> Well know

<sup>2</sup> Tonglily obdurate

<sup>3</sup> He endured a mighty<sup>¶</sup> blow

<sup>¶</sup> A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—B.

<sup>†</sup> A clock in a steeple connected with the old jail of Ayr  
<sup>‡</sup> The clock in the Wallace Tower, an anomalous piece of antique masonry surmounted by a spire, which formerly stood in the High Street of Ayr

<sup>§</sup> The goshawk, or falcon.—B.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,  
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;—  
It chanced his new-come neighbor took his ee,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !  
Wi' sneeves,<sup>1</sup> sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this guid e'en :—

## AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,<sup>2</sup>  
Ance ye were stieikit owie fhae bank to bank !  
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—  
Though, faith, that date I doubt ye'll never see—  
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,  
Some fewer whigmaleries in your noddle.

## NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show : our little mense,<sup>3</sup>  
Just much about it, wi' your scanty sense ;  
Will your poor narrow footpath of a street—  
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet—  
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and hame,  
Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time ?  
There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat Stream,<sup>4</sup>  
Though they should cast the very sark and 'm,  
Ere they would grate their feelings, wi' the view  
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

## AU D BRIG.

Conceited gowk !<sup>5</sup> puff'd up wi' windly pride !  
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide ;  
And though wi' crazy eild<sup>6</sup> I'm sair forfaur,<sup>6</sup>  
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn !  
As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.  
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,  
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plain,  
When fioin the hills where springs the brawling Coil,  
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains bou,  
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,  
Or haunted Garpal<sup>7</sup> draws his feeble source,  
Aroused by blustering winds and spotting thowes,  
In mony a torrent down his gaw-broo rowes ;  
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,  
Sweeps daur, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate ;  
And from Glenbuck,<sup>8</sup> down to the Rutton-key,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spiteful.<sup>2</sup> No worthless thing.<sup>3</sup> Civility.<sup>4</sup> Fool.<sup>5</sup> Age.<sup>6</sup> Enfeebled.<sup>7</sup> A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—B<sup>8</sup> The banks of Garpal Water—one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings known by the name of ghaists still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—B<sup>†</sup> The source of the river Ayr.—B<sup>‡</sup> A small landing-place above the large kev.—B.

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea—  
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !  
 And dash the gumlie jaups<sup>1</sup> up to the pouring skies.  
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

## NEW BRIG

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't,  
 The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !<sup>2</sup>  
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,  
 Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices ;  
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,  
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;  
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpturie drest,  
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;  
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,  
 The crazed creations of misguided whim ;  
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,  
 And still the second dread command be fice,  
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.  
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste  
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;  
 Fit only for a doited<sup>3</sup> monkish race,  
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;  
 Or cuifs,<sup>4</sup> of later times, wha held the notion  
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;  
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection !  
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

## AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,<sup>5</sup>  
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !  
 Ye worthy proveres, and mony a bairie,  
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye ;  
 Ye dainty deacons, and ye douce conveners,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners !  
 Ye godly councils wha ha'e blest that town ;  
 Ye godly breth'ren o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly gae your hardies to the smiter ;  
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers ;  
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,<sup>6</sup>  
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !  
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation  
 To see each melancholy alteration ;  
 And, agonising, curse the time and place  
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !  
 Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,  
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story !

<sup>1</sup> Muddy spray.<sup>2</sup> Lost the way of it.<sup>3</sup> Stupid.<sup>4</sup> Fools.<sup>5</sup> Coevals.<sup>6</sup> Water.

Nae langer thrifty citizens and douce,  
 Meet owre a punt, or in the council-house ;  
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentilj,  
 The heuyment and ruin of the country ;  
 Men thair parts made by tailors and by barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-ham'd gear op damm'd new brigs and  
 harbours !

## THE BRIG

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,  
 And muuckle man than ye can mirk to through,<sup>2</sup>  
 That's aye a string auld doited gray-beards harp on,  
 A topic for their peevishness to carp on  
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,  
 Corbies and cleiry are a shot right kittle :  
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' magistrates might well be spied :  
 To liken them to your auld-waifd<sup>3</sup> squad,  
 I must needs say comparisons are odd.  
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae maist can haue a handle  
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal ;  
 Nae mair the council waddles down the street,  
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ,  
 No difference but bulkiest or tallest,  
 With comfortable dulness in for ballast ;  
 Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's caution,  
 For regularly slow, they only witness motion ;  
 Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops and raisins,  
 Or gather'd liberal views, in bonds and scissars,  
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tump,  
 Had shone<sup>d</sup> them wi' a glunner of his laup,  
 And would to Common Sense for once betry'd them.  
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

---

What further elishmaclaver might been said,  
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,  
 No man can tell, but all before their sight,  
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :  
 Adown the glittering stream they feately danced ;  
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced :  
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,  
 The infact ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;  
 While ails of minstrelsy among them rung,  
 And soul-ennobling bands heroic ditties sang  
 Oh, ha! M'Lachlan,\* charme<sup>d</sup>-inspiring sage,  
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,  
 When through his dear strathspeys they bore wi' Highland  
 rage ;

Half-witted.

2 Make good.

3 Exposed.

4 Cat-gut.

\* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.—B

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,  
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;  
How would his Highland lug<sup>1</sup> been nobler fired,  
And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired !  
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,  
But all the soul of Muic's self was heard ;  
Harmonious concert rung in every part,  
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,  
A venerable chief advanced in years ;  
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,  
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.  
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,  
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ,  
Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,  
And Summer, with his faivid-beaming eye :  
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,  
Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding corn ;  
Then Winter's time-bleach'd looks did hoary show,  
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.  
Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,  
From where the Feal<sup>2</sup> wild-woody coverts hide ;  
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,  
A female form came from the towers of Stair : †  
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode  
From simple Catrine, then long-loved abode .‡  
Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,  
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath  
The broken iron instruments of death ,  
At sight of whom our spites forgit their kindling wrath.

## LINE 8

## ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

WRITTEN after dinner with his Lordship under the hospitable roof of Professor Dugald Stewart. This was prior to his first visit to Edinburgh, and the poet suffered from a natural embarrassment, which soon departed in the genial company of his friend, the learned professor, and the amiable Lord Daer. \*

This wot ye all whom it concerns,  
I, Rhymer Robin, ahlas Burns,  
October twenty-third, •  
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day !  
Sae far I sprachled<sup>3</sup> up the brae,  
I dinne'd wi' a loid

1 Far

2 Clunie

An allusion to Captain Montgomery of Colisfield, afterwards Sir Laul Eginton, whose seat of Colisfield is situated on the Firth, or Firth of Tay. A compliment to his early patroness, Mrs. Stewart of Stair. A well-merited tribute to Professor Dugald Stewart.

I've been at drucken<sup>1</sup> writers' feasts,  
 Nay, been bitch sou 'mang godly priests;  
 (Wi' rev'rence be it spoken !)  
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum  
 When mighty squineships o' the quorum  
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a lord!—stand out, my shin :  
 A lord—a peer—an earl's son!—  
 Up higher yet, my bonnet!  
 And sic a lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,  
 Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',  
 As I look o'er my sonnets.

But, oh ! For Hogarth's magic power !  
 To show Sir Bardie's willy-wiglower.<sup>2</sup>  
 And how he stared and stammer'd :  
 When goavan,<sup>3</sup> as if led wi' branks,<sup>4</sup>  
 And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,  
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,  
 Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes ;  
 Thinks I, they are but men !  
 But Burns, my lord—guid God ! I doited !  
 My knees on ane another knoited,<sup>5</sup>  
 As faultering I gaed bin !<sup>6</sup>

I siddling shelter'd in a nook,  
 And at his lordship, steal'd a look,  
 Like some portentous omen ;  
 Except good sense and social glee,  
 And (what surprised me) modesty,  
 I mark'd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,  
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
 The arrogant assuming ;  
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,  
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,  
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall leath  
 Hencesforth to meet with unconcern  
 One rank as weel's another ;  
 Nae honest, worthy man need care,  
 To meet wi' noble, youthful Daffy,  
 For he but meets a brother.

<sup>1</sup> Drunken.

<sup>2</sup> Bewildered look.

<sup>3</sup> Moving stupidly.

<sup>4</sup> Bridle.

<sup>5</sup> Became stupefied.

<sup>6</sup> Knocked.

<sup>7</sup> Into the room.

## ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

WRITING to his friend, William Chalmers, the poet says.—“I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. ‘Fair Burnet’ is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton’s Eve on the first day of her existence!”

EDINA! Scotia’s darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and towers,  
Where once beneath a monarch’s feet  
Sat Legislation’s sovereign powers!  
From marking wildly-scatter’d flowers,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray’d,  
And singing, lone, the lingering hoar,  
I shelter’d thy honour’d shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labour plies;  
There Architecture’s noble pride  
Bids elegance and splendour rise;  
Here Justice, from her native skies,  
High wields her balance and her rod;  
There Learning, with his eagle eye,  
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,  
With open arms the stranger hui,  
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind  
Above the narrow rural vale;  
Attentive still to sorrow’s wail,  
Or modest Mirth’s silent claim;  
And never may their sources fail  
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walls adorn,  
Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!  
Fair Burnet strikes th’ adoring eye,  
Heaven’s beauties on my fancy shine;  
I see the Sue of Love on high,  
And own His work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,  
Like some bold veteran, gray in arm,  
And mark’d with many a seamy scar;  
The ponderous wall and massy bar,  
Grim-rising o’er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell’d the invader’s shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
 I view that noble, stately dome,  
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
 Famed heroes ! had their royal home :  
 Alas, how changed the times to come !  
 Their royal name low in the dust !  
 Their hapless race wild-wandering roam !  
 Though rigid law cues out, 'Twas just.  
 Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :  
 Even I who sing in rustic lore,  
 Happily, my sins have left their shade,  
 And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,  
 Bold-following where yon' fathers led !  
 Edina ! Scotia's darling seat "  
 All hail thy palaces and towers,  
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
 Sat Legislation's sovereign power, !  
 From mauling wildly-scatter'd flowers,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade .

## THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD \*

We cannot take this effusion as giving a true index of the poet's feeling in the circumstances in question. Lockhart says " 'To wife (in his own language) the quantum of the sin,' he who, two years afterwards, wrote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from letting his joyful associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers of the 'still small voice,' and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself escaped, (as may be too often traced in the history of sinists,) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong. It is impossible not to smile at one item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself on this occasion --

The mair they talk, I'm bonn'd the better,  
 E'en let them clush !

This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infamy of noble minds' --

THOU' S welcome, wean ! mishanter<sup>1</sup> fa' me,  
 If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,

<sup>1</sup> Misfortune.

\* The subject of these verses was the poet's illegitimate daughter whom, in 'The Inventory,' he styles his

"Sonie, smirking, dear-bought Bess."

She grew up to womanhood, was married, and had a family. Her death is thus announced in the *Scots Magazine*, December 8, 1817 -- "Died Elizabeth Burns, wife of Mr. John Blaize, mercer, at Polkemmet, near Whitburn. She was the daughter of the celebrated Robert Burns, and the subject of some of his most beautiful lines."

Shall ever dantou me, or awe me,  
My sweet wee lady,  
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me  
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,  
I fatherly will kiss and daunt thee,  
As dear and near my heart I set thee  
Wi' as guid will  
As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,  
And tease my name in kintra clatter :<sup>1</sup>  
The nowt they talk I'm kenn'd the better,  
E'en let them Ja-h !<sup>2</sup>  
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless<sup>3</sup> matter  
To gie aye fash.<sup>4</sup>

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,  
My funny toil is noo a' tint,  
Sin thou came to the warld asklent,<sup>5</sup>  
Which fools my scoff at  
In my last plack thy part's be in't —  
The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hie thee,  
And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,  
A lovin' father I'll be t' thee,  
If thou be spared :  
Through a' thy chuldish years I'll ce thee,  
And think't weel warden.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit  
Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,  
And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,  
Without his fellin'<sup>6</sup>  
I'll please me mair to see and hem it,  
Than stocket mullins.<sup>6</sup>

TO MRS C.—  
ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH —'S.

Thost flattering mark of friendship kind,  
Still may thy pages call to mind  
The dear, the beauteous donor !  
Though sweetly female every part,  
Yet such a head, and moe the heut.  
Does both the sexes honour.  
She show'd her taste refined and just  
When she selected thee.

<sup>1</sup> Country talk.  
<sup>2</sup> Come up.

<sup>3</sup> Very small.  
<sup>4</sup> Trouble.

<sup>5</sup> Irregularly.  
<sup>6</sup> Stocked rooms.

Yet deviating, 'own I must,  
For so approving me.  
But kind still, I mind still  
The giver in the gift,  
I'll bless her, and wiss her  
A Friend above the list.<sup>1</sup>

## TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JAN. 1, 1787

MISS SUSAN LOGAN was the sister of the Major Logan to whom Burns wrote a rhymed epistle

AGAIN the silent wheels of time  
Then annual round have driven,  
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,  
Are so much nearest heaven.  
No gifts have I from Indian <sup>oak</sup><sup>2</sup>  
The infant year to hail ;  
I send you more than India boasts,  
In Edwin's simple tale.  
Our sex with guile and faithless love  
Is charged, perhaps, too true ;  
But may, dear maid, each lover prove  
An Elwin still to you !

## VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE LADY'S PICTURE

"THE enclosed stanzas," said the poet, in a letter to the Earl of Glencairn, "I intend to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness."

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?  
And whose that eye of fire ?  
And whose that generous princely mien  
Even roared foes admire ?  
Stranger, to justly show that brow,  
And mark that eye of fire,  
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints  
His other works admire.  
Bright as a cloudless summer sun,  
With stately poit he moves ;  
His guardian seraph eyes with awe  
The noble waird he loves.  
Among the illustrious Scottish sons  
That chief thou mayst discern ;  
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye —  
It dwells upon Glencairn.

<sup>1</sup> Sky.

POEMS.

TO A HAGGIS

The haggis, though made up of heterogeneous materials not usually in high favour with gourmands, is very palatable and toothsome, and is supposed to be a Scotch adaptation of an ancient French dish. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, meal, and suet, flavoured with various condiments in the shape of seasoning. The mess is put into a sheep's stomach, and boiled therein. In the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of 1829, the origin of the piece is thus explained - "About sixteen years ago there resided at Mauchline Mr Robert Morrison, cabinetmaker. He was a great crony of Burns's, and it was in Mr Morrison's house that the poet usually spent the 'minds o' the day' on Sunday. It was in this house that he wrote his celebrated 'Address to a Haggis' after partaking liberally of that dish as prepared by Mrs Morrison."

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie<sup>1</sup> face,  
Great<sup>2</sup> chieftain o' the puddin' race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Paunch, tripe, or thairm.<sup>3</sup>  
Weel are ye worthy of a grace  
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hundies like a distant hill,  
You pin<sup>4</sup> wad help to mend a mill  
In time o' need,  
While through your pores the dews distil  
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,<sup>5</sup>  
And cut you up wi' ready slight,  
Trenching you gushing entrails bright  
Like ony ditch;  
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,  
Warm-reekin',<sup>6</sup> rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,  
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,  
Till all their well<sup>7</sup>-swall'd kytes belyve<sup>8</sup>  
Are bent like drums;  
Then autd gurdman, maist like to live,<sup>9</sup>  
Bethankit hums.

Is there that oweis his French ragout,  
Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
Or fricassee wad shak her spew  
Wi' perfect scunner,<sup>6</sup>  
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
On sic a dipesel?

<sup>1</sup> Comely

<sup>2</sup> Small intestines

<sup>3</sup> Seize

<sup>4</sup> Smoking

<sup>5</sup> Burst

<sup>6</sup> Loathing

\* Which is introduced into the tied up mouth of the bag for lifting it with, because the thrust of a fork would result in the escape of the more liquid portion of the contents.

† Till all their well swollen bellies by and by

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,  
 As feckless<sup>1</sup> as a wither'd rash,  
 His spindle-shrunk a guid whip-lash,  
 His nieve<sup>2</sup> a nit  
 Through bloody flood or fiel to dash,  
 Oh, how unfit !

But mark the rustic luggis fit  
 The trembling earth resoun is his friend,  
 Clap in his white nieve a blade  
 He'll mark it whissle  
 And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,<sup>3</sup>  
 Like taps o' thair le

Ye powers wha mark man and your care,  
 And dash them out their ill o' fuc,  
 Auld Scotland wants me i' kin; ware<sup>4</sup>  
 Shut my nuggies,  
 But if ye wish her grateful praye,  
 Gie her a haugis !

## PROLOGUE

SPKEN BY MR WOODS<sup>5</sup> ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND, APRIL 26, 1787

Withn by a generous public's kind acclaim  
 That dearest meek is grante'd—honest fame  
 When here your favour is the actor's fit,  
 Nor even the man in private life forgoes  
 What beaste o' drouth to heavenly virtue's glow,  
 But heves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a burlious throng,  
 It needs no biddons power in Southern's song,  
 But here an ancient nation famed still,  
 For genius, learning high, as great in war—  
 Hail, CALEDONIA ! name for ever dear !  
 'Tis she whose sons I'm honour'd to app'ren !  
 Where every science—every nobler art—  
 That can inform the mind or mend the heart,  
 Is known, to grateful nations oft have found,  
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound  
 Philosophy, no idle peasant dream,  
 Here hol is her search by h'aven taught Reason's beam  
 Here History paints, with elegance and force,  
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course,  
 Here Douglas forms, will Shakespeare into plan,  
 Ail Harley<sup>6</sup> rouses all the god in man,

<sup>1</sup> Lethless  
<sup>2</sup> Fist<sup>3</sup> Cut off  
<sup>4</sup> Thin stuff<sup>5</sup> Splashes in wooden bowls

\* Mr Woods had been the friend of Ferguson in  
 † Harry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling"

When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite  
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,  
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,  
 Can only charm us in the second place,) •  
 Witnes<sup>s</sup> my heart, how oft with panting ~~feare~~  
 As on this night, I've met these judges here;  
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,  
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.  
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,  
 With decency and law beneath his feet :  
 Nor Insolence assumes ~~su~~ Freedom's name.  
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand  
 Has oft been stretch'd to shew'd the honour'r' land !  
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !  
 May every son be worthy of his sire !  
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain  
 At Tyrian's, or direr Pleasure's, chain !  
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,  
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,  
 Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.

## NATURE'S LAW

NUMBER INSCRIBED TO CAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ

*"Great Nature spoke—obeyant man obey'd "* Pope

LIT other heroes boast their scars,  
 The marks of stult<sup>1</sup> and strife ;  
 And other poets sing of war,  
 The plagues of human life :  
 Shame fa' the fun, w' sword and gun,  
 To slay mankind like lumber !  
 I sing his name and nobler fame,  
 Wh<sup>t</sup> multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,  
 "Go on, ye human race !  
 This lower world I you resign ;  
 Be fruitful and increase.  
 The liquid fire of strong desire  
 I've pour'd it in each bosom ;  
 Here, in this hand, does man stand,  
 And there is beauty's blossoms!"

The hero of these artless strains,  
 A lowly bard was he,  
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plums,  
 With muckle mirth and glee ;  
 Kind Nature's care had given his share  
 Large of the flaming current,  
 And all devout he never sought  
 To stem the sacred torrent.

<sup>1</sup> *Furcile*.

He felt the powerful, high behest,  
 Thrill, vital, through and through ;  
 And sought a corresponding breast  
 To give obedience due :  
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flowers  
 From nulews of abortion ;  
 And lo ! the bard, a great reward,  
 Has got a double portion !

Auld cantic Coil may count the day,  
 As annual it returns,  
 The third of Libra's equal sway,  
 That gave another Burns,  
 With future thy mes, and other times,  
 To emulate his sive ;  
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,  
 With more poetic fire.

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,  
 Look down with gracious eyes,  
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,  
 With multiplying joys,  
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,  
 The flower of ancient nations ;  
 And Burnes spring, her fame to sitg,  
 To endless generations !

## THE HERMIT

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO  
 THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY

These lines were first printed by Peter Buchan, himself a poet and enthusiastic collector of Ancient Ballad Lore They are accepted as genuine

WHO'ER thou art, these lines now reading,  
 Think not, though from the world receding,  
 I joy my lonely days to lead in  
 This desert dear ;  
 That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,  
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;  
 Free-wil I fled from courtly bowers ;  
 For well I saw in halls and towers  
 That lust and pride,  
 The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,  
 In state preside

I saw mankind with vice incrusted ;  
 I saw that Honour's sword was rusted ;  
 That few for aught but folly lusted ;  
 That he was still deceived who trusted  
 To love or friend ;

And hither came, with men disgusted,  
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,  
Alike a foe to noisy folly,  
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,  
I wear away  
My life, and in my office holy  
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing;  
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing  
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing  
My simple food;  
But few enjoy the calm I know in  
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless\* me more in  
This grot than e'er I felt before in  
A palace---and with thoughts still soaring  
To God on high,  
Each night and morn, with voice imploring,  
This wish I sigh—

“Let me, O Lord! from life retire,  
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,  
Remorse’s throb, or loose desire;  
And when I die,  
Let me in this belief expire—  
To God I fly.”

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,  
And yet no grief has marri’d thy quiet,  
’Thou haply throw’st a scornful eye at  
The hermit’s prayer;  
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at  
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love’s vexation,  
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,  
Or guilt afflicts thy contemplation,  
And makes thee pine,  
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,  
And envy me!

#### SKETCH OF A CHARACTER

“This fragment,” says Burns to Dugald Stewart, “I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketc’ ~”

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,  
And still his precious self his dear delight:

Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets  
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :  
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,  
 Learn'd *Vive la bagatelle, et Vive l'amour!*  
 So travell'd monkies their grimace improve,  
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.  
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;  
 Veneering est outshines the solid wood :  
 His solid sense by inches you must tell,  
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;  
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,  
 Still making wark his selfish craft must mend.

## VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LIOD, ESQ.,  
 BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,  
 And useful thy alarms :  
 Death tears the brother of her love  
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew  
 The morning rose may blow ;  
 But cold successive noontide blasts  
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn  
 The sun propitious smiled ;  
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds  
 Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords  
 That nature finest strung ;  
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,  
 And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,  
 Strong as he shares the grief  
 That pierces Isabella's heart,  
 To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence alone  
 Can heal the wound He gave ;  
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes  
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,  
 And fear no withering blast :  
 There Isabella's spotless worth  
 Shall happy be at last,

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR was a partner in the eminent banking house of Sir William Forbes and Co., of Edinburgh.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,  
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave,  
The inconstant blast howl'd through the ducking air,  
And hollow whistled in the rocky cale,

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell  
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train,\*  
Or mused where limpid streams, once hollow'd, well,†  
Or mouldring ruins mark the sacred fane ‡

- The increasing blast round the beetling tool,  
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the stormy sky,  
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,  
And shooting meteors caught the stricken eye

The pale moon rose in the livid east,  
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,  
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,  
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,  
I was Calcomoni's triumph'd shield I view'd.  
Her form majestic droop'd in penive woe,  
The lightning of her eye in tears unbind.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,  
Reclined that banner, first in field is useful d,  
That like a deathful meteor glimm'd afar,  
And bivved the mightly monarchs of the world.

• "My patriot son fills in untimely grave!"  
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;  
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save;  
Low lies the heart that well'd with honest pride."

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,  
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry,  
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,  
And grateful science heaves the heir-felt sigh!"

"I saw my sons resume the ancient fire,  
I saw fair Freedom's blooming mighty blow:  
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!  
Relentless I ate her, laid their guardian low.

"My patriot fallen; but shall he lie unsung,  
While empty greatness gives a worthless name?  
No, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,  
Through future times to make his virtues last ;  
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—  
She said, and vanish'd with the sleeping blast.

## TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE FIFTEEN ON SIR J. H. BEAIRD

The heroine of this song was a Miss Ferrier, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Ferrier,  
a solicitor in Edinburgh

NAE heathen name shall I prefix  
Frae Pindus or Parnassus,  
Auld Reekie dings<sup>1</sup> them a' to sticks,  
For rhyme-inspirin' lasses.  
Jove's tuneful dochters three times three  
Made Homer deep their debtor ;  
But, gien the body half an ee,  
Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,  
Down George's Street I stoided,<sup>2</sup>  
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog  
My very senses doited<sup>3</sup>  
Do what I dought<sup>4</sup> to set her free,  
My saul lay in the mire,  
Ye toun'd a neuk<sup>5</sup>. I saw you ee —  
She took the wing like fire !

The mownfu' sang I here enclose,  
In gratitude I send you ;  
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,  
A' gud things may attend you.

## LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PINCH OVER THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE PARLOUR  
OF THE INN AT KENMORE, DAVYMOOR

PROFESSOR WALKER says, "Burns passed two or three days with the Duke of Athole, during one of his tours, and was highly delighted<sup>6</sup> by the attention he received, and the company to whom he was introduced. By the Duke's advice he visited the Falls of Bruar, and in a few days I received a letter from Inverness, with the following verses enclosed :"—

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,  
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;  
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
The abodes of covey'd grouse and tumid sheep,

<sup>1</sup> Beats.  
<sup>2</sup> Stalked.

<sup>3</sup> Stupified  
<sup>4</sup> Would.

<sup>5</sup> Corner.

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view,—  
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,  
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,  
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills :  
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,  
 The palace, rising on its verdant side,  
 The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;  
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste ;  
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream ;  
 The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,  
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :  
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods !  
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-taught lyre,  
 And look through Nature with creative fire,  
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconciled,  
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild,  
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds ;  
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,  
 And injured Worth forget and pardon him.

#### THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER\*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

MY Lord, I know your noble ear  
 Woe ne'er a-sails in vain ;  
 Emboldn'd thus, I beg you'll hear  
 Your humble slave complain,  
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,  
 In flaming summer pride,  
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,  
 And drunk my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin', glowin' trout,  
 That though my water play,  
 If, in their random, wanton pouts,  
 They near the margin stray ;  
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,  
 I'm scorching up so shallow,  
 They're left, the whitening stanes amang,  
 In gasping death to wallow.

\* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs. —B

Last day I gat wi' spite and teen,  
 As Poet Burns came by,  
 That to a bird I should be seen  
 • Wi' half my chunnel dy  
 A pregnytic rhyme, I ween,  
 Then as I was he shord<sup>1</sup> me,  
 But hal I in my glory been,  
 He, kneeling w<sup>l</sup> adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy ro<sup>l</sup>,  
 In twiting strength I run,  
 There, through my louing torrent smoke,  
 Will I sing o'er a linn  
 Enjoying luxur each spring and weal,  
 As nature ave them me,  
 I am w<sup>l</sup>ough I sin t a vnd,  
 Worth gaun a mile to . . .

Would, then, my noble t master ple<sup>c</sup>  
 To grant my highe<sup>t</sup> wishes  
 He'll shade my bauls wi towering trees,  
 An<sup>t</sup> be my spreading bushes  
 Delighted d ubly then my lot,  
 You'll wan lu on my bank  
 An<sup>t</sup> listen mony a grateful bi<sup>c</sup>  
 Return y<sup>t</sup> m<sup>t</sup>eful thrul

The ober laverel w<sup>l</sup> lin, will,  
 Shall to the kies aspue,  
 I he go idspin<sup>l</sup>, Music's grye t chil<sup>l</sup>  
 Shall sweetly join the chou  
 The blackbird strong the lntwhite cle<sup>r</sup>,  
 The mavis mild and mellow,  
 The robin pen i e autumn cheer,  
 In all her locks of yellow

This, too, a covert sh<sup>l</sup> ill insure  
 To shield them from the storm ,  
 And coward munkins sleep secure  
 Iow in their grassy forms  
 The shepherd here shall make his seat  
 To weave his crown of flowers,  
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,  
 I rom prone descending showers.

An<sup>t</sup> here, by sweet endeuiring stealth,  
 Shall meet the lo ing pan,  
 Despising worlds, with all the r wealth,  
 As empty idle cr<sup>c</sup>  
 The flowers shall v<sup>c</sup> in all thir charms,  
 The hour of her en to grace

And birks extend their fragrant arms  
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,  
Some musing bard may stray,  
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,  
And misty mountain gray,  
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,<sup>1</sup> •  
Mild-chequering through the tree,  
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,  
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty fir, and ashes cool,  
My lowly banks o'erspread,  
And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
Their shadows' watery bed !  
Let fragrant bays in woodbines diest  
My craggy cliffs, adorn ;  
And, for the little songster's nest,  
The close-embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,  
Your little angel band,  
Spring, like their fathers, up to I top  
I heir honour'd native land !  
So may through Albion's furthest ken  
I social-flowing glasses,  
The grace be—"Athole - honest men,  
And Athole's bonny lasses!"

## LINES

TRIVEN WITH A LINN II, STANDING BY THE FALL OF FVERS, NEAR  
LOCH NESS

AMONG the heathy hills and rugged woods,  
The roaring I vers pours his mossy flood ,  
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,  
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,  
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,  
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,  
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,  
And viewless Ed o's eu, astonish'd, stands  
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,  
The honey cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.  
Still, through the gap the struggling river toils,  
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils.

<sup>1</sup> The harvest moon.

## CASTLE-GORDON.

These lines were written after Burns's brief visit to Gordon Castle.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,  
Never bound by Winter's chains !  
Glowing here on golden sanguine,  
There commix'd with foulest stains :  
From tyranny's empurpled hand :  
These, their richly-gleaming waves,  
I leave to tyrants and their slaves,  
Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,  
Shading from the burning ray  
Hapless wretches sold to toil,  
Or the ruthless native's way,  
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :  
Woods that ever verdant wave,  
I leave the tyrant and the slave,  
Give me the groves that lofty brave  
The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here without control,  
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
In that sober pensive mood,  
Dearest to the feeling soul,  
She plants the forest, pours the flood :  
Life's poor day I'll musing raze,  
And find at night a sheltering cave,  
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
By bonny Castle-Gordon.

## ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE ISLES OF OCTERIVER.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,  
For me your watery haunts forsake ?  
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly?  
Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free :  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.  
Conscious, blushing for our race,  
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.

Man, your proud usurping foe,  
 Would be lord of all below :  
 Plumes himself in freedom's pride,  
 Tyrant stern to all beside.  
 The eagle, from the cliffy brow  
 Making you his prey below,  
 In his breast no pity dwells,  
 Strong necessity compels :  
 But man, to whom alone is given  
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,  
 Glories in his heart humane--  
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.  
 In these savage, liquid plains,  
 Only known to wandering swains,  
 Where the mossy rivulet stays,  
 Far from human haunts and ways;  
 All on nature you depend,  
 And life's poor season peaceful spend  
 Or, if man's superior might  
 Dare invade your native right,  
 On the lofty ether borne,  
 Man with all his power you scorn :  
 Swiftly seek, on clangring wings,  
 Other lakes and other springs ;  
 And the foe you cannot brave  
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

## TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A BOOK

PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR

This young lady was the subject of one of the poet's songs, "A Rosbud by my Early Walk." She was daughter to Mr Cruikshank, No 30 St James's Square, Edinburgh, with whom the poet resided during one of his visits to Edinburgh.

BEAUTIFUL rosebud, young and gay,  
 Blooming in thy early May,  
 Never mayst thou, lovely flower,  
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower !  
 Never Boreas' hoary path,  
 Never Lurus' poisonous breath,  
 Never baleful stellar lights,  
 Taint thee with untimely blights !  
 Never, never reptile thief !  
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !  
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view  
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,  
 Richly deck thy native stem :  
 'Till some evening, sober calm,  
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm.

While all around the woodland rings,  
 And every bird thy requiem sings,  
 Thou amid the dirgesful sound  
 Shed thy dying honours round,  
 And a sign to parent earth  
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

## POLITICAL ADDRESS TO MR WILLIAM TYTLER.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S SICK BED

WILLIAM TYTLER F. 1. of Woodhouselee was the grandfather of Patrick  
 Tytler the Historian of Scotland. He has earned great gratitude by  
 the publication of a defense of Mary Queen of Scots.

In vain def'nder of beauty us Stuart,  
 Of Stuart a name once it did stand—  
 A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,  
 But now is despised and neglected

Through something like moisture conglobes in my eye,  
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal,  
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,  
 Still more, if that wanderer were royal

My fathers that name have received on a throne,  
 My fathers have fallen to night it  
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,  
 That name should he scoffingly slight it

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,  
 The queen, and the rest of the gentry,  
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—  
 Their titles now tally my country

But why of this epoch make such a fuss  
 That gave us the Hanover stem  
 If bringing them & et was lucky for us,  
 I might twice as lucky for them

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,  
 Who knows how the fashions may alter,  
 The doctrine to day that is loyalty sound,  
 To morrow may bring us a halter

I send you a trifle a herald of a herald,  
 A trifle scarce worthy your eye  
 But accept it, good sir, 'tis a mark of regard,  
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

No life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,  
 And ushers the long dreary night,  
 But you, like the star that a'wart gilds the sky,  
 Your course to the latest is bright

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.,  
OF ARNISTON,\*

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

In a letter to Dr Geddes, Burns says:—"The following elegy has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse, it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world—Alexander Wood, surgeon. When, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem, or me than if I had been a strolling fiddler who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel! Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any duty gratuity?"

LONE on the bleakly hills, the straying flocks  
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks.  
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;  
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains.  
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan,  
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,  
Ye howling winds, and wintry-swelling waves!  
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,  
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;  
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar  
Pale Scotia's recent woe I may deplore.  
Oh heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!  
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!  
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,  
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;  
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,  
And sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,  
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:  
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,  
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes,  
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,  
And stifle, dark, the feeble-bursting cry.

Mark Russian Violence, distant'd with crimes,  
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;  
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,  
As guilty Friend points out the erring way:  
While subtle Litigation's phant tongue  
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:  
Hark! injured Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,  
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,  
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains  
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!  
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.

\* Elder brother to Viscount Melville, born 1711, appointed President in 1762, and died December 13, 1787.

Life's social havnts and pleasures I resign,  
Be nameless wilds and lonely wandering mind,  
To mourn the woes my country must endure,  
That woudl degenerate ages cannot cure.

## LOCI ARINDA

## ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH

CRAIKINDA was Mr. M'Chee separated from her husband on account of inclemency of temper—he would appear to have had a genuine passion, while I am, nothing. I think him to be a beautiful and accomplished lady, was heart whole. She was something of a poetess, and he alludes to an effort of her muse in the following terms—“Your last verse! me have so delighted me that I have got an excellent idea of our third son's the measure and you will see them in print in the *Art Museum*, a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. It is ‘The Banks of Spey,’ and is most beautiful. I want it in paper—you gave me but once, and one of them included to an express in my former letter, so I have taken your first two verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third—but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are—the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho, I am in raptures with it—

“I talk not of love, it gives me pain,  
For I have been my f—  
It would meet with in its chain  
And plunged me deep in woe—  
“I talk not of love, it gives me pain,  
My heart was born to joy  
There were me with all the prize,  
But never talk of love—  
“Your friendship much can make me least,  
Oh! why that bliss do I say?  
Why must the o'er us [only] we require?  
You know I must [will] deny.”

“P.S.—What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?  
“Your thought of love must harbour there,  
Once did it in thy thou ht  
To rescue me from my b—om tear  
Th very friend I sought

The 4 verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Art Museum*.

CRAIKINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measured time is run!  
The winter beneath the dreary pole  
So small's his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander lie?  
Deprived of thee his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy!

We part—but, by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes!  
No other light shall guide my steps  
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day ;  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray ?

• TO CLARINDA

TH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLA SSES

FAIR empress of the poet's soul,  
And queen of poetesses,  
Clarinda, take this little boon,  
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,  
As generous as your mind ;  
And pledge me in the genetous toast -  
"The whole of humankind !"

"To those who love us !" second fill ,  
But not to those whom we love ;  
Lest we love tho ~~e~~ who love not us !  
A third " To thee and me, love !"

Long may we live ! long may we love !  
And long may we be happy !  
And ~~any~~ we never want a glass  
Well charged with genious nappy !

TO CLARINDA

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,  
My heart was blithe and gay,  
Free as the wind, or feather'd race  
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,  
Clarinda prove unkind ,  
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,  
But no chief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses •  
When I the fair have found .  
On every tree appear my voice  
That to her pleasure resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,  
My faithful love disdains,  
My vows and tears her scorn excite -  
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,\*  
I envy your success ;  
Yet love to friendship shall give way  
I cannot wish it less.

\* This line is obviously imperfect

Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,  
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,  
To mourn the woes my country must endure,  
That wond degenerate ages cannot cure.

•      10 CLARINDA  
   ON THE POET'S LEAVING THE BURGH.

CLARINDA was Mrs. McEboe, separated from her husband on account of incompatibility of temper. She would appear to have had a genuine passion, while Burns, nothing loth to be flattered by a beautiful and accomplished lady, was heart whole. She was something of a poetess, and he alludes to in a part of his sonnet in the following terms: "Your last verses thou have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the *Sixth Musical Museum*, a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town." Part 1, 'The Banks of Spey,' and is most beautiful. I wait for stanzas as you give me but three, and one of them abridged in expression in my former letter, so I have taken your first two stanzas, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third, but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are, the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Tuppoo, I am in raptures with it —

- " Folk set of Love, it gives me pain,  
    For Love has been my foil,  
    It's bind me with iron chain,  
    And pinched me deep in woe.  
  
    But friendship's pure, and lasting joys  
    My heart will ne'er let go,  
    There's none, who, and worth the prize,  
    I at never talk of love.  
  
" Your friend hap much can make me blest,  
    Oft win that bliss in love,  
    Who singeth a song, that I respect,  
    You know I meet [will] — my ?  
  
" P.S.—What would you think of the 6th & fourth stanza?  
" You thought, if Love were to harbour there,  
    Correlat in that there'd  
    Not come from me a lone tear  
    The very friend I'll seek?"

The verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Musical Museum*.

CLARINDA metric of my old,  
    The measured time is gone,  
    The wretch beneath the dreary pole  
    So marks his life & sun.

To what dark cage of heaven night  
    Shall poor Sylvander lie?  
Deprived of thee, his life and light,  
    The sun of all his joy!

We part—but, by these precious drops  
    That fill thy lovely eyes!  
No other light shall guide my steps  
    Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day;  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray?

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I AIR empress of the poet's soul,  
And queen of poetesses;  
Clarinda, take this little boon,  
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,  
As generous as your mind,  
And pledge me in the generous toast --  
"The whole of humankind!"

"To those who love us!" --second fill,  
But not to those whom we love,  
Lest we love those who love not us!  
A third -- "To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we live!  
And long may we be happy!  
And may we never want a glass  
Well charged with generous nappy!

## TO CLARINDA

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,  
My heart was blithe and gay,  
Free as the wind, or feather'd race  
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,  
Clarinda proves unkind,  
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,  
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses.  
When I the fair have found,  
On every tree appear my verses,  
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,  
My faithful love disdams,  
My vows and tears her scorn excite --  
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,\*  
I envy your success;  
Yet love to friendship shall give way,  
I cannot wish it less.

\* This line is obviously imperfect

## TO CLARINDA

"I BURN, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,  
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne !"  
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night,  
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.  
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose,  
Chain'd at his feet they groan. Love's vanquish'd foes  
In vain Religion meets my slunking eye ;  
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly :  
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire ;  
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire ,  
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,  
Your dear idea reigns, and signs alone :  
Lach thought<sup>want</sup>intoxicated homage yields,  
And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high adoring mortals know !  
By all the conscious villain fears below !  
By you dear self !—the last great oath I swear—  
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear !

## LINES

WRITTEN IN PRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH  
(First Version)

THE poet preserved two versions of this poem, the copy of the latter one being headed, "Altered from the foregoing, in December 1788." The hermitage alluded to was on the property of Captain Riddel of Priors' Carse, a beautiful spot, much frequented by the poet, and situated a mile above his farm of Ellisland.

The first six lines were written with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the hermitage.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,  
Be thou clad in russet woul,  
Be thou deckt in silken stole,  
Grave these maxims on thy soul —

I life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,  
Day, how rapid in its flight.—  
Day, how few must see the night ;  
Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lower.  
Happiness is but a name,  
Make content and ease thy aim ;  
Ambition is a meteor gleam ,  
Fame an idle, restless dream :  
Pleasures, insects on the wing  
Round rice, the tenderest flower of Spring !

Those that sip the dew aloft,  
 Make the butterflies thy own ;  
 Those that would the bloom devour,  
 Crush the locusts—save the flower.  
 For the future be prepared,  
 Guard whatever thou canst guard :  
 But, thy utmost duly done,  
 Welcome what thou canst not shun.  
 Follies past give thou to air,  
 Make their consequence thy care :  
 Keep the name of man in mind,  
 And dishonour not thy kind.  
 Reverence with lowly heart  
 Him whose wondrous work thou art ;  
 Keep His goodness still in view,  
 Thy trust—and thy example, too.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !  
 Quoth the Beadsman on Nithside.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON FRIARS' CARP HERMITAGE, ON NITHSIDE.

(Second Version.)

THOU whom chance may hither lead,  
 Be thou clad in russet weed,  
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,  
 Grave these counsels on thy soul :—

Life is but a day at most,  
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;  
 Hope not sunshine every hour,  
 Fear not clouds will always lower  
 As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,  
 Beneath thy morning-star advance,  
 Pleasure, with her siren air,  
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;  
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,  
 Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,  
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,  
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?  
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?  
 Check thy climbing step, elate,  
 Evils lurk in felon wait :  
 Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,  
 Soar around each clifsy hold,  
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,  
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,  
 Beckoning thee to long repose ;  
 As life itself becomes disease,  
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,  
 There illuminate with sober thought  
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;  
 And teach the sportive younkers round  
 Saw's of experience sage and sound :  
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,  
 The grand criterion of his fate,  
 Is not—Art thou high or low ?  
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?  
 Wast thou cottager or king ?  
 Peer or peasant?—no such thing !  
 Did many talents gild thy span ?  
 Or frugil Nature guide thee on ?  
 Tell them, and press on their mind,  
 As thou thyself must shortly find,  
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven  
 To Virtue or to Vice is given  
 Say, “To be just, and kind, and wise,  
 There solid Self-enjoyment lies ;  
 Thirst foolish, selfish, faithless ways  
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.”

Thus resign'd and quiet, sleep  
 To the bed of lasting sleep  
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,  
 Nigh, where dawn shall never break.  
 Till future life—future no more—  
 To light and joy the good restore,  
 To light and joy unknown before !

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !  
 Quoth the Beadsman of Nithside.

#### A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON

THE poet says: “‘The Mother's Lament’ was composed partly with a view to Mrs Ferguson of Cruglnoch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs Stewart of Afton.”

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,  
 And pierced my darling's heart ;  
 And with him all the joys are fled  
 Life can to me impart.  
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
 In dust dishonour'd laid ;  
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's future shade.

The mother-lunnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravish'd young,  
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
 Lament the live-day long.  
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal stroke,  
 Now, fond, I hue my heart,  
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low,  
 With him I love, at rest!

## ELGY ON THE YEAR 1788

## A SKETCH

CUNNINGHAM says — "Truly has the ploughman bard described the natures of those illustrious rivals, Fox and Pitt, under the similitude of the 'bully cocks.' Nor will the allusion to the 'bold cussed muzz' half shrickled regent be lost on the reader; remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the king's illness."

I O! lords of kings, I dinna mourn  
 E'en let them die — for that they're down !  
 But oh ! prodigious to reflect !  
 A towmont, sir, is evine to wreck !  
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma space  
 What dire events ha'e taken place !  
 Of what enjoyments thou has left us !  
 In what a jickle th' u hast left us !

The Spanish Empress tint<sup>1</sup> i' head,  
 An' my null teethless Brattie<sup>2</sup> dead,  
 The tulzie<sup>3</sup> sun 'twix Pitt and I,  
 And our guid wife<sup>4</sup> wee birdie cocks ;  
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,  
 But to the hen-birds unco evil,  
 The tither's something dour o' treadin',  
 But better stuff ne'er cliv'd a midden

Ye ministers, come monnt the pn'pit,  
 And ay till ye bedhouse mid roopit,  
 I or Lighty eight he wish'd you weel,  
 And gied you a' bith gear and a' eal,  
 I en mony a plaid, and mony a peck,  
 Ye ken yersels, for little feck !

Ye bonny lasses, dight<sup>5</sup> your een,  
 For some o' you ha'e tint i' fuchin',  
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, wiz tren  
 What ye'll never ha'e to gie again

Observe the very nowte<sup>6</sup> and sheep,  
 How dows and dowie<sup>7</sup> now they sleep,

<sup>1</sup> Lost  
<sup>2</sup> His dog  
<sup>3</sup> Fight

<sup>4</sup> Work  
<sup>5</sup> Wipe

<sup>6</sup> Little  
<sup>7</sup> Pithless and low spirited.

Nay, even the virt'it sel does cry,  
For Embriugh wells are grutten<sup>t</sup> dy

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a baun,  
And no owie auld, I hope, to karn !  
Thou headless baw, I pray tak ey'e,  
Thou now hast got thy daddy's chau,  
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, half shackled regent,  
Prit, like himself, a full, free agent  
Be sue ye follow out the plan  
Nae waur than he did, honest man !  
As muckle better as you can

*Jan 1, 1789*

TO CAPTAIN RIDDLI O GLINRIDDEL  
EXTREME OF LINES ON RIDDLES & A FEW LATER

The newspaper's mentioned some sharp stricture on the poet's works

*TESSALAND, Monday Evening*

YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through and through, sir,  
With little admiring or blaming,  
The papers are full of home news or foreign,  
No murders or rapes worth the naming,

Our friends, the reviewers, those chappies and hewers,  
Are judges of mortal and stony, sir,  
But of *mid or name t, in i false compl t,*  
I boldly pronounce they are none, sir

My goose-quill too rude is to tell ill your goodness  
Bestow'd on your servant the poet,  
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,  
And then all the world, sir, sh'd know it !

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS OSWALD

THE origin of this bitter effusion is related by the poet in a letter to Dr. Moore. "The enclosed 'Ode' is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive. You probably knew her personally an amount which I cannot boast but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was esteemed with the most heartfelt cordiality. However in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Pulte Whigham's in Linquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day, and just as my friend the *Wife* and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheel-

the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—further on, through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that, when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed "Ode"! The poet lived to associate the name with more agreeable memories: one of his finest lyrics, "Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town," was written in honour of the beauty of the succeeding Mrs. Oswald, wife of the son of the deceased lady.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,  
Hangman of creation, mark!  
Who in widow-weeds appears,  
Laden with unhonour'd years,  
Nursing with care a bursting pulse,  
Baited with many a deadly curse!

## STROPHE

View the wither'd beldam's face—  
Can thy keen inspection trace  
Aught of humanity's sweet-smiting grace?  
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflow,  
Pity's flood there never rose  
See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,  
Hands that took—but never gave  
Kept of Mammon's iron chest,  
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest—  
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

## ANTISTROPHE

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,  
(A white foolœat, &c torturing funds,)  
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?  
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;  
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,  
Doom'd to share thy fury fate,  
She, tardy, hellward plies.

## EPODE

And are they of no more avail,  
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?  
In other worlds can Mammon fail,  
Omnipotent as he is here?  
Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous brier,  
While down the wretched vital part is driven!  
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,  
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

## TO JOHN TAYLOR.

"THE poet," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlock-head on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes,

his mare, kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for 'frosting' the shoes of the poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey, had he not betought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Winlockhead, and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Shan, who accompanied him, added these words — 'I shan't best compliments to Mr Taylor, until it would be doing him and the Ayrshire hard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instanter with his agreeable company.' The road has been so slippery that the rider, and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world, but for poor Shan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith, the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never lost a wheelbarrow and once in that way by the goat which put him in money, and him in drink, and pull him over.

With Pegasus upon a day,  
Apollo weary flyin',  
Through frosty hills the journey ly,  
On foot the wye was plying

Poor shipshod giddy Pegasus  
Was but a sorry walker,  
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,  
To get a frosty walker \*

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,  
Threw by his coat and bonnet,  
And did Sol's business in a crack,  
Sol paid him with a sonnet

Ye Vulcan's sons of Winlockhead,  
Pity my sad disaster,  
My Pegasus is poorly shod—  
I'll pay you like my master

ROBERT BURNS

RAMSGATE, three o'clock

### SKETCH

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON C J FOX

In a letter to Miss Dunlop the poet says, 'I have a poetic whim in my head which I at present dedicate to her in the hope, to the Right Hon Charles Jones Fox, but how long that fancy may last, I cannot say. A few of the first lines, I have just rough sketched as follows.' —

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite.  
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;  
How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,  
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—  
I sing if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,  
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle!

\* A sharp pin of iron welded on to the front of a horse's shoe to prevent it from slipping

but now for a patron, whose name and whose glory  
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;  
Yer whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;  
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,  
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong,  
With passions so potent and fancies so bright,  
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right, —  
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses  
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man ? for as simple he looks,  
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,  
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,  
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil  
On his one ruling passion Sir I of a hugely labours,  
That, like the old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its neighbours,  
Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you know  
him?  
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him  
What pity, in leaving so beauteous a system,  
One trifling particular truth should have miss'd him ;  
For, spite of his fine theoretic position,  
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,  
And think hum in nature they truly describe,  
Have you found this, or 't other? there's more in the  
wind,  
As by one drunken fellow his comides you'll find  
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plun,  
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd man,  
No two virtues, whatever elation they claim,  
Nor even two different shades of the same,  
Though like as w is ever twin brother to brother,  
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse  
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse  
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quaricks,  
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?  
My much honour'd patron, believe your poor poet,  
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,  
In vain with Squine Billy for laurels you struggle,  
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle,  
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,  
He'd up the back-stairs, and by God he would steal 'em  
Thenfeat-like Squire Billy's you ne'er can thieve 'em,  
It is not, outdo him, the task is out-thieve him

## VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

JAMES THOMSON, a neighbour of the poet and the person who shot the hare in question, says, "He cursed me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the water, and I'll warrant he could ha' done it, though I was both young and strong."

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,  
And blasted be thy murderer-aiming eye ;  
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !  
The bitter little that of life remains :  
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains  
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,  
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !  
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,  
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait  
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn ;  
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,  
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

## DELLA

## AN ODE

This ode was sent to the *Star* newspaper with the following letter - "Mr Printer, - If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with the other favourites of Mr. Moses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from, yours, &c.,

"ROBERT BURNS.

"ELISLAND, NEAR DUMFRIES, May 18, 1789."

FAIR the face of orient day,  
Fair the tints of opening rose ;  
But fairer still my Della dawns,  
More lovely fair her beauty blows.\*

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,  
Sweet the tinkling bell to hear ;  
But, Della, more delightful still  
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee  
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;  
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse  
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip

But, Delia, on thy balmy-lips !  
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !  
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss !  
 For, oh ! my soul is patch'd with love !

## ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT  
 DISORDER

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
 That shoots my tortured guns alang ;  
 And through my lugs gies mony a twang,  
 Wi' gnawing vengeance .  
 Teasing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
 Like racking engine , !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholik squeezes ,  
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,  
 Wi' pitying moan ;  
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases ,  
 Aye mocks our groan !

Ad-wif my beard the slaves trickle !  
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle ,  
 As round the fire the gichts keckle ,  
 To see me loup ;<sup>2</sup>  
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle ,  
 Were in then doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools ,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ill haunts ,<sup>4</sup> dait bargains, cutty-stoos ,  
 Or worthy friends raked i' the mools ,  
 Sad sight to see !  
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools ,  
 Thou bea'lt the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell ,  
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell  
 And rankèd plagues their number ell ,  
 In dreadfu' raw ,  
 Show, Toothache, surely hear'st the bell  
 Amang them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel ,  
 That gars the notes of discord squeel ,

<sup>1</sup>The mirthful child-ren laugh.

<sup>2</sup>Jump Troubles.

<sup>3</sup>Harvests.  
<sup>4</sup>Grave - earth.

\* Flax used to be cleaned and straightened by drawing it many times through a mass of sharp steel spikes fixed in a bench, points uppermost. This was called a heckle

Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
 In gone a shoe thick,  
 Gie a' the fae, o' Scotland's weal  
 A towmond's<sup>1</sup> toothache !

## THE KIRK'S ALARM

LOCKHART gives the following account of the origin of this poem - "M'Gill and Dalrymple, the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points particularly the doctrine of original sin and the Trinity, and the former it is said published An Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ, which was considered as demanding the notice of the Church courts. More than £300 was spent in the discussions which were out of this, and at last Dr M'Gill was sum to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take an early opportunity of apologising for them to his congregation from the pulpit, which promise, however, he never performed. The sentry of the country took, for the most part, the side of M'Gill, who was a man of cold, unpopular manners but of unproached moral character, and professed some accomplishments. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervid zeal, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution, than the circuit doctor, Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp were, of course on the side of M'Gill. Auld and the Mauchline clergymen with his enemies. Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking, had the principal management of M'Gill's cause before the presbytery and the synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton's, and through him had about this time formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into a warm friendship with Burns. Burns was, therefore, from the beginning zealous in the cause, he was, perhaps, the most effective partisan of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation."

OKHODOX, orthodoxy  
 Wha believe in John Knox,  
 Let me sound an alarm to you con science—  
 There's a heretic blast  
 Has been blown r' the wast,  
 That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac,\* Doctor Mac,  
 You should stretch on a ruck,  
 To strike evileys wi' tenor,  
 • To join futh and sense,  
 Upon ony pretence,  
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,  
 It was mud, I declare,  
 To meddle wi' mischief i-brewing,  
 Provost John † is still deaf  
 To the Church's rebuff,  
 And Orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

\* Twelvemonth's

† Dr M'Gill

‡ John Ballantyne, Esq., provost of Ayr, to whom the "Iwa Brig" is dedicated

§ Mr. Robert Aiken, above-named, to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed

D'rymple mild \* D'rymple mild,  
 Though your heart's like a child,  
 d your life like the new driven snow,  
 Yet that winna save ye,  
 Auld Satan must have ye  
 For pinching that thair's an' t'wa

Rumble John † Rumble John,  
 Mount the steep wi' groud  
 Cry the lool i' we hiesy crimm'd  
 Then lug out you hille,  
 Deil him tone like t'le ‡  
 And run every note of the damm'd

Simpson James † Simpson James,  
 I leave the sun killie dunes,  
 There's a harrachuse in your vic †  
 I'll leav my m' h' l  
 Hit the puil yell oon leetl,  
 For puppies likin' there, but few

Singet Swency & Singet <sup>3</sup> Swency,  
 Are ye herding the penny,  
 Un on i' us whit evill want?  
 We a jump ye i' wh' howl  
 Alarm every soul,  
 For the foul thief is just at your gate

Diddly Auld || Diddly Auld,  
 There's a toad <sup>4</sup> in the sun*l*  
 A toad muckle want thin' in the clerl ¶  
 Though ye aown't the truth  
 Ye'll be in at the deeth,  
 An' if ye canna lete, ye canna leek

Driv I lu t i \*\* Driv Bluster,  
 I a snunt if ye muster,  
 The coys is no nice of reenuts  
 Yet to wortl lets be just,  
 Revil blaclyc might horst,  
 If the iss were the kin <sub>s</sub> of the brute,

<sup>1</sup> Peter I water  
- Kilmarnock

<sup>2</sup> Singel  
<sup>4</sup> Fox

\* The Rev. Dr William Dalrymple senior minister of the Colligate Church of Ayr

† The Rev. John Russell celebrated in the Holy Fair

‡ The Rev. James Macmillan the Laird of the Ordination

§ The Rev. Alexander Murdoch of Kircarlow one of the heroes of the "Two Herds,"

|| The Rev. Mr. Auld, of Mauchline

¶ The clerk was Mr. Gavin Hamilton who had been a thorn in the side of Mr. Auld, and the orthodox clergy of the district

\*\* Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

Jamie, Goose,\* Jamie Goose,  
 Ye hae made but toom toose,†  
 In hunting the wicked heutenant,  
 But the doctor's your mark,  
 For the Lord's haly ark  
 He has cooper'd and ca'd<sup>2</sup> a wiang puin m't.

Poet Willie,‡ Poet Willie,  
 Gie the Doctor a volley,  
 Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit,  
 O'er Pegasus' side  
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,  
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——

Andro Couk,‡ Andro Gouk,||  
 Ye may slander the book,  
 And the book nane the wair, let me tell ye;  
 Though ye're rich, and look big,  
 Yet lay by hat and wig,  
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value

Barr Steenie,§ Barr Steenie,  
 What mean ye, what mean ye?  
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,  
 Ye may hae some pretence  
 To havins<sup>3</sup> and sense,  
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side,|| Irvine side  
 Wi' your turkey-cock juble,  
 Of manhood but sma' is your share,  
 Ye've the figure, o'tis true,  
 Even your faces will allow,  
 And your friends they daur grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,¶ Muirland Jock,  
 When the Lord makes a rock  
 To crush Common Sense for her sin,  
 If ill manners were wit,  
 There's no mortal so fit  
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,\*\* Holy Will,  
 There was wit i' your skull

<sup>1</sup> Empty fame

<sup>2</sup> Driven.

Good manners.

\* Mr. Young, Cumnock

† The Rev. Dr. Peebles, of Newton-upon-Ayr, the author of an indifferent poem on the centenary of the Revolution, in which occurs the expression alluded to by the poet

‡ Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton.

§ Rev. Stephen Young, Barr

|| Rev. Mr. George Smith, Galston.

¶ Mr. John Shepherd, Muirkirk

\*\* William Fisher, elder in Mauchline, the hero of the famous "Prayer."

When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;  
 The tummer is scant,  
 When ye're ta'en for a saunt,  
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,  
 Seize your spiritual guns,  
 Ammunition you never can need ; .  
 Your hearts are the stuff  
 Will le powther enough,  
 And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,  
 W' your priest-skelping turns,  
 Why desert ye your auld native shire ?  
 Your Muse is a gipsy--  
 E'en though she were tipsy,  
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

## THE WHISTLE.

BURNS says, "A ♦the authentic prose history of the 'Whistle' is curious, I shall here give it —In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his powers, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to, Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married ♦ sister of Sir Walter's ♦ On Friday, the 16th of October 1789, at Yarr's Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued, and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended from the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

On receiving the invitation to be present at the famous contest, Burns announced his intention of being present by the following verse.—

"The king's poor blackguard slave am I  
 And scarce daw spare a minute,  
 But I'll be with you by and by,  
 Or else the devil's in it!"—B.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,  
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,  
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,<sup>4</sup> still sueing the arm of Fingal,  
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall  
 " His whistle's your challenge to Scotland get o'er,  
 And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung and old chronicles tell,  
 What champions ventured, what champions fell,  
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,  
 And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Curn and the Skurr,  
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,  
 He drink his peer godship is deep as the sea,  
 No tide of the Baltic ever drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy his gund,  
 Which now in his house has for ages remained,  
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,  
 The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw -  
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law,  
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skil'd in old songs,  
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old whis-

Crugdanoch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil  
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
 And once more, in claret, by which was the man.

" By the gods of the ancients ! " Glenriddel replied,  
 " Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
 I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie Mole †  
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times over."

Sir Robert a soldier no speech would pretend,  
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his friend—or his friend,  
 Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,  
 And, knee deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care,  
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,  
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,  
 And tell future ages the feats of the day,  
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
 And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been

<sup>4</sup> See Ossian's Caricature. <sup>†</sup>  
 See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides - B

The bumper hang over, the claret they ply,  
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they aye wet.

My pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,  
Bright Phœbusane or witness'd so joyous a coil,  
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
Till Cynthia hunted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

The worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and wise,  
No longer the witsue, ungodly, would use,  
A high ruling claret Willow in wine  
He left the soul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir R. ne'er fought hard to the end,  
But who can with fate and quare bumpers contend?  
I thought fate said A hero shall perish in light,  
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our hero, like a prophet in drink!  
"Cruel world thou art soon when creation shall sink!  
But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,  
Come—one bottle more—and I live at the sublim."

"Thy line, that hit & struggled for freedom with Bruce,  
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce.  
So think be the laurel, and mine be the bay,  
The field thou hast won, by von bright god of day!"

## VI RSES

ON CERTAIN CRIES OR SINGULARITIES THROUGH SCOTLAND COLLECTED  
THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOME.

CAPTAIN GROSS a famous antiquary was the author a valuable work on  
the antiquities of Scotland He is a genial fellow, a companion after the  
poet's own heart.

HILARIOUS LADS o' Cakes, and brother Scots,  
Fie Maidenknock\* to Johnny Groat,  
If there's a hole in r' your coats,  
I rede you tatt<sup>1</sup> it,  
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it!

<sup>1</sup> Tatt

\* An inversion of the name of Kirkmaiden, in Wigtonshire, the most southerly  
parish in Scotland

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgel<sup>1</sup> wight,  
 O' stature short, but genius bright,  
 That's he, mark weel --  
 And wow ! he has an unco slight  
 O' cauk and ked.\*

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin', †  
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',  
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in  
 Some eldritch<sup>2</sup> put,  
 Wi' dells, they say, Lord save's ! colleagun'  
 At some black ait.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,  
 Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,  
 And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,  
 Warlocks and witches,  
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring haimer,  
 \* Ye mithlight bitches !

It's tauld he was a solger bred,  
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;  
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade  
 And dog-skin wallet,  
 And ta'en—the antiquarian trade,  
 I think they call it.

He ha's a south<sup>3</sup> o' auld nick-nackets,  
 Rusty an' caps and jinglin' jackets, ‡  
 Wad haud the Louhiang three in tackets  
 A towmmond guid ;  
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,  
 Afore the flood

Of Eve's first fire he ha's a cinder ;  
 Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and sender ;  
 That which destingushed the gender  
 O' Baldaam's ass,  
 A broomstick o' the witch o' Endor,  
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,<sup>4</sup>  
 The cyt of Adam's philabeg :  
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig<sup>5</sup>  
 He'll prove you fully,  
 It was a faulding jocteleg,  
 Or lang-kail gully.

<sup>1</sup> Plump  
<sup>2</sup> Unholy.

<sup>3</sup> Abundance  
<sup>4</sup> Full sharply

<sup>5</sup> Throat

\* Alluding to his powers as a draughtsman

† See his "Antiquities of Scotland" — B.

‡ See his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons" — B.

'But wad ye see him in his glee,  
For meikle glee and fun has he,  
Then set him down, and twa or three  
Gude fellows wi' him ;  
And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,  
• And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose !  
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose ! --  
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,  
They sair misca' thee ;  
I'd take the rascal by the nose,  
Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

## LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE

In sending some antiquarian and legendary material to Captain Grose through Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary, the following lines were written by the poet on the cover of the parcel. Cardonnel read them everywhere to the amazement of the captain.

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose ?  
Igo and ago,  
If he's amang hi, friends or foes ?  
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north ?  
Igo and ago,  
Or diown'd in the river Forth ?  
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies ?  
Igo and ago,  
And eaten like a wether-haggis ?  
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane ?  
Igo an l ago,  
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame  
• Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he le, the Lord be near him !  
Igo and ago,  
As for the deil, he daurna steer him !  
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,  
Igo and ago,  
Which will oblige your humble debtor,  
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye'hae auld stanes in store,  
Igo and ago,  
The very stanes that Adam bore,  
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,  
Igo and ago,  
The coins o' Satan's coronation !  
Iram, coram, dago.

## SKETCH—NEW-YEAR'S DAY, [1700]

TO MR. DUNLOP

On the original MS. of these lines, the p. writes as follows. "On second thoughts, I send you this extempore blott'd sketch. It is just the first random scrawl, but if you think the piece worth saving, I shall retouch it, and finish it. Though I have no copy of it, my memory serves me."

This day, Time winds the exhausted chain,  
To run the elevenmonth's length again,  
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,  
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,  
Adjourn the unimpair'd machine,  
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor hem,  
In vain assail him with their prayer;  
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,  
Nor makes the hour one moment less.  
Will you (the Major's,\* with the hounds,  
The happy tenants share his rounds;  
Coila's fair Rachel's† care to-day,  
And blooming Keith's‡ engrossed with Gray)  
From housewife cares a minute borrow —  
That grandchild's cap will to do-morrow —  
And join with me — moralising:  
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did ye-ternight deliver?  
"Another year is gone for ever!"  
And what is this day's strong suggestion?  
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"  
Rest on—for what? what do we here?  
Or why regard the passing year?  
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,  
Add to our date one minute more?  
A few days may—a few years mast—  
Repose us in the silent dust,

\* Major, afterwards General, Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son

† Mrs. Rachel Dunlop, who afterward married Robert Glasgow, Esq.

‡ Mrs. Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?  
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!  
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies,  
 That something in us never dies:  
 That on this frail, uncertain state,  
 Hang matters of eternal weight:  
 That future life, in worlds unknown,  
 Must take its hue from this alone;  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as Misery's woeeful night.

Since, then, my honour'd, first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends,  
 Let us the important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who never die.

Though you, with drys and honours crown'd,  
 Will ness that silv' circle round,  
 (A ht, his sorrows to repulse,  
 A sight, pride I envy to convulse,)   
 Others now claim your chief regard;  
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

## PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE DUMFERLING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING,  
 [1790.]

In a letter to his brother Gilbert Burns says—"We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell in Ayr wrote to me by the manager of the Company a Mr Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New Year's Day I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause —

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city  
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity  
 Though, by the by, abroad why will you roan?  
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home  
 But not for panegyric I appear,  
 I come to wish you all a good new year!  
 Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,  
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.  
 The sage gave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,  
 "You're one year older this important day"  
 If wiser, too—he hunted some suggestion,  
 But 'twould be rule, you know, to ask the question,  
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,  
 He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit,  
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,  
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,  
 In his sly, dry, sententious, p overb way!

He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,  
That the first blow is ever half the battle;  
That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him  
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;  
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,  
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye faithful fair,  
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!  
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,  
And hu bly begs you'll mind the important Now!  
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,  
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak, endeavours,  
With grateful pride we own your many favours;  
And howsoc'er our tongues in ill reveal it,  
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

#### TO THE OWL.

THIS poem was first printed by Cromek from a MS in the poet's hand-writing. Some doubts have been thrown on its authenticity, but occasional interlineations on the same would seem to settle the question.

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,  
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?  
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,  
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn grips the shade,  
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn?  
Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?  
Or friendless, melancholy bids thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,  
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom;  
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,  
Grief, all thy thought, and solitude thy home

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,  
And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song:  
Sing on, sad mourner; to the night complain,  
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek  
Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall?  
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?  
Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah, no, sad owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,  
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;  
That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat;  
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair,

Nor that the treble songsters of the day  
 Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;  
 Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,  
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.—•

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,  
 While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,  
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom  
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee  
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;  
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,  
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

• • PROLOGUE,  
FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES

This prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries theatre.—

*"Monday Morning"*

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday, and whatever terrestrial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with vapours, and clouds, and storms, until he terrify himself at combustion of his own raising—I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon—in the greatest hurry.—R. B."

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,  
 How this new play and that new sang is comin'?  
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle counted?  
 Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?  
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,  
 Will try to gie us sang, and plays at hame?  
 For comedy abroad he needna tol,  
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil;  
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece  
 To gather matter for a serious piece;  
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,  
 Would show the tragic muse in a' hei g'ory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell  
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?  
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce  
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce,  
 How hure, even hie, he first unsheath'd the sword,  
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord,  
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,  
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws o' ruin?  
 Oh for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene  
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen!

Vain all the omnipotence of female charms  
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's aims,  
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,  
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman.  
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—  
 As able and as cruel as the devil!  
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,  
 But Douglases were heroes every age.  
 And though your fathers, prodigal of life,  
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,  
 Perhaps if bawl, row right, and Right succeeds,  
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye ha'e generous, gone, if a' the lind  
 Would take the Muse, serva' its by the hand;  
 Not only heire but patronise, I friend them,  
 And where ye justly can commenda, commend them,  
 And aiblins when they winn't stand the test,  
 Wink ha'r l and sy the folks ha'e done then best!  
 Would a' the lind do this, then I'll be caution  
 Yell oon ha'e poets o' the Scottish nation,  
 Will gu' lame blaw until her trumpet crack,  
 And wairse<sup>1</sup> lime, and lay him on his back.  
 For us, and for our stile shou'd ony spic,  
 "What's aught thae chield maks a' this bustle here?"  
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my blow,  
 We have the honour to belong to you!  
 We're your ain baums, e'en guide us as ye like,  
 But like good mothers, shore<sup>2</sup> before ye strike.  
 And gratesu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,  
 For a' the patronage an' meikle kindness  
 We've got frie' a' professions, sets, and ranks;  
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

#### STANZAS ON THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSDERRY

SOME one calling in question the propriety of satirizing people unworthy, and citing the Duke of Queenberry as an instance, Burns wrote the following biting lines as a reply:

How shall I sing Dumfriesshire's\* Grace—  
 Discarded remnant of a race  
 Once great in martial story?  
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—  
 The very name of Douglas blasted—  
 His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;  
 But he has superadded more,

<sup>1</sup> Wrestle

<sup>2</sup> Warn.

\* The residence of the Duke of Queenberry

And sunk them in contempt ;  
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,  
 But, Quenchberry, thine the virgin claim.  
 From w<sup>sh</sup>t that's good exempt.

## VERSES TO MY BED. \*

THOU bed, in which I first began  
 To be that various creature—man !  
 And when I gun the fates decree,  
 The place where I must cease to be,—  
 When sickness comes, to whom I fly,  
 To soothe my pain, or close mine eve,  
 When cares surround me where I weep  
 Or lose them all in slumy sleep,—  
 When sore with labour, whom I court  
 And to thy downy brest resort—  
 Where, too, ecstatic joy I find,  
 When deigns my Delight to be kind —  
 And full of love, in all her charms,  
 Thou givest the fair one to my arms.  
 The centre thou, where grief and pain,  
 Discs and rest, alternate reign.  
 Oh, since within thy little space  
 So many various scenes take place ;  
 Lessons as useful sh<sup>ll</sup> thou teach  
 As sages dictat —churchmen preach ;  
 And man, convinced by thee alone,  
 This great important truth shall own :—  
 That thin partitions do divide  
 The bounds where good an ill reside ;  
 That it nought is perfect here below,  
 But is still bordering up on *woe*.

## FLY ON PEG NICHOLSON. \*

THE Peg Nicholson of this l<sup>e</sup>gs—a bay mare—belonged to the poet's friend William Nicol, who was named after the virgin who thine tended the last of George the Third.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare  
 As ever trod on turn,  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And past the mouth o' Curn  
 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And rode through thick and thin;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And wanting even the skin

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And once she bore a priest;

But now she's floating down the Nith,  
For Solway fish a feast.  
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
And the priest he rode her sair ;  
And much oppress'd and bruised she was,  
As priest-rid cattle are.

## LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND  
OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir, I've read your paper through,  
And, fauth, to me 'twas really new !  
How gues'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted ?  
This mony a day I've grat'd and gaunted<sup>1</sup>  
To ken what French mischief was biewin',  
Or what the dranlie Dutch were dom' ;  
That vile doup-skelpier, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;  
Or how the collyesshangie<sup>2</sup> works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;  
Or if the Swede, before he halt,  
Would play another Charles the Twalt :  
If Denmark, anybody spak o't ;  
Or Poland, wha had now the tack<sup>3</sup> o't ;  
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',<sup>4</sup>  
How libbet<sup>5</sup> Italy was singin' ;  
If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss  
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss :  
Or how our merry lads at hame,  
In Britain's court, kept up the game :  
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !  
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;  
If sleekit<sup>6</sup> Chatham Will was livin',  
Or glaikit<sup>7</sup> Charlie got his nieve<sup>8</sup> in ;  
How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',  
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin',<sup>9</sup>  
How cesses, stents, and fees were tax'd,<sup>10</sup>  
Or if bare a-s yet were tax'd ;  
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,  
Pimpes, sharpeis, bawds, and open girls ;  
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,  
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails ;  
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,<sup>11</sup>  
And no a perfect kintra cooser.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Groaned and yawned.<sup>2</sup> Quarrel.<sup>3</sup> Lease.<sup>4</sup> Hanging.<sup>5</sup> Castrated.<sup>6</sup> Sly.<sup>7</sup> Thoughtless.<sup>8</sup> Fist.<sup>9</sup> Itching.<sup>10</sup> Stretched.<sup>11</sup> At all more sober.<sup>12</sup> Country stallion.

A' this and mur I never heard of;  
 And but for you I might despair'd of  
 So grateful, back your news I send you,  
 And pray, w' guid things may attend you!

ELLISTON, *Monty M'rhine* 1790

### ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A C TITMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOR'S IMMEDIATELY  
 FROM ALMIGHTY GOD

The following was appended to the original MS. of this Elegy. "Now that you are ever with the sirens, flattery, the harpies of corruption and the furies of malice, & the infernal devils that, in all sides and in all parties preside over the villainous business of politics, permit a just mind of your acquaintance to do her best to the you with a song. You knew Henderson. I have not fluttered his memory."

In a letter to Dr Moore, the poet says, "The Elegy on Captain Henderson I entitl'd to the memory of a man I love much. Petersham in this the sum advantage is Roma Catholic they can be of service to their friend after they have passed that bourne where all other kind's ceases to be of any avail. Whether, after all either the one or the other be of any real service to the dead is, I fear, very problematical but I am sure they are highly gratifying to the living. Captain Henderson was a ret'rn'd soldier of agreeable manners and upright character, who had a light, n' cheerful, Class Edinburgh, and mingled with the best society of the city. he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern and was a member of the Gilbury Club which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous."

"Should the poor be fluttered?"—SHAKESPEARE

I t'w n w his radiant course is run  
 For Matth'w's course was bright,  
 His soul was like th' gl'ous sun,  
 A matchless heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!  
 The meikle devill wi' a woodie,<sup>1</sup>  
 Haul thee brum<sup>2</sup> to his black smiddie,<sup>3</sup>  
 O'er huchcon<sup>4</sup> hides,  
 And like stock-fish come o' his studdie,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn!  
 The ae best fellow ev'r was born  
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn  
 By wood and will,  
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,  
 The man exiled!

Ye hills! nevir neibors o' the starn,<sup>6</sup>  
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!

<sup>1</sup> Halter  
<sup>2</sup> Drag

<sup>3</sup> Smidie, a black  
 smith's shop  
<sup>4</sup> Hedgehog

<sup>5</sup> Anvil  
<sup>6</sup> Stars

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where Echo slumbers ;  
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
 My wafting numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye hazelly shaws and buery dens !  
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,  
 Wi' toddlin' dm,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stems,<sup>3</sup>  
 Fae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;  
 Ye stately songlows, fan to see ;  
 Ye woodbines, bea'ing bonnie  
     In scented bowers ;  
 Ye roses on your thorny tie,  
     The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade  
 Doops with a diamond at its head,  
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed,  
     I' the rustling gale,  
 Ye mawkins whiddin'<sup>4</sup> through the glade,  
     Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
 Ye grouse that crap<sup>5</sup> the heather bud ;  
 Ye curlews calling through a clud,  
     Ye whistling plover ;  
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick<sup>6</sup> Lood !—  
     He's gane for ever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;  
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels,  
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
     Crueling the lake ;  
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reeks,  
     Rairf for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craits<sup>7</sup> at close o' day,  
 'Mang fields o' flowerung clover gay ;  
 And when ye wing your annual way  
     Fae our cauld shore,  
 Tell tha far worlds wha lie in clay,  
     Wham we deplore.

<sup>1</sup> Eagles.<sup>2</sup> Wood-pigeon knows.  
<sup>3</sup> Leaps.<sup>4</sup> Hares running.<sup>5</sup> Crop, eat.<sup>6</sup> Partridge.<sup>7</sup> Landrails.<sup>1</sup> With the noise of one who goes, hesitatingly or insecurely.<sup>†</sup> A Scotch phrase signifying a harsh, bitter cry.

Ye houlets frae your ivy bower,  
 In some auld tree or eldritch<sup>1</sup> tower,  
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,<sup>2</sup>  
     Sets up her horn,  
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour  
     Till waukrife<sup>3</sup> morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!..  
 Oft have ye heard my canty<sup>4</sup> strains:  
 But now, what else for me remains,  
     But tales of woe?  
 And frae my een the diapping rains  
     Maun ever flow.

Morn, Spring, thou darling of the year!  
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep<sup>5</sup> a tear;  
 Thou, Simplicy, while each corny spear  
     Shoots up its head,  
 Thy gay, green, flowery bresser shear  
     For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
 In grief thy sallow mantle wear!  
 Thou, Winter, hurling through the air  
     The roaring blast,  
 Wide o'er the naked world declare  
     The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!  
 Mourn, empress of the silent night!  
 And you, ye twinkling stars bright,  
     My Matthew moan!  
 For through yon orb he's ta'en his flight,  
     Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!  
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever?  
 And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,  
     Life's dreary bound?  
 Like thee, where shall I find another  
     The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!  
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,  
     Thou man of worth!  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
     E'er lay in earth.

<sup>1</sup> Haunted.

<sup>2</sup> Stare.

<sup>3</sup> Wakening.

<sup>4</sup> Happy.

<sup>5</sup> Catch

## THE FRITARIE.

Stop, passenger!—my story's brief,  
• And truth I shall relate, man;  
I tell nae common tale o' grief—  
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,  
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,  
A look of pity lurther east—  
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble soldier art,  
That passest by this grave, man, •  
There moulders here a gallant heart—  
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways, •  
Canst throw uncommon light, man,  
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—  
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'  
Wad like it, if resign, man,  
The sympathetic teu man fa' - . . .  
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art stanch without a stain,  
Like the unchanging blue, man,  
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—  
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,  
And ne'er gurd wine did fear, man,  
This was thy billie, dam, and sue—  
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggi-k whiggin' sot,  
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,  
May dool and sorrow be his lot!—  
For Matthew was a rae man.

## TAM O' SHANTER.

## A TALE.

CAPTAIN GROSE, in the introduction to his "Antiquities of Scotland," says, "To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obliged; he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the country honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church." What an odd notion Captain Grose must have had of the fitness of things when he called Tam o' Shanter "a pretty tale." In a letter to Captain Grose, the author gives the legend which formed the groundwork of the poem.—"On a market day in

the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief;—he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks, and one of them happened unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer who so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, 'Weel happen (laugh), Maggie wi' the short skirk!' and, recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact that no earthly power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for in twifths unding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against his reaching the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the grasping, venomous hags, were so close at his heels that one of them,奄奄 spring to seize him, but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal kelpie, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning, but the farmer was beyond his reach. However the unrighteous, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmer not to say too much in Ayr marketts."

The poet named Donald Grithine, the famer of Shanter, the hero of the legend, and as he really was the joyful careless being he is represented to be in the poem, several curious incidents current about him were introduced into it. The poem was composed in the winter of 1760, and was begun and ended in one day. Mrs. Burns told Comick that she saw him by the rivet side laughing and gesturing as the humorous incidents assumed shape within his mind.

"Of brownis and of blythes full is this buke." GAWIN DOUGLAS.

With Chapman billyes<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
And drenthly<sup>2</sup> neibors neibors meet,  
As minket days ale weum' late,  
And folk begin to tak the gate,<sup>3</sup>  
While we sit housing at the crappie,<sup>4</sup>  
And gettin' sou and meo happy,  
We think na on the Ing Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and straes,  
That lie betweenous and our hame,  
Whare sits our sulky sulken dame.  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth faid honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he sae Ayr ae night did cantar,  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonny lasses)

<sup>1</sup> Fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Thirsty.

<sup>3</sup> Road.

<sup>4</sup> Ae.  
M

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise  
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,<sup>1</sup>  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bellowin';<sup>2</sup>  
 That faine November till October,  
 Ae market day thou wasna sober;  
 That ilka melder,<sup>\*</sup> wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou hadst willer,<sup>3</sup>  
 That every naig<sup>4</sup> was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring foul on;  
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kukton Jean<sup>†</sup> till Monday.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mink,  
 By Alloway's auld hannie'd kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gae's me greet  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengsheud, weage advice,  
 The husband faine the wife despises!

But to our ticle:—Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco<sup>6</sup> right,  
 Fast by an ingle,<sup>7</sup> bleezing finely,  
 Wi' teaming swats,<sup>8</sup> that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnnies  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brother—  
 They had been foul for weeks thegither!  
 The night drave on wi' wings and clatter,  
 And aye the ale was growing better:  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favour secret, sweet, and precious;  
 The Souter tauld his queerest storie,  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.  
 The storm without might ran<sup>9</sup> and rustle—  
 Tam dinna mind the storm a whistle.

Came, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drown'd himself amang the happy!  
 As bees flee home wi' ladies o' treasure,  
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
 Kings may be blyst, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

<sup>1</sup> A worthless fellow.  
<sup>2</sup> A taker of nonsense,  
 a boaster, and a  
 drunken fool.

<sup>3</sup> Money  
<sup>4</sup> Horse  
<sup>5</sup> Mares  
<sup>6</sup> Unusually.

<sup>7</sup> Fire.  
<sup>8</sup> Foaming ale  
<sup>9</sup> Roar

<sup>†</sup> Any quantity of corn sent to the mill is called a melder.  
 Jean Kennedy, who kept a hostie house in Kirkoswald

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !  
Or like the snowfall in the river,  
A moment white--then melts for ever ;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That fit ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanescent amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide ;  
The how approacheth, Tam maun ride ;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
And sic a night he taks the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunders bellow'd :  
That night, a child might understand  
The dclil had ba mess on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
A better never list'd leg,  
Tam skelpit<sup>1</sup> on through dub and muie,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
Whiles holding fast his gaud blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning<sup>2</sup> o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
Whiles glowering<sup>3</sup> round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles<sup>4</sup> catch him unawares :  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghosts and houlets mighty cry.

By this time he was across the foord,  
Whare in the snow the chapman smot'd ;<sup>5</sup>  
And past the Links and meikle stane  
Whare draken Charlie brak's neck-blane ;  
And through the whins, and by the caup  
Whare hunters fand the murder'd man ;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel,  
Before him Doon foun', a' his floods ;  
The doubling storm roar'd through the woodsy ;  
The lightning, flash fane pole to pole ;  
Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze ;  
Through ilka bore<sup>6</sup> the beans were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

<sup>1</sup> Rode with careless speed  
<sup>2</sup> Humming

Peering  
Spirits.  
<sup>4</sup> Got smothered.

<sup>5</sup> Every hole in the wall.

Inspiring bold John Baileycorn !  
 What dangers thou canst mak us scorn !  
 Wi' tipenny,<sup>1</sup> we fear nae evil,  
 Wi' usquebae,<sup>2</sup> we'll face the devil !—  
 The swats sae team'd<sup>3</sup> in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he eared na deils a b'rdle  
 But Maggie stood right sau astonish'd,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventured forward on the light,  
 And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
 Wallocks and witches in a dance ;  
 Nae cotillon bient-new<sup>4</sup> sic Fiance,  
 But hounpipes, rigs, strath-peys, and reels,  
 Put life and mirthle i' their hecks :  
 At winno-k-bunker,<sup>5</sup> ' the east,  
 There sat awld Nick, in shape o' beast ;  
 A towzie tyke,<sup>6</sup> black, t, nt, and large,  
 To gie them music was his chage,  
 He screw'd the pipes<sup>7</sup> and gaiv<sup>8</sup> them sknl,<sup>9</sup>  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.<sup>10</sup>  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last thesses ;  
 And by some devlisch cantrip slight  
 Each in its cauld han'l held a light,—  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's bane in gibbet bins ;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristend bauns ;  
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab<sup>10</sup> did gape,  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blind red-rusted ;  
 Five scimitars wi' murder crasted ;  
 A gaiter, which a babe had strangled ;  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grisly han's yet stuck to the hest.<sup>11</sup>  
 Wi' mair o' naeble aw<sup>12</sup> twfu',  
 Which even to nime wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and opinions,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :  
 The piper loud and louder blew,  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;

<sup>1</sup> Two-penny ale.<sup>2</sup> Whisky.<sup>3</sup> Wrought.<sup>4</sup> Cotillon.<sup>5</sup> A kind of window

seat

<sup>6</sup> A rough dog<sup>7</sup> Made<sup>8</sup> Scream.<sup>9</sup> Vibrant.<sup>10</sup> Mouth.<sup>11</sup> Handle.

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleek't,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and teekit,<sup>1</sup>  
 And coost<sup>2</sup> her duddies<sup>3</sup> to the wark,  
 And linket<sup>4</sup> at it in her saik.<sup>5</sup>

Now Tam ! O Tam ! had they been queans,<sup>6</sup>  
 A' plump and stappin' in their teens,  
 Their saiks, instead o' creeshie flangen,<sup>7</sup>  
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder! Imen ! \*  
 Thu breeks<sup>8</sup> o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' gud blue len,  
 I wad hae gien them aff my hundies,<sup>9</sup>  
 For ae blink<sup>10</sup> o' the bonny bairies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie<sup>11</sup> haps, wad spean<sup>12</sup> a foal,  
 Lowpin'<sup>13</sup> and flingin' on a cummock,<sup>14</sup>  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach

But I am kenn'd<sup>15</sup> what was what fu' brawlie,<sup>16</sup>  
 "There was ae winsome wench and wifie,"<sup>16+</sup>  
 That might enlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;  
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perish'd mony a bonny boat,  
 And shook bath meil le corn and bear,  
 And kept the country-side in fear )  
 Her cutty saik,<sup>17</sup> o' Paisley hain,  
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
 In longitude though sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie is

Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
 That saik she oft<sup>18</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pond Scots, (twas a' her riches,)  
 Wad ev' i graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing main' com,<sup>19</sup>  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power,  
 To sing how Nannie kap and flang.<sup>20</sup>

1 Tell each old beldam  
smoked with sweat.  
2 Stript  
3 Clothes  
4 Tripped  
5 Shirt  
6 Young girls.  
Greasy flannel.

7 These breeches  
9 Hems  
10 Look  
11 Gallows-worthy  
12 Wee in  
13 Jumping and oper  
14 ing on a staff  
15 Knew

16 Full well  
18 A hearty gal and  
jolly  
20 Short shirt  
19 Pround of it.  
21 Bought.  
22 Lower  
23 Jumped and kicked

\* The manufacturers' term for a fine linen woven in a reed of 1200 divisions.  
—CROWKE  
† Allan Ramsay

(A souple jade she was, and strang,)  
 And how Tam stood, like anc bewitch'd,  
 And thought his very een enricht d,  
 Even Satan glower'd, and sidged fu' fain,  
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main  
 Till first ac caper, syncl<sup>1</sup> anither,  
 Tam tint<sup>2</sup> his reason a' thegither.  
 And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark !'  
 And in an instant r' was daik :  
 And scarcely had Le Maggie ralied,  
 Wi'en out the hellish legion salied ;  
 As bees bizz out wi' angry syke,<sup>3</sup>  
 When plundering herds assail their byke,  
 As o'en pussie's mortal foes,  
 When pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
 As eager guns the market crowd,  
 When "Catch the thief" sounds aloud ;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' mony an eldritch<sup>4</sup> screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'l get thy fairin' !  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a hemin' !  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the keystone<sup>5</sup> of the baig ;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they durra cross ;  
 But ere the keystone she could make,  
 The fient<sup>6</sup> a tail she had to shake !  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Haid upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ctle,<sup>7</sup>  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her an gray tail  
 The carlin caught her by tae rump,  
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ill man and mother's son, take heed !

<sup>1</sup> Then.

<sup>2</sup> Lost.

<sup>3</sup> Fuss.

<sup>4</sup> Hive.

<sup>5</sup> Unearthly.

<sup>6</sup> Deserte.

<sup>7</sup> Ne'er.

<sup>8</sup> De sign.

\* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller that, when he calls in with *bogles*, what ver'danger may be in its going forward, there is ne'er more hazard in turning back —B.

Whane'er to drink you are inclined,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think ! ye may buy the joys owre dear-  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

## ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

The mother of the child, the subject of the following lines, was a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, the tried friend of the poet through life. The father of the child, a Frenchman, died before it was born, and shortly afterwards the mother died, leaving the infant exposed to all the dangers of the Revolution. Fortunately an old domestic was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and the child (a boy) was restored to his friends when the revolutionary excitement was over.

Swiner floweret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
What heart o' stane would thou na move,  
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hiruples<sup>1</sup> o'er the lea,  
Clill on thy lovely form ;  
And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree  
Should shield thee from the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blaw,  
Protect thee frae the driving shower,  
The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,  
Who heals life's various stounds,<sup>2</sup>  
Protect and guard the mother-plant,  
And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,  
Fair on the summer-morn,  
Now feebly bends she in the blast,  
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,  
Upscathed by ruffian hand !  
And from thee many a patient stem •  
Arise to dec<sup>t</sup> our land !

## ELEGY ON MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

The heroine of the following beautiful lines was the daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddo. There are frequent allusions in Burns's correspondence to

<sup>1</sup> Moves slowly.<sup>2</sup> Pangs.

the beauty and amiability of this young lady. So strongly had her charms and various attractions impressed the poet, that he alluded to her in the "Address to Edinburgh."

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine :  
I see the Son of Love on high  
And own His work indeed divine,

She died of consumption at the age of twenty-three.

LIFE ne'er abdulced in so rich a prize  
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies,  
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,  
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind sweet mred, can I forget ?  
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !  
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,  
As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;  
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,  
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,  
Ye cease to charm--Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;  
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stoled ;  
Ye rugged cliff, o'erhanging dreary glens,  
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,  
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?  
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,  
And not a Muse in honest gueul bewail ?

We saw thee shone in youth and beauty's pride,  
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;  
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,  
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,  
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;  
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree ;  
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

#### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

In a letter to Graham of Fintray, enclosing a copy of "The Lament," the poet says, "Whether it is that the story of the Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past."

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,

And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out o'er the grassy lea :  
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies ;  
 But nought can glad the weary wight  
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lay-rocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing .  
 The merle, in his noon-tide bower,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring :  
 The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,  
 Sings drowsy day to rest .  
 In love and freedom they rejoice,  
 Wi' care nor th' all opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose down the brae ,  
 The hawthorn's budding up the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae ;  
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
 May love their sweets amang ;  
 But I, the queen of a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the queen o' bonny France,  
 Whae happy I ha'e been ,  
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
 As blithe lay down at c'en .  
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
 And mony a traitor there ,  
 Yet ne'er I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care .

But as far thee, thou false woman !—  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword,  
 That through thy soul shall ga  
 The weeping blood in woman's breast  
 Was never known to thee ,  
 Nor the balm that diaps on wounds of woe  
 Fiae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine !  
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !  
 God keep thee fae thy mother's face,  
 Or tu, their hearts to thee :  
 An I where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon to me may summer suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn !  
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds  
 "Wave o'er the yellow corn !  
 And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flowers that deck the spring  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

## LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

In a letter enclosing the "Lament" to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, sister of the earl, Burns says,—"My heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordly goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his lordship's entry were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me ! If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,  
 By fits the sun's departing beam  
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods  
 That waved o'er Fugay's winding stream :  
 Beneath a craggy steep, a baird,  
 Laden with years and weetle pun,  
 In loud lament bewail'd his lond,  
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,  
 Whose trunk was mouldering down with years ;  
 His locks were bleach'd white with time,  
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;  
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,  
 And as he tuned his doleful sang,  
 The winds, lamenting through their caves,  
 To Echo bore the notes alang :—

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,  
 The reliques of the veinal quire !  
 Ye woodie that shed on a' the winds  
 The honours of the aged year !  
 A few short months, and glad and gay,  
 Again ye'll claim the ear and ee ;  
 But nocht in all revolving time  
 Can gladness lang again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,  
 That long has stood the wind and rain :  
 But now has come a cruel blast,  
 And my last hold of earth is gane :

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,  
 Nae summer sun exalt my bloom ;  
 But I maun lie before the storm,  
 And others plant them in my room.

"I've seen sic mony changefu' years,  
 On earth I am a stranger grown,  
 I wander in the ways of men,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown :  
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,  
 I bear alone my ladie o' care,  
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,  
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs !)  
 My noble master lies in clay ;  
 The flower amang our bacons bold,  
 His country's pride—his country's stay !  
 In weary being now I pine,  
 For a' the life of life is dead,  
 And hope has left my aged ken,  
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !  
 'The voice of woe and wild despair,'  
 Awake ! resound thy latest lay—  
 Then sleep in silence eveman !  
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,  
 That fillest an untimely tomb,  
 Accept this tribute from the bard  
 Thou brought from Fortune's market gloom.

"In Poverty's low barten vale  
 Threch mists, oliveue, involved me round ;  
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,  
 Nae ray of fame was to be found ;  
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,  
 That melts the fogs in limpid air  
 The friendless bard and rustic song  
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh ! why has wooth so short a date ?  
 While villains ripen gray with time ?  
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,  
 Fall in bold manhood's haidy prime ?  
 Why did I live to see that day ?  
 A day to me so full of woe !  
 Oh ! had I met the mortal shaft  
 Which laid my benefactor low !

"The bridegroom may forget the bride  
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen :

The monarch may forget the crown  
 That on his head an hour has been ;  
 The mother may forget the child  
 That smiles so sweetly on her knee ;  
 But I'll remember thee, Glencann,  
 And a' that thou hast done for me ! "

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## LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, PAUL, OF WHITEFOORD, WITH THE  
 FOREGOING POEM

THOU, who thy honour as thy God reverest,  
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,  
 To thee this votive offering I impart,  
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.  
 The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved ;  
 His worth, his honour, all the world approved.  
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,  
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

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## ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, RONALDISHIRE, WITH BAYS

WHITE Virgin Spring, by Yden's flood,  
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,  
 Or prankts the sod in frostic mood,  
 Or tunes Aeolian strains between :

While Summer, with a motion grace,  
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,  
 Yet oft, delighted, stop to trace  
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
 By Tweed erects his aged head,  
 And sees, with self-approving mind,  
 Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er  
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows .

So long, sweet Poet of the year !  
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;  
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son !

## VERSES

## TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

The subject of the following lines was a great admirer of the poet, not for his poetical abilities, these not appearing to impress him much, but on account of his conversational powers, and his knowledge of human nature.

HEAR I to the Maxwell's veteran chief !  
 Health, aye unsou'd by care or grief :  
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sylf leaf  
     This natal morn ;  
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,<sup>1</sup>  
     Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,  
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven  
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given  
     To ilk<sup>2</sup> poet)  
 On thee a task o' seven times seven  
     Well yet bestow it

If envious buckies<sup>3</sup> view wi' sorrow  
 Thy lengthen'd day, on this blest morrow,  
 May Desolation's long-teach'd harrow,  
     Nine miles an hour,  
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,  
     In bruntane stoure<sup>4</sup>

But for thy friends, an' they are mony,  
 Both honest men and lasses bonny,  
 May couthie<sup>5</sup> Fortune, kind and canny,  
     In social glee,  
 Wi' mornings blithe and evenings funny,  
     Bless them and ther<sup>6</sup>

Farewel, auld birkie<sup>16</sup> I ord be near ye,  
 And then the deil be daurna steer ye.  
 Your friends aye love, your faes ayefea, ye ;  
     For me, shame fa' me,  
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,  
     While BURNS bi' y ea' me !

## THE VOWELS :

## A TALE.

'TWAS where the birch and sounding thong are plied,  
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;

<sup>1</sup> Proof

<sup>2</sup> Every

<sup>3</sup> Bucks.

<sup>4</sup> Brimstone dust

<sup>5</sup> Loving

<sup>6</sup> A term of endear-

ment

Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,  
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows ;  
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,  
In all his pedagogic powers elate,  
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,  
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,  
But, ah ! deform'd, dishonest to the sight !  
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,  
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted *ai!*  
Reluctant, E stalk'd in, with piteous face  
The jostling tears ran down his honest face !  
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,  
Pale he surrendered at the tyrant's throne !  
The pedant stilles keen the Roman sound  
Not all his mongrel diphthong can compound ;  
And next, the title following close behind,  
He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded Y !  
In sullen vengeance, I disdain'd reply :  
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,  
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,  
The wailing minister of despising woe ;  
The inquisitor of Spain the most exact  
Might there have learnt new mysteries of law,  
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering, U  
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,  
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,  
In helpless infants' tear, he dipp'd his right,  
Baptized him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

#### ADAM A—'S PRAYER

THE servant of a Muckleine minkeper having been too indulgent to one of her master's customers, several young fellows, when a little overcome with liquor, resolved on making her "ride the sting" *Anglos.* He carried through the streets astride upon a wooden pole. Having carried their victim into execution, an action of damages was the result. A small ill-favoured acquaintance of the poet's was one of the offenders, and while skulking about afraid of being apprehended, he met Burns, who suggested that he wanted praying for. "Just do't yourself, Burns, I know no one so fit," was the reply. This was the origin of Adam A—'s Prayer

GUIDE pity me, because I'm little,  
For though I am an elf o' mettle,

And can, like ony wabster's<sup>1</sup> shuttle,  
 Jink<sup>2</sup> there of here;  
 Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle,<sup>3</sup>  
 I'm unco queer.

And now thou kens our woefu' case,  
 For Geordie's jum<sup>4</sup> we're in disgrace,  
 Because we've stang'd her through the place,  
 And hurt her splicchan,  
 For which we daurna show our face  
 Within the clachan.<sup>5</sup>

And now we're dein'd<sup>6</sup> in glens and hollows,  
 And hunted, as was William Wallace,  
 Wi' constables, those blac kguard fallows,  
 And odgeis baith;  
 But gude preserve us frae the gallows,  
 That shamesu' death!

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel,  
 Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell,  
 There let him hing, and roar, and yell,  
 Wi' hideous din,  
 And if he offers to rebel,  
 Just heave him in

When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,  
 And tips auld dranken Nurse<sup>7</sup> the wink,  
 May Horne<sup>8</sup> gie her do p' t clink  
 Ahint his yett,<sup>6</sup>  
 And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,  
 Red, reekin, het.

There's Jockie and the havent Jenny,<sup>9</sup>  
 Some devils seize them in a hurry,  
 And waft them in the infernal wherry  
 Stran'gt through the lake,  
 And gie their bides a noble curvy,  
 Wi' oil o' ark.

As for the juir, poor worthless body,  
 She's got mischief enough already,  
 Wi' stang'd hips, and buttocks lib'ly,  
 She's suffer'd sau,  
 But may she wintle in a woodie,<sup>7</sup>  
 If she whorg man.

<sup>1</sup> Weaver.

<sup>4</sup> Village.

<sup>6</sup> Gate.

<sup>2</sup> Dodge.

<sup>5</sup> Hidde.

<sup>7</sup> Struggle in a halter.

<sup>3</sup> Knife.

<sup>8</sup> Geordie's wife.

<sup>9</sup> Geordie's son and daughter.

\* "Juir" is in the west of Scotland a colloquial term for "journeymen," and is often applied to a female as well as a male servant.

## VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.\*

**A**far day, as Death, that grusome earl,  
Was driving to the tither warl'  
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,  
And mony a guilt-be-potted lad;  
Black gowns of each denomination,  
And thieves of every rank and station,  
From him that wears the star and garter,  
To him that wintles in a halter—  
Ashamed humsel to see the wretches,  
He mutters, glowern<sup>1</sup> at the bitches,  
“By God, I'll not be seen behint them,  
Nor 'mang th' sp'ititul core present them,  
Without, at least, ne honest man,  
To grace this dinn'd int'nal clan”  
By Adamhill a glaice he hrew,  
“Lord God!” quoth he, “I have it now;  
There's just the man I want, i'futh!”  
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

## ON SENSIBILITY

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, MR. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY how charming,  
Thou, my friend, e'en truly tell;  
But distress, with horrors arming,  
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower! behold the lily,  
Blooming in the sunny bay.  
Let the blist sweep o'er the valley,  
See it prostrate on the clay.

Then the woodlark charm the forest,  
Telling o'er his little joys;  
Hapless bird! a prey the sunest  
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow,  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

<sup>1</sup> Staring.

\* John Rankine of Adamhill, the “rough, rude, ready witted Rankine” of the Epistle.

## LINES ON FERGUSSON.

ILL-FATED genius ! Heaven-taught Fergusson !  
 What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,  
 To think life's sun did set ere well begun  
 'To shed its influence on thy bright career ?  
 Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine  
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,  
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine  
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow !

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MRS. FONTENELLE ON HER  
 BENEFIT NIGHT

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,  
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;  
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,  
 And even children lisp the rights of man ,  
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,  
 The rights of woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,  
 One sacred right of woman is, protection.  
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,  
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,  
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,  
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second right—but needless here is caution.  
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion ;  
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,  
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.  
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
 A time, when rough, rude man, had naughty ways;  
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,  
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet !  
 Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;  
 Now, well-bred men—and ye are all well bred!--  
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners

For right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,  
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,  
 Which even the rights of kings in low prostration  
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration !  
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;  
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.  
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
 'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares--

When awful beauty joins with all her charms,  
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,  
With bloody armaments and revolutions!  
Let majesty your first attention summon,  
*Ah! *quod!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!*

#### ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD

Oft, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,  
My dear little angel, for ever,  
For ever—oh no! Let not man be a slave,  
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,  
In the dark, silent mansions of sorrow,  
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed  
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet-sad form,  
Till the spider had nipt thee in blossom,  
When thou shrank from the cowl of the loud winter storm,  
And ne fled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,  
Reclined on the lip of thy mother,  
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stilled breath  
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,  
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,  
Where the song of the good, where the hymns of the just,  
Through an endle's existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, mourns sighing sojourn  
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,  
Ever the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,  
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

#### TO A KID\*

HUMID veil of soft affection,  
Leaden si pledge of future bliss,  
Denoting of young connexions,  
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
Passion's birth, and infant's play,  
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

\* A daughter of the poet.

Sorrowing joy, a lion's last action,  
 When lingering lips no more must join,  
 What words can ever speak affection  
 So thrilling and sincere as thine !     •

## SONNET

ON BREAKING A TURKISH SING IN A MORNING WALK, WRITTEN JAN. 25  
 1795, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain.  
 See, aged Winter, 'mid his sulky reign,  
 At thy blithe carol cleaves his furrow'd brow

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
 Sits meek, Content with light univious heat,  
 Welcome, the rapid moment, bids them part,  
 Nor asks if they bring right to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of thy opening day !  
 Thou whose bright even now gilds thy orient skies !  
 Riches denied, Thy boon w<sup>s</sup> purer joy,  
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come thou child of Poverty and Care,  
 The mite high Heaven be tow'd, that mite with thee I'll shar

## IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

1795

OLD Winter with his frosty bear !  
 Thus once to Jove his pray<sup>s</sup> prefer'd --  
 "What have I done, of all the year,  
 To bear this hated doom severe ?  
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know ,  
 Night's bound carthags dreary, slow ,  
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,  
 But spleeny English hanging, drowning

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,  
 To counterbalance all this evil,  
 Give me, and I've no more to say,  
 Give me Matin's natal-day !  
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,  
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."  
 "T's done!" say Jove; so ends my story,  
 And Winter once rejoiced 'n glory.

## EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

THE Esopus of this epistle was Williamson the actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel.—“A lady,” says Allin Cunningham, “whose memory will be held in grateful remembrance, not only for her having forgiven the poet for his lampoons, but for her having written a sensible, clear, heart-warm account of him when laid in the grave.” Mrs. Riddel was a sincere friend and admirer of Burns, who quarrelled with her on account of some fancied slight Williamson was a member of the dramatic company which frequently visited Dumfries. He had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Riddel’s. While the dramatic company were at Whitehaven, the Earl of Lonsdale committed them to prison as vagrants. Burns had no favour for the Earl of Lonsdale, and managed in the episode to gratify his aversion to him, as well as his temporary anger with Mrs. Riddel. His behaviour towards the latter was as discreditable to him as Mrs. Riddel’s generosity in forgiving it was worthy of her goodness and her high opinion of his better nature.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,  
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;  
Where turnkeys make the jealous immortal last,  
And deal from iron hands the spare rep’l ;  
Where truant ’prentices, yet young in sin,  
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;  
Where stumps, relics of the drunken roar,  
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more ;  
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,  
Beat hemp for others riper for the string :  
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date  
To tell Maria her Esopus’ fate.

“Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !”  
‘Tis real hangmen real scouges bear !  
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale  
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ,  
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy poll’d,  
By bairber woven, and by barber sold,  
Though twisted smooth with Hairy’s nicest care,  
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.  
The hero of the mimic scene, no more  
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ,  
Or haughty chieftain, ‘mid the din of arms ,  
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina’s charms ;  
Whilst sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high ,  
And steal from me Maria’s prving eye  
Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress ,  
Now pruder still, Maria’s temples press  
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar ,  
And call each coxcomb to the woidy war ,  
I see her face the host of Ireland’s sons ,  
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;  
The crafty colonel leaves the tauran’d lines ,  
For other wars, where he a hero shines ,  
‘The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred ,  
Who owns a Bushby’s heart without the head ,  
Comes, ‘mid a string of coxcombs, to display  
That *vem, vix, vici*, is his way .

The shrinking bard adown in alley skulks,  
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks :  
 Though there, his heresies in church and state  
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :  
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,  
 And dares the public like a noon tide sun.  
 (What scandal call'd Maria's janty stagger  
 The racket reeling of a crooked swagger?  
 Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom when  
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,  
 And pours his vengeance in the burning lime,  
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine—  
 The idiot strum of vanity benumbed,  
 And even the abuse of poesy abused?  
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made  
 For motley, sounding fancies, stolen or stray'd?)

A workhouse! ha, that soand awakes my woes,  
 And pillows on the thorn my lack'd repose !  
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,  
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep !  
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,  
 And yernin'd gypsies litt'r'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?  
 Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?  
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,  
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?  
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse ;  
 The vices also, must they club their curse?  
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,  
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;  
 In all of these sure thy Ecopus shares.  
 As thou at all mankind the flag unsfurk,  
 Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hui is ?  
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,  
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?  
 Who says that fool alone is not thy du,  
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?  
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,  
 And dare the war with all of woman born :  
 For who can write and speak as thou and I ?  
 My periods that deciphering defy,  
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply..

#### MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE. \*

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,  
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd !

\* This was another of the poet's uncalled-for attacks on Mrs. Riddel.

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,  
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,  
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;  
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,  
Thou diedst unwept as thou liv'dst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;  
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :  
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,  
And flowers let us pull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,  
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed,  
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shover,  
For none e'er approach'd her but rug'd the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,  
Here Vanity strums on her short lyre,  
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,  
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

## POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY

Hail, Poesie ! thou nymph received !  
In chase o' thee, what crowds have swerved  
Frae common sense, or sunk encraved  
Mang heaps o' clavers,<sup>1</sup>  
An' och ! owie ait thy joes<sup>2</sup> ha'e starved  
Mid o' thy favours.

Say, Jason, why thy train amang,  
While loud the trumpet's heroic clang,  
An' sock or bitkin skep dang  
To death or marriage,  
Searec aue has aird the shepherd sang,  
But wi' miscarriage.<sup>3</sup>

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;  
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;  
Wee Pope, the knurlin,<sup>4</sup> till him lives<sup>4</sup>  
Horatian fume ;  
In thy sweet sing, Barbauld, survives  
Even Sappho's, flume.

• But thee, Thucocritus, wha matches ?  
They're no heid's ballats, Mao's catches ;

<sup>1</sup> Nonsense.<sup>2</sup> Lovers.<sup>3</sup> Dwarfish.<sup>4</sup> To him draws.

Squire Pope but busks his skinklin<sup>1</sup> patches  
 O' heathen tatters :  
 I pass, by hunders, nameless witches,  
 That ape then betters. \*

In this braw age o' wit and lear,  
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle main  
 Blaw sweetly in its native air  
 And rural grace ;  
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian share  
 A rural place ?

Yes ! there is ane , a Scottish callan--  
 There's ane , come forrit, honest Allan !  
 Thou need na jowk<sup>2</sup> behint the hallan,  
 A chiel sae clever,  
 The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,<sup>3</sup>  
 But thou's for ever !

Thon paints auld nature to the nine,  
 In thy sweet Caledonian bines,  
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,  
 Where Phlomel,  
 While mighty breezes sweep the vines,  
 Her guels will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonny lasses blench their claes ;  
 Or trots by hazely haws and bracs,  
 Wi' hawthornis gray,  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays  
 At close o' day

Thy rural loves are nature's cl,  
 Nae bombast spades o' nonsene swell,  
 Nae snap conceit—but that sweet spell  
 O' witchin' love ;  
 That charm that can the stongest quell,  
 The sternest move.

## SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, PSQ, OF GLEN RIDDLE.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more !  
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul  
 Then young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole  
 More welcome were to me than Winter's wildest roar.

<sup>1</sup> Thin or gauzy.<sup>2</sup> Hide.

Tantallon Castle.

\* Alan R.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?  
 Ye blow upon the bōd that wraps my friend!  
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?  
 That strain flows round the untimely tomb wherē Riddel lies!  
 Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!  
 And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:  
 The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,  
 Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.  
 Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,  
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

## LIBERTY:

## A FRAGMENT

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, the poet says:—“I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus.”—

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,  
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,  
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;  
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?  
 Immingled with the mighty lead,  
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!  
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death:  
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,  
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,  
 Nor give the coward secret breath.  
 Is this the power in freedom's war  
 That wont to bid the battle rage?  
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,  
 Blaved usurpation's boldest daring!  
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,  
 Crush'd the despot's proudest bearing:  
 One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,  
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

His royal visage fram'd with many a scar,  
 That Caledonian rear'd his martial form,  
 Who led the tyrant-quelling war,  
 Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood  
 Swell'd with mingling hostile blood,  
 Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,  
 And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way.  
 (Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band!  
 Oh, heavenly joy to free our native land!)  
 While high their mighty chief pour'd on the doubling storm.

## VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

WRITTEN on the blank side of the title-page of a copy of Thomson's "Select Scottish Songs," sent as a present to the daughter of Mr. Graham of Fintry.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives  
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,  
 Accept the gift, though humble he who gives ;  
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no Russian feeling in thy breast  
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among !  
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,  
 Or Love, ecstatic, wake his scaph song !

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,  
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals ;  
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,  
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

## THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,  
 I watna what's the name o' ;  
 Around it a' the patriots dance,  
 Weel Europe ken's the fame o' .  
 It stands where ance the Bastile stood,  
 A prison built by kings, man,  
 When Superstition's hellish brood  
 Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,  
 Its virtues a' can tell, man ;  
 It raises man aboon the brute,  
 It maks him ken himself, man  
 Gil ance the peasant taste a bit,  
 He's greater than a lord, man,  
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite  
 Of a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Asia's wealth,  
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man .  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,  
 And mak us a' content, man.  
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,  
 Maks high and low guid friends, man ,  
 And he wha acts the traitor's part  
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel<sup>1</sup>  
 Wha pittid Gallia's slaves, man,  
 And staw<sup>2</sup> a branch, spite o' the deil,  
 Fair yont<sup>3</sup> the western waves, man.  
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,  
 And now she sees w' pride, man,  
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,  
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious foil aye hate to see  
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man,  
 The countly vermin's bann'd the tree,  
 And grut<sup>4</sup> to see it thrive, man,  
 King Louis thought to cut it down,  
 When it was meo' sma', man,  
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown,  
 Cut off his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne,<sup>5</sup> on a time,  
 Did tak a solemn faith, man,  
 It ne'er shold flourish to its punne,  
 I wat<sup>6</sup> they pledged their faith, man;  
 Awa' they gae,<sup>7</sup> w' mock pride,  
 Like beagles hanting game, man,  
 But soon grew weary o' the trail,  
 And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,  
 Her sons did loudly ca', man,  
 She sang a sang o' liberty,  
 Which pleased them aye and a', man.  
 By her inspired, the new-born race  
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;  
 The hielings ran—her foes gied<sup>8</sup> chase,  
 And hung d the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak  
 Her poplar and her pine, man,  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,  
 And o'er her neighbour's shine, man.  
 But seek the forest round and round,  
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,  
 That sic a tree cannot be found  
 Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life  
 Is but a vyle o' woe, man.

<sup>1</sup> Man<sup>2</sup> Stab<sup>3</sup> From beyond<sup>4</sup> Wept.<sup>5</sup> Very<sup>6</sup> Then<sup>7</sup> I wot<sup>8</sup> Went

\* The allusion here is to the then recently acquired freedom of North America

A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,  
 Nae real joys we know, man.  
 We labour soon, we labour late,  
 To feed the titled knave, man;  
 And a' the comfort we're to get  
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,  
 The warld would live in peace, man;  
 The sword would help to mak a plough,  
 The din o' war wad cease, man.  
 Like brethren in a common cause,  
 We'd on each other stoule, man;  
 And equal rights and equal laws  
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon<sup>1</sup> wha wadna eat  
 • Sic halesome drunty cheer, man,  
 I'd gie my shoon frae all my feet,  
 To taste sic fu<sup>2</sup>, I swear, man  
 Sync let us pray, and England may  
 Sure plant thi far-famed tree, man;  
 And blithe we'll sing, and haul the day  
 Tha t gives us liberty, man

---

## TO CHLOES

In the Chorus of the following lines, and the heroine of no less than eleven of the poet's songs, was a Mrs. Whigham, daughter of Mr. William Lorimer, factor of Kenmure Hall, near Edinburgh. She was exceedingly beautiful. At the time Burns first acquainted with her she was living apart from her husband, a reckless spendthrift, with whom she had contracted a marry marriage, at first, for her friends did not approve of the match.

All the rest of her husband, whom she never saw but twice or three after they separated, her father died, in such worldly circumstances as left her no but to take service as a governess.

The poor, friendless, and unprotected creature, fell from the paths of virtue, and the latter years of her life were miserable on the extreme. Shortly before her death a benevolent gentleman, to whom she told her story, protected her from the most mortifying pangs which her wretched condition entailed.

Years of sin and suffering had laid the seeds of consumption, of which she died in Middleton's Entry, Pottonrow, Edinburgh, in 1817.

Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
 Not thou the guilt refuse,  
 Not with unwilling ear attend  
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
 Must bid the world adieu  
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arm.)  
 To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'erpast,  
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;  
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast  
 • Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more  
 Still much is left behind ;  
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store --  
 The comforts of the mind !

This e is the self-approving glow,  
 On conscious honour's part :  
 And, dearest gift of Heaven below,  
 Thine friendship's truest heart. \*

The joys refined of sense and taste,  
 With every Muse to love :  
 And doubly were the poet blest,  
 These joys could he improve.

## VERSES

## ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

THE Duke of Queensberry, a nobleman held in little esteem by the world, and in less by the poet, had (we quote from Mr. Robert Chambers) "stripped his domains of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, and Niddpath in Peeblesshire, of all wood fit for being cut, in order to enrich the Countess of Yarouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter, and to whom, by a singular piece of good fortune on her part, Mr. George Selwyn, the celebrated wit, also left a fortune, under the same, and probably equally mistaken, impression."

As on the banks o' wandering Nith  
 Ae smiling summer morn I stray'd,  
 And traced its bonny howes and haughs,  
 Where linnies sang and lambkins play'd,  
 I sat me down upon a craig,  
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,  
 When, from the eddying deep below,  
 Uprose the genius of the stream

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,  
 And troubled like his wintry wave,  
 And deep, as sighs<sup>1</sup> the boding wind.  
 Among his eaves, the sigh he gave —  
 "And can ye here, my son," he cried,  
 "To wander in my birken shade?  
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,  
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid !

\* "There was a time, it's nae lang syne,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye might ha'e seen me in my pride.

<sup>1</sup> Sighs.

<sup>2</sup> Since.

When a' my banks sae bravely saw  
 Their woody pictures in my tide ;  
 When hanging beech and spreading elm  
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;  
 And stately oaks their twisted arms  
 Threw broad and dark across the pool ;

" When glinting through the trees appear'd  
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,  
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,<sup>1</sup>  
 That slowly curl'd up the hill.  
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,  
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,  
 And scarce a stunted birk is left  
 To shiver in the blast its lane."

" Alas ! " said I, " what ruefu' chayce  
 Has twind<sup>2</sup> ye o' your stately trees ?  
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare ?  
 Has stripp'd the gleedings<sup>3</sup> o' your braes ?  
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,  
 That scatters blight in early spring ?  
 Or wasn't the wil'-fire scorch'd then boughs,  
 Wi' canker-worm wi' secret sting ?"

" Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied ;  
 " It blew na here sae fierce and fell ;  
 And on my dy and halesome banks  
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell :  
 Man ! cruel man ! " the genius sigh'd -  
 As through the cliffs he sank him down --  
 " The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,  
 That reptile weari a ducal crown ! "

## ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

" We have had a brilliant theatre here this season," the poet writes to Mrs. Dunlop, " only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—want of cash." I mention our theatre merely to lug in an occasional address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,  
 And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,  
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,  
 'Twould vaump my bill, said I, if nothing better :  
 So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,  
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;

<sup>1</sup> The smoke of its fire<sup>2</sup> Rest<sup>3</sup> Clothing

Said nothing like his works were ever printed,  
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted  
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,  
 "I know your bent -these are no laughing times  
 Can you - but, Miss, I own I have my fears—  
 Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,  
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,  
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance,  
 Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,  
 Waving on high the desolating brand,  
 Calling t' e storms to beat him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more - ask me the creature crying,  
 D ye think, said I this face was made for crying?  
 I'll laugh, that's pos' nay, more, the world shall know it  
 And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!  
 From as my cheer, sir, 'tis my o' d belief,  
 That Misery's another word for cheer,  
 I also think -so may I be a lude!  
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless woe,  
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye,  
 Doom'd to that sorriest task of man alive,  
 To make three guncas do the work of five  
 I wish in Misfortune's face - the bedlam wench!  
 Say you'll be merry, though you can't be rich  
 Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs ha' t' prove,  
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
 Measured in de peirite thoughts - a rope - thy neck -  
 Oh, where the beetling cliff o' clangs the deep,  
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap  
 Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,  
 Laugh at her follies - laugh on at thyself,  
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,  
 And love a kinder - that's you grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise,  
 And as we're merry, may we ne'er be wise!

---

#### TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

BURNS died within a few days of writing the following lines. Mr. Mitchell, a sincere friend of the poet, would not seem to have been aware of the pressing necessities under which he suffered at the time.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,  
 Who, wanting thee, might beg or steal.

Atake ! atake ! the meikle deil  
Wi' a' his wittches  
Are at it, skelpin'<sup>1</sup> jig and reel,  
In my poor pouches !

I modestly fu' fau' wad hant it,  
That one pound one I anly want it;  
If wi' the huzzie<sup>2</sup> down ye sent it,  
It would be kind ;  
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunte,<sup>3</sup>  
I'd bear it in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning  
To see the new come laden, groaning,  
Wi' double plenty o'er the loaning<sup>4</sup>  
To thee and thine,  
Domestic peace and comforts crowning  
The hale design.

## POSTSCRIPT

You hear I this whilk how I've been beket,<sup>5</sup>  
And by fell Death was nearly nicket;<sup>6</sup>  
Gum loun't be git in by th' fecket,  
Ane sur me sleekit,  
But by quid luck I tip a wicket,  
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o'it,  
And by that life I'm promised man o'it,  
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o'it,  
A tentier<sup>8</sup> way  
Then fareweel folly, hide and han o'it,  
For ance and aye !



## TO COLONEL LI'L PLASTER

My honou' d colonel, deep I feel  
Your interest in the poe's word.  
Ah ! now and' hauf lie I to speel<sup>9</sup>  
The steep Parnassus,  
Surrounded thus by bolus pill  
And potion classe.

Oh, what a canty<sup>10</sup> world were it,  
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it

<sup>1</sup> Duncing<sup>2</sup> Gull<sup>3</sup> Thumbed<sup>4</sup> The road I udng to<sup>5</sup> the farm<sup>6</sup> Cut off<sup>7</sup> Wintred<sup>8</sup> More careful<sup>9</sup> Climb<sup>10</sup> Hare

Arentz de Peyster, to whom these lines were addressed, in reply to kind inquiries as to the poet's health, was colonel of the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries.

And fortune favour worth and merit  
 As they deserve !  
 And aye a rowth,<sup>1</sup> roast beef and claret;  
 Sync<sup>2</sup> wha wad starve ?

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,  
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;  
 Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker<sup>3</sup>  
 I've found her still,  
 Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker,<sup>4</sup>  
 "Tween good and ill.

Then that curs'd carmagnole, auld Satan,  
 Watches, like Laudrons<sup>5</sup> by a rattoh,  
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut<sup>6</sup> on  
 Wi' felonie ;  
 Syne whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on -  
 He's aff like fire.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,  
 First showing us the tempting ware,  
 Bright wines and bonny lasses rare,  
 To put us daft ;  
 Syne weave, unseen, the spider snape  
 O' hell's damn'd wast

Poor man, the flee aft buzzes by,  
 And aft as chance he comes thec migh,  
 Thy auld damn'd elbow veuk<sup>7</sup> wi' joy,  
 And hellish pleasure ;  
 Already, in thy fancy's eye,  
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie<sup>8</sup> in he gangs,  
 And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
 Thy girning<sup>9</sup> lughi enjoys his tangs  
 And murdering wrestle,  
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs  
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,  
 To plague you with this draunting<sup>10</sup> drivel,  
 Alyuing a intentions evil,  
 "I quat my pen :  
 The Lord preserve us frae thedevil !  
 Amen ! Amen !

<sup>1</sup> Abundance

<sup>2</sup> Then

<sup>3</sup> Insecure.

<sup>4</sup> Twig.

<sup>5</sup> Cat

<sup>6</sup> Claw.

<sup>7</sup> Itches

<sup>8</sup> Topsy-turvy.

<sup>9</sup> Gunning.

<sup>10</sup> Drawing.

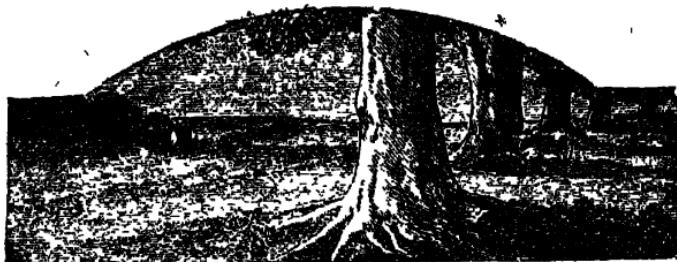
## TO MISS JESSY LEWIS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS

CUNNINGHAM says—“Miss Jessy Lewis watched over the poet and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun; she has received more—the undying thanks of the poet himself: his songs to her honour, and his simple gifts of books and verse, will keep her name and fame long ‘in the world’”

THERE be the volumes, Jessy fair,  
And with them take the poet’s prayer—  
That Fate may in her fairest page,  
With every kindest, best presage  
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;  
With native worth, and spotless fame,  
And wakful caution still aware  
Of ill—but chief, man’s felon snare  
All blameless joys on earth we find,  
And all the treasures of the mind—  
These be thy g<sup>r</sup> adian and reward,  
So pray, thy faithful friend—the Bard





## EPISTLE S.

### EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE, ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

"Rough, rude, and ready-witted," seems to have been an appropriate delineation of this intimate friend and correspondent of the poet, although he had other and more genial qualities. He was a farmer at Adamhill, near Torbolton.

With reference to the personal circumstances alluded to in Burns's epistle, Lockhart says.—"He was compelled, according to the then almost universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child, and, whatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there can be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he describes the nature of his offence."

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,  
The wale<sup>1</sup> o' cocks for fur and drinkin'  
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'  
Your dreavins\* and tricks

<sup>1</sup> Choice

\* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.—B The story of the dream is worth telling. Lord K——, it is said, was in the practice of calling all his familiar acquaintances "brutes," and sometimes "damned brutes".—"Well, ye brute, how are ye to-day, ye damned brute?" was his usual mode of salutation. Once, in company, his lordship having indulged in this rudeness more than his wont, turned to Rankine, and exclaimed, "Ye damned brute, are ye dumbl?" Have ye no queer, sly story to tell us?" "I have nae story," said Rankine, "but last night I had an odd dream" "Out with it, by all means," said the other. "Awel, ye see," said Rankine, "I dreamed I was dead, and that for keeping othir than good company upon earth I was damned. When I knocked at hell-door, wha should open it but the devil, he was in a rough humour, and said, 'Wha may ye be, and what's your name?' 'My name,' quoth I, 'is John Rankine, and my dwelling-place was Adamhill.' 'Gae wa' wi' ye,' quoth Satan, 'ye canna be here; ye're une of Lord K——'s damned brutes—hell, fit o' them already!'" This sharp rebuke, it is said, was not lost on his lordship.

Will send you, Korah-like, a'-inkin'.  
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae mony cracks and cants,<sup>1</sup>  
And in your wicked, drucken rants,  
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,  
    And fill them sou \*  
And then their failings, flaws, and wants,  
Are a' seen through.

Hypocri y, in mercy spare it !  
That holy robe, oh, dinnae tear it !  
Spur't for their sakes whi often wear it,  
    The lads in black !  
But your evant wit, when it comes near it,  
Kives't - aff then back.

I think, wicked sinner, whi ye're skuthing,<sup>2</sup>  
It's just the blue gawn bridge and clathmg†  
O' saunts, tak that, ye lea'e them naething  
    To ken them by,  
I t'no' ony unte, encrite heathen  
    I like you or I

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,  
A' that I bug in d for, and mair,  
Sic, when ye ha'e an hour to spae,  
    I will expect  
You sang & ye'll sent wi' cannie care,  
    And no neglect.

Though, futh, smir' heart ha'e I to sing !  
My mu' dow<sup>4</sup> scidle, spicid her wing !  
I've play'd mysel a bonny spring  
    And dunced my bill !  
I'd better gien an I sin't the king  
    At Bunker's Hill

"Twas ae night hiedy, in my fun,  
I gied a roving wi' the gun,

<sup>1</sup> Stories, and tricks  
Pulls it

<sup>2</sup> Injuring  
<sup>3</sup> Due

<sup>4</sup> Served

\* The allusion here is to some elder or person who had been so long kept by Rawkine as to get overcome with languor to such an extent that he would be unable to keep his legs. It has been asserted that the hero of this mischance was "Holy Willie" himself.

† "The allusion here is to a privileged class of mendicants well known in Scotland by the name of Blue Gowns,"

‡ A song he had promised the author - B

And brought a-pairick<sup>1</sup> to the grun',  
 A bonny hen,  
 And, as the twilight was begun,  
 Thought nane wad ken<sup>2</sup>.

The poor wee thing was little haurt;  
 I straikit<sup>3</sup> it a wee for sport,  
 Ne'er thinking they wad fash<sup>4</sup> me for't,  
 But, deil-ma-care!  
 Somebody tells the poacher-court  
 The hale astan.

Some auld-usel bands had ta'en a note,  
 That sic a hen had got a hot,  
 I was suspected for the pl<sup>5</sup>;  
 I scoun'd<sup>6</sup> t' lie,  
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,  
 And pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale  
 And by my ponyther and my hail,  
 And by my hen, and by her tail,  
 I vow and swear!  
 The game shall pay o'er moor and dale,  
 For this, neist year.

As soon's the clocking-time is by,  
 And the wee pouts begin to cry,  
 Lord, I se hae sportin' by and by,  
 For my gowd gunna:  
 Though I should heid the buckskin kyte  
 For't in' Virginia

Truth, they had muckle for to blame!  
 'Tw is neither broken wing nor limb,  
 But twa-three draps about the wame,  
 Scarce through the scathe  
 And baith a yellow George to claim  
 And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare,  
 So I can rhyme nor write nae man;  
 But pennyworths agam is fair,  
 When time's expedient:  
 Meanwhile I am, respecked<sup>7</sup> in,  
 Yon most obedient.

<sup>1</sup> Partridge.  
<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Stroked  
<sup>4</sup> Trouble

<sup>5</sup> Lectures.

## EPISLE TO DAVIE,

A PROFOUND POET.

DAVID SULLAR, a native of Torbolton, was for many years a schoolmaster at Irvine. He was a man of considerable accomplishments, and published a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect, which is still in request among collectors, in consequence of his connection with the great master of Scottish song Gilbert Burns's, with reference to this epistle. — "Among the earliest of his poems was the Epistle to Davie. Robert often composed without any regard to plan. When anything made a strong impression on his mind, so as to rouse it to any poetic exertion, he would give way to the impulse, and embody the thought in rhyme. If he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he would then think of proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas, hence the middle of a poem was often first produced. It was, I think, in the summer of 1784, when, in the interval of harder labour, Robert and I were weeding in the garden, that he recited to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste, that I thought it at least equal if not superior, to my Mr. All in Rumsay's epistles, and that the merit of these, and much other Scottish poetry, seemed to consist principally in the knack of the expression, but here there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scotticism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet; that, besides, there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a-lagging — Robert seemed well pleased with my criticism."

January 1795.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben I omund blaw,  
 And ba' the doots w' drivin' straw,  
 And hing us o'wre the ingle,\*  
 I set me down to pass the time,  
 And spin a verse or twa o' thyme,  
 In hamely westlin jingle.<sup>1</sup>  
 While frosty wonds blaw in the dust,  
 Ben to the chimn' lug,<sup>2</sup>  
 I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,  
 That live sae bien<sup>3</sup> and sung.  
 I tent<sup>4</sup> less, and waat less  
 Then roomy fire-side,  
 but hanker and canker  
 To see then cu'd pride  
 It's hardly in a body's power  
 To keep at times frae bein' som,  
 To see how things are shar'd,  
 How best o' chiel's<sup>5</sup> are whiles in want,  
 While coofs<sup>6</sup> on countless thousands rant,  
 And ken na how to wear't,  
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fit h<sup>7</sup> your head,  
 Though we ha'e little gear.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hamely west  
try diaict

<sup>2</sup> Chimney com  
<sup>3</sup> Comfortable  
<sup>4</sup> Heard  
<sup>5</sup> Fellows

<sup>6</sup> Goods

\* Double us up over the fire. Burns's line is a magnificent description of what may be seen on a cold winter day in a small country house, with its badly-fitting windows and doors.

We're fit to win our daily bread,  
 As lang's we're hale and fier ;<sup>1</sup>  
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na,"<sup>2</sup>  
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,<sup>3</sup>  
 The last o't, the warst o't,  
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,  
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,  
 Is doubtless great distress !  
 Yet then content could make us blest ;  
 E'en then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste  
 Of truest happiness.  
 The honest heart that's free frae a'  
 Intended fraud or guile,  
 However Fortune kick the ba',  
 Has ye some cause to smile :  
 And mind still, you'll find still,  
 A comfort this nae sma' ;  
 Nae man then, ye'll care then,  
 Nae faither can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,  
 We wander out we know not where,  
 But either house or hall ?  
 Yet nature's charms—the hill, and woods,  
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods—  
 Are free alike to all.  
 In days when daisies deck the ground,  
 And blackbirds whistle clear,  
 With honest joy our hearts will bound  
 To see the coming year :  
 On braes, when we please, then,  
 We'll sit and sowth<sup>4</sup> a tune :  
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,  
 And sing't when we hae dunc.

It's no in titles nor in rank .  
 It's no in wealth like Lon' on bank,  
 To purchase peace and rest :  
 It's no in making muckle man ;<sup>5</sup>  
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear ;  
 To make us truly blest ;  
 If happiness hae not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest :  
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
 Could make us happy lang :  
 The heart aye's the part aye  
 That makes us right or wrang.

<sup>1</sup> Whole and sound.<sup>2</sup> More ask not, nor fear not.<sup>3</sup> Fig.<sup>4</sup> Whistle.<sup>5</sup> Much more.

Think ye that sic<sup>3</sup> as you and I,  
 Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,  
 Wi' never-ceasing toil :  
 Think ye, are we less blest than they \*  
 Wha scarcely tent<sup>2</sup> us in their way,  
 As hardly worth their while ?  
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,  
 God's creatures they oppress b  
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,  
 They riot in excess !  
 Baith careless and fearless  
 Of either heaven or hell !  
 Esteeming and deeming  
 It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;  
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,  
 • By pining at our state ;  
 And, even should misfortunes come,  
 I here wha sit ha'e met wi' some,  
 An s'thankfu' for them yet  
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;  
 They let us ken oursel' ;  
 They make us see the naked truth,  
 The real guid and ill.  
 Though losses and crosses  
 Be lessons right severe,  
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,  
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, aec o' hearts !  
 (To say naught less wad wrang the cutes,  
 And flattery I detest.)  
 This life ha joy<sup>4</sup> for you and I ;  
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy :  
 And joys the very best.  
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,  
 The lover and the frien' ;  
 Ye ha'e your Meg,\* your dear ' part  
 And I my duling Jean !  
 It warms me, it charms m ,  
 • To mention but her name  
 It heats me, it beats<sup>3</sup> me,  
 And sets me a' on flame !

Oh, all ye powers who rule above !  
 O Thou, whose very self art love !  
 Thou know'st my words sincere !  
 The life-blood streaming through my heart,

<sup>1</sup> Such

<sup>2</sup> Heed.

<sup>3</sup> Rekindles.

\* Sillar's sweetheart was a lass if the name of Margaret Orr. She did not become Mrs. Sillar.

Or my more dear immortal part,  
Is not more fondly dear!  
When heart-corroding care and grief  
Deprive my soul of rest,  
Her dear idea brings relief  
And solace to my breast.  
Thou Being, all-seeing,  
Oh, hear my fervent prayer!  
Still take her, and make her  
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!  
The smile of love, the friendly tear,  
The sympathetic glow!  
Long since, this world's thorny way,  
Had number'd out my weary days,  
Had it not been for you?  
Fate still has blest me with a friend,  
In every cape and ill,  
And oft a more endearing band,  
A tie more tender still.  
It lightens, it brightens  
The tenebrous scene,  
To meet with, and greet with  
My Davie or my Jean!

Oh, how that name inspires my style!  
The words come skelpin',<sup>1</sup> rank and file,  
Amaist before I ken!<sup>2</sup>  
The ready measure trips as fine  
As Phoebus and the famous Nine  
Were glowerin' owre my pen.  
My spavinet<sup>3</sup> Pegasus will limp,  
Till ance he's fairly het,  
And then he'll hinch, and stilt, and jump,<sup>4</sup>  
And un an unco fit:  
But last lauch, the beast then,  
Should rue this hasty ride,  
I'll light now, and dight<sup>5</sup> now  
His sweaty, wizend<sup>6</sup> hide.

## EPISLLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARB.

JOHN LAPRAIK was a rustic votary of the Muses. Burns speaks of him as that "very worthy and facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalham, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some

<sup>1</sup> Dancing.<sup>2</sup> Know.<sup>3</sup> Spavined.<sup>4</sup> Hobble, hilt, and jump.<sup>5</sup> Wipe.<sup>6</sup> Withered.

connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, the Ayr Bank."

April 1, 1785.

WHILE bluers and woodlimes budding green,  
And patricks scratchin' loud at e'en,  
And mornyg poussie<sup>2</sup> whiddin seen,  
Inspie my Muse,  
This freedom in an unknown fien'.  
I pray excuse

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',<sup>\*</sup>  
To ca' the crack<sup>3</sup> and weave our stockin';  
And there was muckle fun and jokin',  
Ye needna doubt;  
At length we had a hearty yokin'<sup>4</sup>  
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,  
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
That some kind husband had address  
To some sweet wife:  
It thurl'd the heart-strings through the breast,  
A' to the life †

I've scarce heard aught described sae weel,  
What generous manly bosoms feel;  
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,  
Or Beattie's wark? "  
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel<sup>5</sup>  
About Muirkirk.

It pat me sidgin-suin<sup>6</sup> to hear't,  
And sae about him there I spier't,<sup>7</sup>  
Then a' that kent<sup>8</sup> him round declair'd  
He had mgme;<sup>9</sup>  
That name excell'd it, few can hear't,  
It was sae fine

That, set him to a pint of ale,  
And either douce<sup>10</sup> or merly tale.  
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,  
• Or witty catche.  
'Twae Inverness and Teytoddale  
He had few matchs.

<sup>1</sup> Partridges screaming

<sup>2</sup> The haur

<sup>3</sup> To drive the talk.

<sup>4</sup> Bout

<sup>5</sup> Fellow

<sup>6</sup> Made me fidget with

<sup>7</sup> desire

<sup>8</sup> Inquired

<sup>8</sup> Knew

<sup>9</sup> Genius

<sup>10</sup> Sober

\* Lads and lasses used to meet in a neighbour's house, the lasses launging their knitting or sewing with them, some of them even carrying their distaff with them, so that the homely duties might be engaged in while the flirting, the song, and the gossip prevailed. A meeting of this kind was termed "a rockin'."

† The title of this song is, " When I upon thy bosom lean "

Then up I gat, and swore an alith,  
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,<sup>1</sup>  
Or die a cadger pownie's death,

At some dike back,  
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith  
To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,  
Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
I t' the cramblo-jingle<sup>2</sup> sell,  
Though rude and rough :  
Yet crooning<sup>3</sup> to a body's sel  
Doe' weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sensit,  
But just a rhymers, like by chance,  
And ha'e t' learning nae p'efence,  
Yet what the mattēr ?  
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,  
And say, "How can you e'er propose,  
You, wha ken hardly verse frae pro'e,  
To mak a sangy"  
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
Ye're maybe wiang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,  
Your Latin names for horns and stools ;  
If honest nature made you fools,  
What sairs your grammar, ?  
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,  
Or kappin'-hanumers.\*

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,<sup>4</sup>  
Confuse their brains in college classes !  
They gang in stirks,<sup>5</sup> and come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak ;  
And syne<sup>6</sup> they think to climb Parnassus  
By dipt o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire !  
That's a' the learning I desire ;  
Then, though I drudge through dub and mire  
At pleugh or cait,  
My Muse, though ha'nely in attire,  
May touch the heart.

<sup>1</sup> Tackle

<sup>2</sup> Doggerel versifying

<sup>3</sup> Humming

<sup>4</sup> Blawhhead

<sup>5</sup> Year old cattle.

<sup>6</sup> Then.

\* Hammers for breaking stones

Oh for a spunk o' Allan's<sup>1</sup> glee,  
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and sree,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,  
     If I can hit it !  
 That would be leär enough for me,  
     If I could get it !

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,  
 Though real friends I b'lieve are few,  
 Yet, if your catalogue be fu',  
     I se no insist,  
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,  
     I'm on your list.

I winna<sup>3</sup> blaw about mysel ;  
 As ill I like my faults to tell ;  
 But friends and folk that wish me well,  
     They sometimes roose<sup>4</sup> me ;  
 Though I maun own, as mony still  
     As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut<sup>5</sup> they whiles lay to me,  
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !  
 For mony a pack they wheedle frac me,  
     At dance or fan ;  
 Maybe some ither thing they gie me,  
     They eel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,  
 I should be proud to meet you there ;  
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to Carr,  
     If we forgather,  
 And hae a swap<sup>6</sup> o' rhymin' ware  
     Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap,<sup>7</sup> we'se gai<sup>8</sup> him clatter,  
 And kirsen<sup>9</sup> him wi' reekin' water ;  
 Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,<sup>10</sup>  
     To cheer our heart,  
 And faith, we'se be acquainted better  
     Before we part.

There's naething like the honest happy !<sup>11</sup>  
 Whar'll ye e'er see men sae happy,  
 Or women<sup>12</sup> sonsic, soft, and sappy ?  
     'Tween morn and morn,  
 As them wha like to taste the drappy  
     In glass or horn !

<sup>1</sup> Allan Ramsay

<sup>6</sup> Small fault.

<sup>9</sup> Christen

<sup>2</sup> Sly

<sup>6</sup> An exchange.

<sup>10</sup> Hearty draught.

<sup>3</sup> Will not.

<sup>7</sup> Measure

<sup>11</sup> Whisky

<sup>4</sup> Praise.

<sup>8</sup> Like

I've seen me daist<sup>1</sup> upon a time,  
 I scarce could wink, or see a styme,<sup>2</sup>  
 Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,<sup>\*</sup>  
     Aught less is little,  
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,  
     As gleg's a whittle!<sup>3</sup>

Awa' ye selfish wau'ly race,  
 Wha think that havins,<sup>4</sup> sense, and grace,  
 E'en love and friendship, should give place  
     To catch-the-plack!<sup>5</sup>

I dinna like to see you face,  
     Not hear your crack

But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
 Whose hearts the tide o' kindness warms,  
 Who hold your being on the terms,  
     "Each aid the others,"

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
     My friends, my brothers.

But, to conclude my long epistle,  
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle,  
 Twa lines fae you would gau me fissle,<sup>6</sup>  
     Who am, most fervent,  
 While I can either sing or whissle,  
     Your friend and servant

## SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK

It is easy to see that Burns—notwithstanding his humility and his praise and worship of the humbler lights of Scottish song, several of whom are only now known to their countrymen through his allusions and laudations—knew his power. One would much like to know what was the real feeling regarding him of those for whose benefit in his early *pistles* he lavished such a wealth of poetic imagery.

5.

JULY 21, 1795.

Wha' new-ca'd kye rowte<sup>7</sup> at the stake,  
 And pownies reek<sup>8</sup> in pleugh or braik,<sup>9</sup>  
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,  
     To own I'm debtor  
 To h' nest-hearted, wild Lapraik,  
     For his kind letter.

Fougesket sun,<sup>10</sup> wi' weary legs,  
 Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,\*

<sup>1</sup> Stupid.<sup>2</sup> See in the least.<sup>3</sup> As keen as a knife.<sup>4</sup> Decorum.<sup>5</sup> To seek after money.<sup>6</sup> Bustle.<sup>7</sup> Driven cows low.<sup>8</sup> Smoke.<sup>9</sup> Harrow.<sup>10</sup> Worn sore with fa-

tigue.

\* He had been sowing—very heavy work—now rendered needless through the introduction of machinery.

Or dealing through amang the naigs  
 Their ten-hours' bite,  
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs  
 I woulna write.

The tapetless runfeezed hizzie,<sup>1</sup>  
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,  
 Quo' she, " Ye ken, we've been sae busy,  
 This month and mair,  
 That, trouth, my head is grown richt dizzy,  
 And something stir."

Her dows<sup>2</sup> excuses pat me mad.  
 "Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!"<sup>3</sup>  
 I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,<sup>4</sup>  
 This ver'a night;  
 So dinna ye affront yoar trade,  
 But rhyme it right

"Shall bauld Lapatrik, the kipp o' hearts,  
 Though mankind were a pack o' cates,  
 Roosy you sae weel for your deserts,  
 In terms sae friendly,  
 Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,  
 And thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,<sup>5</sup>  
 And down gaed stumpie in the ink:  
 Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,  
 I vow I'll close it,  
 And if ye winna mak it clink,  
 By Jove I'll pose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
 In rhyme, or prose, or bath thegither,  
 Or some hotch potch<sup>6</sup> that's rightly neither,  
 Let time mak proof,  
 But I shall scribble down some blether<sup>7</sup>  
 Just clean aff-loot!

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and cup,  
 Though Fortune use you hard and slipp,  
 Come, kittie<sup>8</sup> up your moorland-harp  
 Wi' gleesome touch!  
 Ne'er mind how Fortune wast and wap;  
 She's but a bitch.

1 The heedless and ex-  
hausted jade

2 Silly

1 Lazy jude

2 Quantity

5 Twinkling

6 Nonsense

7 Luck

\* Hotch-potch, the name of a soup made of all sorts of vegetables. No other explanation can give the meaning the poet intended conveying.

† Scotticism for extemporaneous

She's gien me mony a jirt and steg,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sin' I could striddle ower a rig ;  
 But, by the Lord, though I should beg  
     Wi' lyart pow,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,  
     As lang's I dow !<sup>3</sup>

Now comes the sax and twentieth summer  
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,<sup>4</sup>  
 Still persecuted by the limmer<sup>5</sup>  
     Fiae year to yeai :  
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,<sup>6</sup>  
     I, Rob, am here,

Do ye envy the city gent,  
 Behint a kist to lie and sk'ent,\*  
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent.  
     And muckle wainc,<sup>7</sup>  
 In some bit brugh to represent  
     A bailie's name ?

Or is't the paughty,<sup>8</sup> feudal thane,  
 Wi' ruffled saik and glancing cane,  
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,  
     But lordly stalks,  
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,  
     As by he walks.

O Thou wha gies us each guid gift !  
 Gie me o' wit and sense a list,  
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,  
     Through Scotland wide ;  
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,  
     In a' their pride !

Were this the charter of our state,  
 "On pain o' hell be rich and great,"  
 Damnation then would be our fate  
     Beyoud remead ;  
 But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate  
     We learn our creel

For thus the royal mandate ran,  
 When first the human race began,  
 "The social, friendly, honest man,  
     Whate'er he be,  
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,  
     And none but he !"

<sup>1</sup> Given me many a  
jerk and fright  
<sup>3</sup> Gray head.

<sup>2</sup> Can  
<sup>4</sup> Timber.  
<sup>5</sup> Ja le

<sup>6</sup> Girl  
<sup>7</sup> Big paunch.  
<sup>8</sup> Haughty.

\* Behind a counter to lie and leer.

O mandate, glorious and divine !  
 The ragged follower, o' the Nine,  
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine  
     In glorious light,  
 While sordid sons o' Mammon's line  
     Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, and squeeze, and grow<sup>i</sup>,  
 Their worthless nievfu<sup>ii</sup> of a soul  
 May in some future carcase howl,  
     The forest's fright ;  
 Or in some day-detesting owl  
     May shun the light.

Then may Lapruk and Burns arise,  
 To reach their native kindied skies,  
 And sing then pleasure, hopes, and joy,  
     In some mild sph<sup>e</sup>re,  
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties  
     Each passing year !

EPIS<sup>G</sup>LE III TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS

JOHN GOUDIE'S ESSAY ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES APPEARED IN 1781, AND ATTRACTED A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF ATTENTION. HE WAS A TRADESMAN IN KILMARNOCK. THE FOLLOWING EPIS<sup>G</sup>LE WAS SENT TO HIM ON THE PUBLICATION OF A NEW EDITION OF HIS WORK.

O GOUDIE ! terror of the Whigs,  
 Dread of black coats and powdered wigs,  
 Sour Bigotry, on her fat legs,  
     Gunning,<sup>iii</sup> looks back,  
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues  
     Would seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowlin'<sup>iv</sup> Superstition,  
 Was me ! she's in a sul condition,  
 Lie ! bring Black Jock,<sup>v</sup> her sul physician,  
     To see her water  
 Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion  
     Shall ne'er get better

Auld Orthodoxy long did grapple,  
 But now she's got an unco ripple,<sup>vi</sup>  
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel,  
     Nigh unto death ;  
 See how she fetches at the thiapple,<sup>vii</sup>  
     And gasps for breath !

<sup>i</sup> Handful  
<sup>ii</sup> Gunning

<sup>iii</sup> Puns in the lack  
and loans

<sup>iv</sup> Thirst

\* The Rev. John Russell, Kilmarock

Enthusiasm's past redemption,  
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,  
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,<sup>1</sup>  
     Will ever mend her.  
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption  
     Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor<sup>\*</sup> are the chief,  
 Wha ate to blame for this mischief;  
 But gin the Lord's am folk gat leave,  
     A toom<sup>2</sup> tar-barrel  
 And twa red peats<sup>3</sup> wad send relief,  
     And end the quarrel.

## EPISILE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON.

OCHTREE.

WILLIAM SIMPSON was schoolmaster of the parish of Ochiltree. Mr Chambers tells us that he had sent the poet a rhymed epistle in praise of the "Two Herds."

May 1785

I GAT your letter, winsome<sup>4</sup> Willie ;  
 Wi' gratch'd heart I thank you brathie,<sup>5</sup>  
 Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,  
     And unco vain,  
 Should I believe, my coavin' bilie<sup>6</sup>  
     Your flatterin' strum.

But I se believe ye kindly meant it,  
 I suld be laith to think ye hinted  
 Ironic satire, sideins skleinted<sup>7</sup>  
     On my poor Musie ;  
 Though in sic phrasim & terms ye've peultit it  
     I scarce excuse ye.

My sense wad be in a creel,<sup>8</sup>  
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,  
 Wi' Allan or wi' Gilberthield<sup>†</sup>  
     The braces o' fame ;  
 Or Fergusson,<sup>§</sup> the winter chiel,  
     A deathless name.

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge<sup>2</sup> Finity<sup>3</sup> Two burning peats<sup>4</sup> Hearty<sup>5</sup> Heartily<sup>6</sup> Fellow<sup>7</sup> Obliquely directed<sup>8</sup> Flattering<sup>\*</sup> Dr Taylor of Norwich - *E*<sup>†</sup> In the vernacular a man wrong about the head is said to be in a creel<sup>‡</sup> Allan Ramsay, and William Hamilton of Gilberthield, a contemporary of Ramsay's<sup>§</sup> Robert Fergusson, the poet

(O Fergusson, thy glorious parts  
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts!  
 My care upon your whunstane hearts,  
 Ye Enbrugh gentry!  
 The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes  
 Wad stow'd his pantry?)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,  
 O lasses gie my heart a screed,<sup>1</sup>  
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,  
 (O sad disease!)  
 I kittle<sup>2</sup> up my rustic reed,  
 It gies me ease.

Auld Coila<sup>3</sup> now may fidge fu' sun,<sup>3</sup>  
 She's gotten poets o' her am,  
 Chiel<sup>4</sup> wha then chanters winna haun,<sup>5</sup>  
 But tare their lays,  
 Till echoes a' resound again  
 Hie weel sing praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,  
 To set her name in measured style;  
 She lay like some unkenn'd of isle  
 Beside New Holland,  
 Or where wild-meeting oceans boil  
 Besouth Magellan

Ramsay and famous Fergusson  
 Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;  
 Yarrow and Tweed, to mony a tune,  
 Owre Scotland rings,  
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,  
 Nachbody sings.

Th' Hlasses, Liben, Chaney, and Semie,  
 Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!  
 But, Willie, set you fit to mope,  
 And cock your crest,  
 We'll gat<sup>6</sup> our streams and burns fine  
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fu',  
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bell,  
 Her banks<sup>7</sup> and braes, her dens and dell,  
 Where glorious Wallace  
 Aft bare the gipe,<sup>7</sup> as story tells,  
 Frae southron billics.

<sup>1</sup> Rent.<sup>2</sup> Tickle.<sup>3</sup> Fidget with joy.<sup>4</sup> Fellows.<sup>5</sup> Will not spare.<sup>6</sup> Make.<sup>7</sup> Oft bore the bell.<sup>\*</sup> Burnes often used this phrase in speaking of the district of Kyle.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood  
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !  
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode  
     By Wallace' side,  
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,<sup>1</sup>  
     Or glorious died.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs<sup>2</sup> and woody,  
 When linnwhites chant amang the buds,  
 And jinkin'<sup>3</sup> hares, in amorous whids,<sup>\*</sup>  
     Their loves enjoy,  
 While through the braes the cushat croods,<sup>4</sup>  
     With waulfu' cry !

Even winter bleak has charms to me,  
 When winds rave throu' the naked tree,  
 Or frost on hills of Ocl. tree  
     Are hoary gray :  
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,  
     Darkening the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms,  
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !  
 Whether the summer kindly warms  
     Wi' life and li' it,  
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,  
     The lung, dark night !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand<sup>5</sup> her,  
 Till by himself he learn'd to wander,  
 Adown some trotting burn's, in under,  
     And no think lang ;  
 Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder  
     A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may dridge and drive,  
 Hog-shouther, jundie,<sup>6</sup> stretch, and stuve—  
 Let me fan N'ture's face deserve,  
     And I, wi' pleasure,  
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive  
     Bum owie then treasure.

I fareweel, "my thyme-composing brither!"  
 We've been owie lang unkenn'd to other;<sup>7</sup>  
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,  
     In love fraternal ;  
 May Envy wallop in a tether,<sup>8</sup>  
     Black hend, infernal !

<sup>1</sup> Their shoes red in blood.

<sup>2</sup> Meadows.

<sup>3</sup> Dodging.

<sup>4</sup> Coos.

<sup>5</sup> Found.

<sup>6</sup> Jostle, push.

<sup>7</sup> Too long unknown to each other.

<sup>8</sup> Rope.

\* A word expressive of the quick, nimble movements of the hare.

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;  
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,<sup>\*</sup>  
 While *terra firma* on her axis  
     Divinal turns,  
 Count on a friend, in faith and practice,  
     In ROBERT BURNS.

## POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen :<sup>1</sup>  
 I had amairt forgotten clean  
 Ye bade me write you what they mean  
     By this New Light,<sup>†</sup>  
 'Bout which our heids sae aft hae been  
     Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but *callan*,<sup>2</sup>  
 At grammar, logic, and sic talents,  
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,  
     Or rules to gie,  
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braud lallans,<sup>3</sup>  
     Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,  
 Just like a sark, or pair of shoon,  
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon<sup>4</sup>  
     Gaed past their viewing,  
 And shortly after she was done,  
     They gat a new one.

This pass'd for certain--undisputed :  
 'It ne'er cam i' then heads to doubt it,  
 Till chiel<sup>5</sup> gat up and wad confute it,  
     And ca'd it wrang ;  
 And muckle din there was about it,  
     Baith loud and lang.

Some heids, weel learn'd up<sup>6</sup> the leuk,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wad threap<sup>7</sup> auld folk the thing n'esteuk ;  
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a muk,<sup>8</sup>  
     Apt out o' sight,  
 And backlin<sup>9</sup>-comin', to the leuk  
     She grew mair bright.

This was denied -- it was affirm'd ;  
 The heids and hisels<sup>10</sup> were alarm'd ,

<sup>1</sup> Pm.<sup>2</sup> Juveniles<sup>3</sup> Lowland speech<sup>4</sup> Shred<sup>5</sup> Fellows<sup>6</sup> Book<sup>7</sup> Augt<sup>8</sup> Corner<sup>9</sup> Backwards<sup>10</sup> Flocks

\* Sheep which have died of disease are called Braxies.

† An allusion to the "Twa Herds."

The reverend gray-beards raved and storm'd  
 That beardless laddies  
 Should think they better were inform'd,  
 Than then auld daddies.<sup>1</sup>

Frae less to man it gae'd to sticks;  
 Frae words and aiths to clouts, and micks;<sup>2</sup>  
 And mony a fellow gat his licks,<sup>3</sup>  
 Wi' hearty grunt<sup>4</sup>  
 And some, to learn them for their tricks,  
 Were hang'd and brunt.

This game <sup>w</sup>is play'd in mony lands,  
 And Aul' Light caddies bare<sup>5</sup> sic hands  
 That, fause, the youngsters took the sands  
 Wi' muckle shanks;<sup>6</sup>  
 Till land, forbade, by strict commands,  
 Sic bludny pranks.

But New-Light heids<sup>7</sup> gat sic a cowe,<sup>8</sup>  
 Folk thought them run'd sick and stowe,<sup>9</sup>  
 Till now amang on every knowe  
 Yell find ane placed,  
 And some then New-Light fan avow,  
 Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin',  
 Then zealous heids are vex'd and sweatin',  
 Mysel, I've even seen them gieetin'<sup>10</sup>  
 Wi' gamin' spite,  
 To hear the moon sic sadly lied on,  
 By word and wite

But shortly they will cowe the loons;<sup>11</sup>  
 Some Auld-Light heids in neibor towns  
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloon  
 To tak a flight,  
 And stay ae month amang the moons,  
 And see them right.

Gud observation they will gie them;  
 And when the auld moon's gaun to le'e them,  
 The hindmost shand,<sup>12</sup> they'll fetch it wi' them,  
 Just i' their pouch,  
 And when the New-Light billies<sup>13</sup> see them,  
 I think they'll crouch!

<sup>1</sup> Fathers.

<sup>2</sup> Blows and cuts.

<sup>3</sup> Gt a beating.

<sup>4</sup> Dint.

<sup>5</sup> Follows bore.

<sup>6</sup> Legs.

<sup>7</sup> Such a fright.

<sup>8</sup> Stump and rump.

<sup>9</sup> Crying.

<sup>10</sup> Rascals.

<sup>11</sup> Last shree.

<sup>12</sup> Fellows.

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter<sup>1</sup>  
 Is naething but a "moonshie matter;"  
 But though dull pose-folk I am 'platter  
     In logic tulzie,<sup>2</sup>  
 I hope we bardies ken some better  
     Than mind sic bluzie.<sup>3</sup>

## THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

September 13.

God speed and funder<sup>4</sup> to you, Johnny,  
 Gud health, hale han's, and weather bonny;  
 Now when ye're nickan<sup>5</sup> down fu' canny  
     The staf o' bread,  
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y  
     To clear your head.

May Boreas never thrash your ings,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor kick your twybles<sup>7</sup> aff your legs,  
 Sendin' the stuf o'er muns and haggs,<sup>8</sup>  
     Like drivin' wrack;  
 But may the tapmest grain that wigs  
     Come to the sack

I'm bizzie too, and skelpin'<sup>9</sup> at it,  
 But bitter, daurlin'<sup>10</sup> showers hae wat it,  
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gut it  
     Wi' minkle wark,  
 And took my jocteleg and whatt it,<sup>11</sup>  
     Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your dicator,  
 For your law, nameless, dateless letter,  
 Abuson' me for harsh ill nature  
     On holy men,  
 While del a hair yoursel ye're better,  
     But man<sup>12</sup> profane

But let the kirk-folk sing their led's,  
 Let's sing about our noble scots,  
 We'll cry nae jads<sup>13</sup> frae heathen hills  
     To help or rooze us,  
 But brawster wives<sup>14</sup> and whisky stills,  
     They ate the muses

<sup>1</sup> Good speed.<sup>2</sup> Contention.<sup>3</sup> Broils.<sup>4</sup> Cutting.<sup>5</sup> Stooks or shocks of

coff

<sup>6</sup> Morasses<sup>7</sup> Driving at it<sup>8</sup> Wind-driven<sup>9</sup> Cleap-knife and shar-

peded it

<sup>10</sup> Muses<sup>11</sup> A. L. C. G. V. - 8<sup>12</sup> Good speed and better than that.<sup>13</sup> Never shake the corn in your judges.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,  
 And if ye mak objections at it,  
 Then han' in nieve<sup>1</sup> some day we'll knot<sup>2</sup> it,  
 And witness take,  
 And when wi' usquebac we've wat it,  
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks<sup>3</sup> be spared  
 Till kye-be gaun<sup>4</sup> without the herd,  
 And a<sup>5</sup> the vittel<sup>6</sup> in the yaid,  
 And theekit<sup>6</sup> right,  
 I mean your ingle-side to guard  
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vite<sup>7</sup>  
 Shall make us baith sae blithe and witty,  
 Till ye forget ye're auld and gaffy,<sup>8</sup>  
 And be as canty<sup>9</sup>  
 As ye were nine year less than thirtie,<sup>9</sup>  
 Sweetane and twenty!

But stooks are cowpit<sup>10</sup> wi' the blast,  
 And now the sinn keeks<sup>11</sup> in the west,  
 Then I maun rin amang the rest,  
 And quat my chanter,  
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste,  
 Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

## EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

The Rev. John M'Math was at the time this epistle was sent assistant to the  
 Rev. Peter Wodrow of Torbolton

September 17, 1788

WHILE at the streak the sheareis<sup>12</sup> cower  
 To shun the bitter blaudin'<sup>13</sup> shower,  
 Or in guhavage rinnin' scower<sup>14</sup>  
 To pa<sup>15</sup> the time,  
 To you I dedicate the hour  
 In idle rhyme.

My Music, tired wi' mony a sonnet  
 On gown, and ban', and douce<sup>16</sup> black bonnet,

<sup>1</sup> Hand in fist

<sup>7</sup> Frad

<sup>10</sup> The reapers

<sup>2</sup> Bind

<sup>8</sup> Happy

<sup>11</sup> Peeling

<sup>3</sup> Bridle

<sup>9</sup> Thirty

<sup>12</sup> Run riotously for

<sup>4</sup> Gong

<sup>10</sup> Overturned.

amusement.

<sup>5</sup> Victim

<sup>11</sup> Sun blinky.

<sup>13</sup> Sedate.

<sup>6</sup> Thatched.

Is grown right eerie<sup>1</sup> now she's done it,  
Lest they should blame her,  
And rouse their holy thunder on it  
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,  
That I, a simple, country bardie,  
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,  
Wha, if they ken me,  
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,  
Louse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,  
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,  
Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,  
Then taxin'<sup>2</sup> conscience,  
Whase grief, revenge, and pride illgraces  
Waur nor thou nonsense.

There's Gawn \* misca't<sup>3</sup> waur than a beast,  
Wha has mair honour in his breast  
Than mony scores as guid's the priest  
Wha sae abuse't him.  
And may a bauld no crack his jest  
What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,  
The gentleman in word and deed,  
And shall his fame and honour bled  
By worthless skellums,<sup>4</sup>  
And not a muse erect her head  
To cove the blellums?<sup>5</sup>

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,  
To gie the rascals their deserts,  
I'd rip them rotten, hollow hearts,  
And tell aloud  
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts,  
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,  
Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colours hid be  
Just for a screen.

<sup>1</sup> Timorous  
<sup>2</sup> Stretching

<sup>3</sup> Misnamed  
<sup>4</sup> Witches

<sup>5</sup> Fellow

An honest man may like a glass,  
 An honest man may like a lass,  
 But mean revenge, and malice fause,<sup>1</sup>  
     He'll still disdain,  
 And then cry zeal for gospel laws,  
     Like some weken.

They take religion in their mouth :  
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,  
 For what?—to gie their malice skonth<sup>2</sup>  
     On some puin wight,  
 And hunt him down, o'er right and writh,  
     To run straight

All hail, Religion ! maid living!  
 Pardon a Muse sae mean — muse,  
 Who, in ~~get~~ rough imperfect life,  
     Thus daurs to name thee;  
 To stigmatise false friends of thine  
     Can ~~ne'er~~ defame thee.

Though blotcht and foul wi' mony a stain,  
 And far unworthy of thy train,  
 With trembling voice I tune my strain  
     To join with those  
 Who boldly durst thy cause mantam  
     In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,  
 In spite o' undermining jobs,  
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs  
     At worth and merit,  
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,  
     But hellish spirit.

O Ayrl! my deil, my native ground,  
 Within thy presbyterian bound,  
 A candid liberal land is found  
     Of public teachers,  
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,  
     And manly preachers,

Sir, in that circle you are named,  
 Sir, in that circle you are famed,  
 And some, by whom your doctrine's blamed,  
     (Which gies you honour),  
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,  
     And winning manner.

<sup>1</sup> False

<sup>2</sup> Scope

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,  
 And if impertinent I've been,  
 Impute it not, good sir, in ane  
     Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,  
 But to his utmost would befriend'  
     Aught that belang'd yc.

## SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NIBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er yom debtor,  
 For your auld-sarrant<sup>1</sup> frien'ly letter,  
 Though I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,  
     Ye speak sic fair,  
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter  
     Some less maun san.<sup>2</sup>

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;  
 Lang may your elbuid<sup>3</sup> pink and diddle,<sup>4</sup>  
 To cheer you through the weary widdle,<sup>5</sup>  
     O' warly cares,  
 Till bauns<sup>6</sup> bauns kindly cuddle<sup>7</sup>  
     Your auld gray hairs.

But Davie, mao, I'm rede ye're glairkit;<sup>8</sup>  
 I'm tauld the Muse ye haes negieikit,  
 And gif it's sac, ye ~~and~~ be hicket  
     Until ye syke;<sup>9</sup>  
 Sic bauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,<sup>10</sup>  
     Be haunt<sup>11</sup> wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink  
 Rivin' the word, to gaur them clink;  
 Whiles dais't wi' love, while<sup>12</sup> dais't wi' dink,  
     Wi' jads or mascons;  
 And whiles, but aye owie late, I th'ink  
     Blaw sober lessons

Of a<sup>13</sup> the thoughtless sons o' man, •  
 Commen' me to the burdie clan;  
 Except it be some idle pluin  
     O' rhymin' clink,  
 The devil-haek<sup>14</sup> that I sud han,  
     They ever think

<sup>1</sup> Sagacious.<sup>2</sup> Must serve.<sup>3</sup> Elbow dodge and jerk.<sup>4</sup> Struggle.<sup>10</sup> The devil a bit.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',  
 Nae care to gie us joy or grievin';  
 But just the pouchie put the sieve<sup>1</sup> in,  
     And while aught's there,  
 Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',  
     And fash'd nae mair.

Leeze me<sup>4</sup> on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,  
 My chief, amang my only pleasure,  
 At hame, a-siel', at wark, or leisure,  
     The Muse, poor hizzie!<sup>5</sup>  
 Though tough and ruplock<sup>6</sup> be her measure,  
     She's seldom lazy.

Hand to the Muse, my dainty Davie:  
 The waul' may play you mony a shavie,<sup>7</sup>  
 But for the Muse she'll i ever live ye,  
     Though e'er so pur,  
 Na, even though Iumpin' wi' the spavin'<sup>8</sup>  
     Frac'door to door.

## EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

JAMES SMITH was a merchant in Manchraig. He was one of the early friends of Burns.

"Friendship! mysterious element of the soul!  
 Sweetner of life, and solder of society!  
 I owe thee much"--BL. JR.

DEAR SMITH, the sleest,<sup>9</sup> paunkie<sup>10</sup> thief,  
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,<sup>11</sup>  
 Ye surely ha'e some warlock breef<sup>12</sup>  
     Owre human hearts;  
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prif  
     Aginst your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,  
 And every stai that blinks aboon,  
 Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon<sup>13</sup>  
     Just gain to see you;  
 And eve'y ither pair that's done,  
     Mar ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,  
 To mak amends for scimpit<sup>14</sup> stature,

<sup>1</sup> First.  
<sup>2</sup> Helter skelter, we go smoothly.  
<sup>3</sup> Trouble.  
<sup>4</sup> A term of endearment, an expression of happiness or pleasure.

<sup>5</sup> Less.  
<sup>6</sup> Course.  
<sup>7</sup> Trick.  
<sup>8</sup> Spavin.  
<sup>9</sup> Slyest.

<sup>10</sup> Knowing.  
<sup>11</sup> Robbery.  
<sup>12</sup> Spell.  
<sup>13</sup> Shoes.  
<sup>14</sup> Stunted.

She's turn'd you off, a human creature  
On her first plan;  
And in her freaks, on every feature  
She's wrote, "The Man."

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,  
My barmie<sup>1</sup> noddle's working prime,  
My fancy yeikit<sup>2</sup> up sublime  
Wi' hasty summon:  
Hae ye a leisure moment's time  
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neighbor's name to lish;  
Some rhyme (vain thought<sup>4</sup>) for needfu' cash;  
Some thynie to count the country clash,<sup>5</sup>  
And raise a din;  
For me, an aim I never fash,  
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot  
Has fated me the russet coat,  
And drunn'd my fortune to the groat;  
But in requit,  
Has bless me wi' a random shot  
(O' country wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a skent,<sup>6</sup>  
To try my fate in guid bliek prent;  
But still, the man I'm that way bent,  
Something cries, "Hoolie!"  
I rede<sup>7</sup> you, honest man, tak tent,<sup>7</sup>  
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets<sup>8</sup> noch your betters,  
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,  
Hae thought they had insuic<sup>9</sup> then debtor,  
A' future ages;  
Now moth deform in shapeless tattis  
Their unknown pages."

Then fuweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,  
To gauand<sup>10</sup> any poetic brows!  
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
Are whistling thrang,  
And teach the lanchy heights and howe,<sup>11</sup>  
My rustic sang.

<sup>1</sup> Yeasty.

<sup>2</sup> Fermented.

<sup>3</sup> Gossip.

<sup>4</sup> Twist.

<sup>5</sup> Beware.

<sup>6</sup> Warn.

<sup>7</sup> Care.

<sup>8</sup> Hollows.

I'll wander on, with tentless<sup>1</sup> heed  
 How never-halting moments speed,  
 Till I ate shall snap the brittle thread ;  
 Then, all unknown,  
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,  
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?  
 Just now we're living sound and hale,  
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,  
 Heave o'er side !  
 And Iuge, before enjoyment's gale,  
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae fu's I understand,  
 Is a' enchanted fancy land,  
 Where Pleasure is the magic Wand,  
 That, wielded right,  
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,  
 Datee by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield ;  
 For, since that five-and-forty's sped'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 See, crasy, weary, joyless Eild,<sup>3</sup>  
 Wi' wrinkled face,  
 Comes hostin', huplin,<sup>4</sup> o'er the field,  
 Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',  
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin',  
 And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamm',  
 And social noise,  
 And fareweel, dear deluding woman !  
 The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,  
 Young Fancy says the hills adorning,  
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
 We flisk away,  
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,  
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,  
 We eve the rose upon the briar,  
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,  
 Among the leaves ;  
 And though the puny wound appear,  
 Short while it grieves.

<sup>1</sup> Aimless.  
<sup>2</sup> Chribed.

<sup>3</sup> Ag.  
<sup>4</sup> Coughing, limping.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,  
For which they never tol'd of swat ;  
They drink the sweet and eat the fat  
But care or pain,  
And, haply, eye the barren hut  
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase ;  
Keen hope does every sinew brace ;  
Through sun, through foul, thy urge the race,  
And seize the prey :  
Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
They close the day.

And others, like your humble serv'nt,  
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;  
To right or left, eternal swervin',  
They zig-zag on ;  
Till cast with age, oh care and starvin',  
They often groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil and shamming !  
But true, with peevish, poor complaining !  
Is Fortune's fickle Lura waning ?  
Then let her gang !  
Beneath what light she has remaining,  
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,  
And kneel, "Ye Powers ! " and warn implore,  
"Though I shoudowander Twa o'er,  
In all her climes,  
Grant me but this, I ask no more,  
Aye rooth<sup>1</sup> o' thymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to country land,  
Till yeik's hing fra their beards ;  
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,  
And maids of honour !  
And yell and whisky gie to can<sup>2</sup>  
Until they sconner.<sup>3</sup>

"A'thicle, Dempster<sup>4</sup> ments it ; \*  
A gaun<sup>5</sup> to Wilhe Pitt ;  
Gie wealth to some be-ledgen'd cu,  
In cent per cent ,  
But gie me feal, sterling wit,  
And I'm content

<sup>1</sup> Abundance.

<sup>2</sup> Tankards.

<sup>3</sup> Are nauseated.

George Dempster of Dunnichen, a parliamentary officer of the time.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,  
I'll sit down byer my scanty meal,  
Be't water-brose, or mu-lin-kail,<sup>1</sup>  
Wi' cheerfu' face,  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws  
Behint my lug<sup>2</sup> or by my nose ;  
I jie ik<sup>3</sup> beneath Mis-fortune's blows  
As weel's I may;  
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Fiose,  
I rhyme away.

O ye doutee folk, that live by rule,  
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,  
Compar'd wi' you--O foo ! fool ! fool !  
How much unlike !  
Your hearts are just a standing pool,  
Your lives a dyke !\*

Nae harebrain'd, sentimental traces,  
In your unkletter'd, nameless, faces !  
In arioso tulls and graces  
Ye never stray,  
But gravissimo, solemn basses  
Ye hum away

Ye are nae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;  
Nae silly<sup>4</sup> though ye do despise  
The haum-seatum, ram-stan<sup>5</sup> boy,  
The latting squat :  
I see you upward cast your eyes--  
Ye loun the road.

Whilst I - but I shall haud me there --  
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where--  
Then, Jamie, I shall see nae mair,  
Let quat my sang,  
Content wi' you to mak a pair,  
Whaire'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.,  
RECOMMENDING A BOY.

GAVIN HAMILTON was a solicitor in Midchilane, and a very good friend of the poet at all times. He had suffered from the persecutions of the orthodox as

<sup>1</sup> Breath made without  
me it

<sup>2</sup> Fur  
<sup>3</sup> Stoop

<sup>4</sup> Wonder.  
<sup>5</sup> Reckless.

\* Then lives blank as a wall, is the meaning intended to be conveyed here

Burns had, and this tended to a friendship warmer than ordinary. Cromek tells us the following in regard to the Master Tootie of this epistle. "He lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age, and so bring a higher price."

MOSCOWVILLE, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty  
To warn you how that Master Tootie,  
• Alias, Laird M'Gaun,  
Was heire to hite yon lad away  
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,  
And wad hae done't aff han':  
But lest he learn the callan<sup>1</sup> tricks,  
Aye, faith, I muckle doubt him,  
I like scapin' out auld Cramme's nicks,\*  
And tellin' lies about 'em;  
As hove<sup>2</sup> then, I'd have them,  
Your clerkshippe he should sae,  
If sae be, ye may be  
Not fittit other where.

Although I say't, he's gleg<sup>3</sup> enough,  
And 'bout a house that's rude and tough,  
The boy might learn to swear;  
But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,  
And get sic fair example straught,  
I haena ony fear.  
Ye'll catechise him ev'ry quirk,  
And shore<sup>4</sup> him weel wi' hel',  
And gar him follow to the kirk —  
Aye when ye gang yoursel,  
If ye then maun be then  
Frae hame this comin' Friday;  
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,  
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honori I ha'e gien,  
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,  
To meet the warld's worm,  
To try to get the twa to gree,  
And name the artles<sup>5</sup> and the sc<sup>6</sup>,  
In legal mode and form:  
I ken he weel a snick can draw,<sup>7</sup>  
When simple bodies let him;

<sup>1</sup> Boy

<sup>2</sup> More willingly.

<sup>3</sup> Sharp.

<sup>4</sup> Threaten

<sup>5</sup> Avaricious creature

<sup>6</sup> Farmed by

<sup>7</sup> Can't like a dog, &c.

And if a devil be at a',  
 In faith he's sure to get him.  
 To phrase you and praise you,  
 Ye ken your laureate scorns:  
 The prayer still you share still  
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

---

## POETICAL INVITATION TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

JOHN KENNEDY who was at one time factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane, had taken a great interest in the success of the first edition of Burns' poems.

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse  
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline coise,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lo d, man, there's lasses t' re'wad force  
 A hermit's fancy,  
 And down the gate, in faith they're worse,  
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,  
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,  
 Till some bit callant<sup>2</sup> bring me news  
 That you are there,  
 And if we dinna haud a houze  
 I'se ne'er dron' man.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,  
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow,  
 But gie me just a true good fallow,  
 Wi' right ingime,<sup>3</sup>  
 And spunkie,<sup>4</sup> ance to make us mallow,  
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warl'd's folk,  
 Wha late the water by the cloah,  
 And sklen<sup>5</sup> on poverty then joke,  
 Wi' bitter sincer,  
 Wi' you no friendship will I strok,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informed weel,  
 Ye hate, as ill's the very deil,  
 The flinty heart that canna feel --  
 Come, sir, here's tae you !  
 Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,  
 And guid be wi' you.

<sup>1</sup> Mauchline market cross

<sup>2</sup> Boy.

<sup>3</sup> Genius or temperament

<sup>4</sup> Whisky is jacont.

<sup>5</sup> Thraw

<sup>6</sup> Exchange.

## EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

This epistle was addressed to Andrew Aiken, the son of his old friend Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr.

May 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
A something to have sent you,  
Though it should serve nae other end  
Than just a kind memento ;  
But how the subject-theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine ;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,  
And, Andrew dear, believe me,  
You'll find mankind an unco' squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye :  
For care and trouble set your thought,  
Even when your end's attain'd,  
And a' your views may come to nought,  
Where every nerve is stran'd.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;  
The real, hardened, wicked,  
Wha hae nae check but human law,  
Are to a few restricted :  
But, och ! mankind are unco' weak,  
And little to be trusted ;  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' int fortune's strife,  
Then fute we shouldna censure,  
Nor still the important end of life  
They equally may answer ;  
A man may hae an honest heart,  
Though poortith honyt stare him ;  
A man may tak a neighbor's part,  
Yet hae na cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell, \*  
When wi' a bosom crony ,  
But still keep something to yoursel  
Ye scarcely tell to ony.  
Conceal yourself, as weel's ye can  
Frae critical dissection ;  
But keek <sup>3</sup> through every other man  
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection

<sup>1</sup> Very

<sup>2</sup> From comparison

<sup>3</sup> I q. look pryingly

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,  
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;  
 But never tempt the illient rove,  
 Though naething should divulge it :  
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
 The hazard of concealing .  
 But, oeh ! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her :  
 And gather gear by every wile  
 That's justified by honour ,  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Not for a tram-attendant ;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being independen.

The fear o' hell's a' angman's whip  
 To hand the wretch in order ;  
 But where ye feel your honour gripe,  
 Let that aye be your bolder .  
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
 Debar a' side pretences ;  
 And resolutely keep its laws,  
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to reverie  
 Must sure become the creature ;  
 But still the preaching cant forbear,  
 And even the rigid feature :  
 Yet ne'er with wits' profane to range,  
 Be complaisance extended ;  
 An atheist laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deit: offended !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring  
 Religion may be blvded ;  
 Oi if she gie a random sting,  
 It may be little minded ;  
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,  
 A conscience but a canker---  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven  
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear, amirable youth !  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !  
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth  
 Erect your brow undaunting !

In ploughman phrase. "God send you speed,"  
 Still daily to grow wiser :  
 And may you better neek the rede  
 Than ever did th' adviser.

EPIS<sup>TLE</sup> TO MR M'ADAM OF CRAIGENGILLAN

WRITTEN ON RECEIPT OF A LETTER, CONGRATULATING HIM ON HIS POETIC EFFORTS.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,  
 I trow<sup>1</sup> it made me proud ;  
 "See wha takts notice o' the bard !"  
 I lap<sup>2</sup> and cried fu' loud.

Now deal-macare about their jaw,  
 The senseloss, gawky<sup>3</sup> 'million ;  
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a' -  
 I'm roos'd<sup>4</sup> by Craigengillan !

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yoursel,  
 To grant your high protection.  
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,  
 Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his<sup>5</sup> banes wha in a tub  
 Match'd Macdonald Sandy<sup>6</sup> †  
 On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,  
 I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm kail<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' welcome cann<sup>7</sup> bear me,  
 A lee dike-side,<sup>6</sup> a sybow<sup>7</sup> tail,  
 And barley scone<sup>8</sup> shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
 O' many flowerty summers !  
 And bless your bonny lasses baith -  
 I'm tauld they're lo<sup>8</sup>lesome kimmers !<sup>9</sup>

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,  
 The blossom of our genty !  
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,  
 A credit to his country.

<sup>1</sup> Vow

<sup>5</sup> Brath

<sup>8</sup> Cake.

<sup>2</sup> I caped

<sup>6</sup> A shudy wall side.

<sup>9</sup> Heart, *aching*, *crea-*

<sup>3</sup> Stupid

<sup>7</sup> The young ones.

<sup>10</sup> *tures*

<sup>4</sup> Praised

\* Diogenes.

† Alexander the Great.

## EPISLLE TO MAJOR LOGAN

MAJOR LOGAN, a retired military officer lived at Park House near Ayr, with his mother and sister

Hail thairm<sup>1</sup> inspirin, rithin Willie!  
Though I ontine<sup>2</sup> soild be rough and hilly  
To every fiddling, rhyming biffie,  
We never heed,  
But tak it like the unback'd hilly,  
Proud o' her speed

When idly go we<sup>3</sup> whiles we saunter,  
Till, fancy bink, aw we canter,  
Up hill, down brik, till some mischintec,<sup>4</sup>  
Some h<sup>5</sup> k bog hole,  
Arrests us, then the scut<sup>6</sup> and bunter  
We're forced to thole<sup>7</sup>

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!  
I sing may your elback jink and diddle,  
To cheer you through the weevy widdle,  
O this wild wail,  
Until you on a cummock did lie?  
A gray ha' d cail

Come wealth, come poorthith, late or soon  
Heaven send you heart stung, eye in tune,  
And seew<sup>8</sup> your temper pins aloun,  
A fit<sup>9</sup> or mair,  
The melancholious, lavy croon<sup>10</sup>  
O' cunkrie care!

May still your life fr'm day to day  
Ne leath<sup>11</sup> in the pliy,  
but ill<sup>12</sup> et<sup>13</sup> / the gry  
Humorous flow;  
A sweeping, kuddling, build strithspew -  
Lanc'e! Brav's!

A blessing on the cheery gang  
Whi dearly like a pig or ing,  
And never think o' right and wrang  
By square and rule,  
But as the clegs<sup>14</sup> o' feeling strung  
A wise o' fool!

<sup>1</sup> Fiddle string

<sup>2</sup> Walking aimlessly

<sup>3</sup> Misshap

<sup>4</sup> Bear

<sup>5</sup> I blow dodge and

<sup>6</sup> jerk

<sup>7</sup> strus gle.

Until you hobble on

<sup>8</sup> a staff

<sup>9</sup> Drane

<sup>10</sup> Gaddies

\* These two lines also occur in the Second Epistle to Davy.

My hand-waled<sup>1</sup> curse keep hard in chase  
 The harpy, hoodock,<sup>2</sup> pure ploud race,  
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace—  
 Then tuneless hearts!  
 May fireside discords ju a base  
 To a' their parts!

But come, your hind, my careless brother—  
 I oth' thei wul', if there's amther—  
 And that there is I've little swither<sup>3</sup>  
 About the matter—  
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,  
 I ne'er bid better

We've faults and fulings—granted cleuly  
 We're fruit backsliding mortals merely  
 I've s bonny squad, priests wyt<sup>4</sup> them sheerly,  
 For our grand si',  
 But still—but still—I like them dearly  
 God bless them a'

Oeho! for poor Cristalian drinkers,  
 When they fit' foul o' earthly junkies,<sup>5</sup>  
 The witching, cursed, delicious blinkies  
 Hae put me hyte,<sup>6</sup>  
 And gut me weet my wul' rise winkies,<sup>7</sup>  
 Wi' girnin'<sup>10</sup> spite

But ly you moon!—and that's high swearin'—  
 And evry star within my heauin'  
 And by her een wha was a deir ane<sup>11</sup>  
 I'll ne'er forget,  
 I hope to gie the jads<sup>11</sup> a cle inn'  
 In fair play yet

My los I mourn, but not repent it,  
 I'll seek my purvie where I ant<sup>12</sup> it,  
 Ance to the Indies I well wonted,  
 Some cantrip<sup>13</sup> ho',  
 By some sweet clif I'll yet be dinter'd  
 Then, *Love I amou!*

*I vites mes bavemans suspectuous*  
*To sentimental sister Susie,*

<sup>1</sup> Chosen

<sup>6</sup> Sprightly girls

<sup>11</sup> Grumming

<sup>2</sup> Morey loving

<sup>7</sup> Pretty girls

<sup>12</sup> I. love

<sup>3</sup> Doubt

<sup>8</sup> M. I.

<sup>13</sup> R.

<sup>4</sup> Flame

<sup>9</sup> Sleepy eyendis

<sup>14</sup> Witching

<sup>5</sup> Scotly

<sup>1</sup> The allusion here is to John Armour at this time their intimacy had ceased.

And honest Lucky ; no to roose<sup>1</sup> ye,  
     Ye may be proud,  
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye  
     To grace your blood.

Nae man at present can I measpie,  
 And trouth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure ;  
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,  
     Be't light, be't dark,  
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure  
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, Oct. 30, 1790.

#### TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

MRS SCOTT of Wauchope, to whom this epistle was addressed, was a lady of much taste and talent. She was niece to Mrs Cockburn, authoress of the original version of "The Flowers of the Forest."

GUIDWIFE,

I mind it weel, in early date,  
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,<sup>2</sup>  
     And first could thrash the barn,  
 Or hauld a yokin' at the plough ;  
 And though forsoughten<sup>3</sup> sae eneugh,  
     Yet unco proud to learn :  
 When first amang the yellow corn  
     A man I reckon'd was,  
 And wi' the lave<sup>4</sup> ilk mery morn  
     Could rank my rig and lass,  
     Still sheaning, and clearing,  
     The tither stook'd raw,  
 Wi' clavers and haivers<sup>5</sup>  
     Weaving the day awa', —

Even then, a wish, (I mind its power,)  
 A wish that to my latest hou  
     Shall strongly heave my breast—  
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,  
     Or sing a sang at least.  
 The rough blurr-thistle, spreading wide  
     Amang the bearded bear,  
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,  
     And spared the symbol dear :

<sup>1</sup> Praise.

<sup>2</sup> Bashful.

<sup>3</sup> Fatigued.

<sup>4</sup> Rest.

<sup>5</sup> Idle stories and gossip.

No nation, no station,  
My envy e'er could raise,  
A Scot still, but blot still,  
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,  
In formless jumble, right and wrang,  
Wild floated in my brain ;  
•Till on that hairst<sup>1</sup> I said before,  
My partner in the merry core,  
She roused the forming strain :  
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,<sup>2</sup>  
That lighted up my jingle,  
Her witching smile, hei pauky een,  
That gart my heart-stings tingle !  
I sild, inspired,  
At every kindling keek,<sup>3</sup>  
But bashing, and dashing,  
I feir'd aye to speak.

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel<sup>4</sup> says,  
Wi' merry dance in winter-days.  
And we to share in common :  
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,  
The saul o' life, the heaven below,  
Is rapture-giving woman.  
Ye surly sunphis,<sup>5</sup> who hate the name,  
Be mindfu' o' your mither :  
She, honest woman, may think shame  
That ye're connected with her  
Ye ie wae<sup>6</sup> men, ye're nae men,  
That slight the lovely deer,  
To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
Ilk honest birkie<sup>7</sup> swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,  
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
Thanks to you for your lme  
The mailed playd ye kindly spair,  
By me should gratefully be wai,<sup>8</sup>  
•I wad please me to the Nine,  
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,<sup>9</sup>  
Douce hingin' owrie my curple,<sup>10</sup>  
Than ony ermine ever lap,  
Or proud imperial purple.

<sup>1</sup> Harvest.

<sup>2</sup> Comely lass.

<sup>3</sup> Glance.

<sup>4</sup> Fellow.

<sup>5</sup> Blockheads.

<sup>6</sup> Worful.

<sup>7</sup> Fellow.

<sup>8</sup> Worm.

<sup>9</sup> Covering.

<sup>10</sup> Decorously hargin

o'er my crupper.

Farewell then, lang heal then,  
 And' plenty be your fa,  
 May losses and crosses  
 Ne'er et your hallin<sup>1</sup> cr!

## EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH

WILLIAM CREECH was the publisher of the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works. He was the most celebrated publisher of his time in Edinburgh and it was his good fortune to be the medium through which the works of the majority of that band of eminent men who made Edinburgh distinguished in literature during the latter half of the eighteenth century passed to the world. This epistle was written during the poet's Border tour and while Creech was in London.

AULD chuckie<sup>2</sup> Reekie<sup>3</sup>'s surdi trest,  
 Down droops her weet w<sup>4</sup> l bawnicht cret,  
 Nae joy her bonny luskit nest  
 Can yeld zw.<sup>5</sup>  
 Her darling bird that she loes best,  
 Willie's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,<sup>6</sup>  
 And had o' things an unco slight,<sup>7</sup>  
 Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,  
 And twig an illaw  
 I at now they'll bush her blyt a fright  
 Willie's awa!

The stiffeest o' them a' he lowd,  
 The bruldest o' them a' he cowd,  
 They durst nae mur than he allowd,  
 That was a law  
 We've lost a lunkie<sup>8</sup> woel worth gowd -  
 Willie's awa!

Now gawkies tawpies, gowks,<sup>9</sup> and fools  
 Tae colleges and bairning schools,  
 My sprout like a summer pildock<sup>10</sup> stools  
 In glen or shaw,  
 He wha could bush them lown to mools<sup>11</sup> -  
 Willie's awa!

The brethen o' the Commerce Chauncy<sup>\*</sup>  
 May mourn their loss wi doo fuch morri,

<sup>1</sup> Porch<sup>2</sup> Literally a hen<sup>3</sup> Edinburgh<sup>4</sup> Decorated<sup>5</sup> At all<sup>6</sup> Fellow<sup>7</sup> A great knowledge<sup>8</sup> I allow<sup>9</sup> Simpletons, idiots - Gowk<sup>10</sup> means literally cuckoo,<sup>11</sup> also a fool<sup>12</sup> Load<sup>13</sup> The dust

\* The Chamber of Commerce of which Creech was secretary

He was a dictionar and grammar  
 Amang them a' ;  
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer<sup>1</sup>—  
 Willie's awa' !

Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and poets pour,  
 And toothy critics by the score,  
 In bloody raw ! •  
 The adjutant o' a' the core—  
 Willie's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's,\* Latin face,  
 Tyler's† and Greenfield's‡ modest grace;  
 Mackenzie,§ Stewart,|| sic a brace  
 As Rome ne'er saw ;  
 They a' maun<sup>8</sup> meet some ither place—  
 Willie's awa' !

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken  
 He cheeps<sup>3</sup> like some bewilder'd chicken,  
 Scared frae its minnie<sup>4</sup> and the cleekin<sup>5</sup>  
 By hoodie-craw ;  
 Gif<sup>6</sup> s gien his heart an unto kickin'—  
 Willie's awa' !

Now every sour-mou'd girmn' blellum,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to sell him ;  
 And self-conceited critic skellum<sup>7</sup>  
 His quill may draw ;  
 He wha could bawlie<sup>8</sup> war ! then bellum<sup>9</sup>—  
 Willie's awa' !

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
 And I den scenes oh crystal Jel,  
 And L
 While tempests blow  
 But every joy and pleasure's fled—  
 Willie's awa' !

May I be Slander's common speech ;  
 A text for Infamy to preach ;  
 And lastly, streekit<sup>10</sup> out to biech  
 In winter snow,

<sup>1</sup> Stumble.

<sup>5</sup> Brood.

<sup>9</sup> Feely.

<sup>2</sup> Must.

<sup>6</sup> A talking fellow.

<sup>10</sup> Attacks.

<sup>3</sup> Chirps.

<sup>7</sup> A term of contempt.

<sup>11</sup> Stretched.

<sup>4</sup> Mother.

\* Dr. James Gregory.

† Tyler of Woodhouselee.

‡ Professor of Rhetoric in the University.

§ Henry Mackenzie.

† Tyler of Woodhouselee.

|| Dugald Stewart.

When I forgot thee, Willie Creech,  
Though far awa'!

May never wicked Fortune touzle<sup>1</sup> him!  
May never wicked men bambooole him!  
Until a pow<sup>2</sup> as auld's Methusalem  
He canty<sup>3</sup> clavy<sup>4</sup>!  
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,  
Fleet wing awa'!

## EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER \*

MR. HUGH PARKER was a Kilmarnock merchant, and one of his early friends.

In this strange land, this neouth clime,  
A land unknown to prose or rhyme,  
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,<sup>†</sup>  
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;  
A land that Prose did never view it,  
Except when drunk he stachet<sup>‡</sup> through it;  
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,<sup>§</sup>  
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,<sup>¶</sup>  
I hear a wheel thuum i' the neuk,<sup>||</sup>  
I hear it—for in vain I leuk  
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
Enhusked by a fog infernal.  
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,  
I sit and count my sins by chapters;  
For life and spunk like other Christians,  
I'm dwindled down to mere existence;  
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,  
Wi' nae kenning face but Jenny Geddes<sup>‡</sup>  
Jenny, my Pegasan pride!  
Down<sup>§</sup> she saunters down Nithside,  
And aye a westlin leuk she throws,  
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose  
Was it for this wi' canny care,  
Thou bare the baird through many a shire?  
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,  
And late or early never grimbled?  
Oh, had<sup>¶</sup> I power like inclination,  
I'd heeze<sup>||</sup> thee up a constellation,

<sup>1</sup> Toze.

<sup>2</sup> Head.

<sup>3</sup> cheerful.

<sup>4</sup> Staggered.

<sup>5</sup> Chimney corner.

<sup>6</sup> Smoke.

<sup>7</sup> Corner.

<sup>8</sup> Shilly.

<sup>9</sup> Raise.

\* This epistle was written on one of his journeys while connected with the Excise.

† In a note to the Address to the Toothache, a description of a heckle is given. A reference to it will make the poet's meaning obvious.

‡ The poet's mare.

To canter with the Sagitarre,  
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;  
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,  
 Down the zodiac urge the race,  
 And cast durt on his godship's face;  
 For I could lay my bread and kail  
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.  
 Wif a' this care and a' this grief,  
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
 And nought but peck-reek i' my head,  
 How can I write what ye can read?  
 Torbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
 Ye'll find me in a better tune,  
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,  
 Tak this excuse for rae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

## FIRST EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF LINTRY

ROBERT GRAHAM of Fintry w<sup>s</sup> a Commissioner of Excise. Burns, in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosed a portion of this epistle, and says, "Since I am the way of inscribing, the following lines were the production of yester'day, as I jogged through the wild hills of New Cumnock. I intend inser'tin them, or something like them in an epist'e which I am going to write to th' gentleman in on whose friendship my Excise hopes depend, Mr. Graham of Lintry, one of the worthiest and most accomplished gentlemen, not only of this country, but, I will due to say, of this age."

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,  
 And framed her last, best work, the human mind,  
 Her eye intent on all the maze plan,  
 She form'd of various parts, the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;  
 Plain plodding industry and sober worth:  
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,  
 And merchandis' whole genus take their birth:  
 Each prudent cit a warm existence find,  
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kind.  
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,  
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net;  
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires  
 Makes a material for mere knights and squares;  
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,  
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,  
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,  
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;  
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,  
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,  
 Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good  
 But ere she give creating labour o'er,  
 Half past, she tried one curious labour more  
 Some spumy, fiery, *z, mis fatius* matter,  
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;  
 With such alacrity and conscious glee  
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,  
 Her Hogarth-ut perhaps she meant to show it)  
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet,  
 Creature, though oft the pity of care and sorrow,  
 When blear to day uninmindful of to morrow.  
 A being form'd to muse his graver friends,  
 Admired and pitied, and there the homage ends : •  
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,  
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life,  
 None to enjoy each pleasure n<sup>t</sup> he give,  
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live,  
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each goun,  
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,  
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.  
 Pitying the propless climber of man's ind,  
 She cast about a standard tree to find,  
 And, to support his helpless woodl<sup>n</sup>ne state,  
 Attach'd him to the generous truly m<sup>t</sup>rt,  
 A title, and the only one I claim,  
 To lay strong hold for help on Countour Galum

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,  
 Weak, timid lads-men on life's stormy main !  
 Then leaves no selfish stern-absorbent stuff,  
 That never gives—though humbly takes enough,  
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,  
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard-wrung booun.  
 The world were blest did bl<sup>t</sup>s on them depen !  
 Ah that "the friendly eer should w<sup>t</sup>nt a frie !!"  
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,  
 Who life a id wi dom at one r<sup>t</sup> e begun,  
 Who feed by reason and who give by rule,  
 (Instincts a brute, and sentiment a fool !)  
 Who make poor *will do* w<sup>t</sup>nt upon *I shoul't* -  
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?  
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !  
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy ! .

But come, ye who the go like pleasure know  
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !  
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race ?  
 Come thou who givest with all a courtier's grace ;

Friend of my life, true pation of my rhymes !  
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.  
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half-ashaid,  
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?  
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,  
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;  
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—  
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !  
 Whose verse in manhood's prime sublimely flows,  
 Yet vilest reptiles in their beggling prose  
 Mark, how their losty independent spirit  
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit !  
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find  
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !  
 So to heaven's gate the lark's shrill song I sends,  
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.

In all the clamorous cry of starving want  
 They durst not violence with shameless front ;  
 Oblique them, patronise the time I live,  
 They persecute you all your future days !  
 Fie my poor soul such deep damnation stam,  
 My horny fist assume the plough again,  
 The pebbled jacket let me patch once more,  
 On eighteenpence a week I've lived before  
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I durst even that last shift,  
 I trust, incant me boor is in thy gift  
 That, place I by thee upon the wish'd-for height,  
 Where, man and nature fane in her sight,  
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. \*

## EPISCU TO JAMES TAIT OF GLENCONNER

This gentleman I wond'rous in his North-side tour, and advised I m  
 riting him and in writing to a correspondent he says. I am just  
 return'd from Millar's farm. My old friend wh m I took with me w  
 him, he  
 play'd with the furgus and advised me to i pt of it. H is th most  
 intelligent sensible Farmer in the county, and h has taught me a  
 good deal. The personages alluded to in the epis were friends or acquaint-  
 ances of Mr Tait.

Auld comrade dear, and brother summer,  
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner ?  
 How do ye this blithe Easter win',  
 That's like to blow a body blin' ?  
 For me, my faculties are frozen,  
 My dearest member nearly dozen' <sup>1</sup>  
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson  
 Two sage philosophers to glimpse o'er !

<sup>1</sup> Benumbed

Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,  
 And Reid, to common sense appealing,  
 Philosophers have sought and wrangled,  
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,  
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,  
 And in the depth of science nired,  
 To common sense they now appeal.  
 What wives and wabsters<sup>1</sup> see and feel,  
 But, hark ye, frien' ! I charge you strictly,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,  
 For now I'm grown sae cursed dunc<sup>2</sup>!  
 I pray and pouder butt the house,  
 My shins, my lane,<sup>3</sup> I there sit roasin',  
 Peusing Burns or, Brown, and Boston;  
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,  
 I'll grunit a real gospel-gunn.  
 Already I begin to try it,  
 To cast my een up like a pyet,<sup>4</sup>  
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
 Fluttering and gasping in her gowt :  
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Cleda,  
 The ace and wale<sup>5</sup> of honest men :  
 When bending down wi' auld gray hair,  
 Beneath the load of years and care,  
 May He who made him still support him,  
 And views beyond the grave comfort him.  
 His worthy family, far and near,  
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,  
 The manly tau, my Mason Billie,  
 And Auchinbay, I wish him joy,  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,  
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !  
 And no forgetting Wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 And, Lord, remember Singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale breeks, sixpence, and a bannock,<sup>6</sup>  
 And next my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;  
 And her kind stais ha'e auld<sup>7</sup> till her  
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Weavers

<sup>2</sup> Serious

<sup>3</sup> By myself

<sup>4</sup> Magpie

<sup>5</sup> Choice.

<sup>6</sup> Whole treches, sixpence,

and an oat cake

<sup>7</sup> Directed

<sup>8</sup> Some money.

My kindest, best respects I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet ;  
 Tell them, fiae me, wi' chieles be cautious,  
 For, faith, they'll aiblins<sup>1</sup> fin' them fashious ;<sup>2</sup>  
 To grant a heart is faintly civil,  
 But to graft a maidenhead's the devil.  
 And lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',  
 May gnaidhan angels tak a spell,  
 And steer you seven miles south o' hell :  
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,  
 May ye get mony a merry story,  
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,  
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink !

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you ;  
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,  
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,  
 Ye'll find him just an honest man :  
 Sae I conclude, and quait my chantel,  
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTLER.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

It was the receipt of a letter from Dr Blacklock to Mr George Lawrie of Culmannock, which led Burns to abandon the idea of emigrating to the West Indies. Dr Blacklock was educated for the Church, but becoming afflicted with blindness, he was unable to follow the profession he had chosen.

He kept a boarding-school for young men attending college, acting as a sort of tutor to them. His immediate approbation was not the only instance of his discernment and kindness. Professor Walker says, "If the young men were enumerated whom he drew from obscurity, and enabled, by education, to advance themselves in life, the catalogue would naturally excite surprise."

ELIISLAND, October 21, 1789

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!<sup>1</sup>  
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?<sup>2</sup>  
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit janaic.  
 Wad bring you to,  
 Loud send you aye as weel's I wint ye,  
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron\* south !  
 And never drank be neir his drouth !<sup>3</sup>

1 Perhaps

2 Troublesome

3 Money

4 Proud

5 Chearful

6 First

\* "Heron, author of a History of Scotland published in 1800 and, among various other works, of a respectable life of our poet himself" — CURRIE

He tauld mysel,<sup>1</sup> by word o' mouth,  
     He'd tak my letter ;  
 I lippen'd<sup>2</sup> to the chiel in trouth,  
     And bade<sup>3</sup> nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron  
 Had at the time some dainty fair one  
 To ware his theologic care on,  
     And holy study ;  
 And thied o' sauls to waste his leir on,  
     E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,<sup>4</sup>  
 I'm turn'd a frugger<sup>5</sup> — Peace be here !  
 Parnassian queans,<sup>6</sup> I fear, I fear,  
     Ye'll now disdaim me !  
 And then my fifty poun' a year  
     Will litt.e gain me.

Ye glaikit,<sup>6</sup> glesome, dainty dairies,  
 Wha, by Castalia's winplin' streamis,  
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,  
     Ye ken, ye ken,  
 That strang Necessity supreme is  
     'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,  
 They maun hae brose and brats o' guidies ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is :  
     I needna vaunt,  
 But I'll sned besoms<sup>8</sup> — thiaw saugh woodies,<sup>9</sup>  
     Before they want.

Lord, help me through this world o' care !  
 I'm weary sick o't late and air ;  
 Not but I hae a richer share  
     Than mony others,  
 But why should ae man better fare,  
     And a' mcn britheris ?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,  
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !<sup>\*</sup>  
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan  
     A lady fair :  
 Wha does the utmost that he can,  
     Will whiles<sup>10</sup> do mai.

<sup>1</sup> Trusted.

<sup>2</sup> Deserved.

<sup>3</sup> Friend.

<sup>4</sup> Excuse me.

<sup>5</sup> Lasses.

<sup>6</sup> Foolish.

<sup>7</sup> Rags o' clothing.

<sup>8</sup> Cut brooms

<sup>9</sup> Twist willow withes.

<sup>10</sup> Sometimes.

\* The male hemp — that which bears the seed.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,  
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)  
To make a happy fire-side clime  
    To weans and wife ;  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
    Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie :  
And eke the same to honest Lucky,  
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,\*  
    As e'er tread clay !  
And gratefully, my gud auld cockie,†  
    I m yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS

SECOND EPITLLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY  
ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTON  
AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

\* FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,  
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,  
    Aye ye as idle 's I am ?  
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,<sup>1</sup>  
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,  
    And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Dumlanig‡ bear,  
Wha left the all-important cales,  
    Of princes and their dairn's ;  
And, bent on winning burgh towns,  
Came shaking hunds wi' wabster louns,  
    And kissing bairnit carlins.<sup>4</sup>

Combustion through our burghs rode,  
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,  
    Of mad, unmuzzled lion ;  
As Queensberry "bust and blue" infur'd,  
And Westerha<sup>§</sup> and Hopetoun bairn'd  
    To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,  
The unmaner'd dust might soil his star ;

<sup>1</sup> Country lark.

<sup>2</sup> Pure bred women.

\* Chuckie—literally, hen. Used as a term of endearment in speaking of a woman.

† Cockie—literally, cock. Used in the same sense as chuckie.

‡ The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory.

§ Sir James Johnston, the Tory candidate.

Besides, he hated bleeding;  
 But left behind him heroes bright,  
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,  
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

Oh, for a throat like huge Mons Meg,  
 To master o'er each ardent Whig  
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;  
 Heroes and heroines communis,  
 All in the field of politie,  
 To win immortal honours.

M'Mundo\* and his lovely spouse  
 (Th' enamoured laurels kiss her brows !)  
 Led on the Loves and Graces:  
 She won each gaping h'ness' heart,  
 While he, all-conquering play'd his part  
 Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch † led a light-arm'd corps;  
 Trope, metaphors, and figures pour,  
 Like Hecla streaming thunder:  
 Glenriddel,‡ skill'd in rusty coins,  
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,  
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champion fought,  
 Redoubtless Stuag,§ who set at nought  
 The wildest savage Tory.  
 And Welsh,|| who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,  
 High-waved his magnum-bonum round  
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the suttlest ranks  
 The many-pounders of the Banks,  
 Resistless desolation!  
 While Maxwellton, that brion bold,  
 Mid Lawson's\* port entrench'd his hold,  
 And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these, what Tory he 's opposed;  
 With these, what Tory warriors closed,  
 Surpasses my discrivin':  
 Squadrons extended long and large,  
 With furious speed rush'd to the charge,  
 Like raging devils driving.

\* The Chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig, a friend of the poet's.

† Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

‡ Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, also a friend of the poet's.

§ Provost Stagg of Dumfries.

|| Sheriff Welsh.

¶ A wine merchant in Dumfries.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,  
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate,

Amid this mighty tulzie !<sup>1</sup>  
Grim Horror grinn'd — pale Terror roar'd,  
As Muither at his thrapple shored,<sup>2</sup>  
And Hell mix'd in the briulze !<sup>3</sup>

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,  
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,  
Haul down wi' crashing rattle :  
As flames amang a hundred woods ;  
As headlong foam a hundred floods ;  
Such is the rage of battle !

The stubborn Tories due to die ;  
As soon the rooted oaks would fly  
Before th' approaching feller, :  
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,  
When all his wintly billows pour  
Against the Buchan Bullers.\*

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,  
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,  
And think on former daring, .  
The muffled mutterer of Charles†  
The Magna-Cauta flag unfurl,  
All deadly gales its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,  
Bold Scumgeou ‡ follow, gallant Grahame, §  
Auld Covenanter's shiver.  
(Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose!)  
While death and hell ingulf thy foes,  
Thou liv'st on high for ev'ry †

Still o'er the field the combat burns,  
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns,  
But Fate the woid has taken,  
For woman's wit and strength o' n am,  
Alas ! can do but what they can  
The Tory rank, are broken !

<sup>1</sup> Conflict  
<sup>2</sup> Threatened

<sup>3</sup> Broad  
<sup>4</sup> Instrument

\* The Bullers of Buchan - The name given to a huge recess in the rocks of the Aberdeen-hire coast near Peterhead, which being open to the top, the sight of the waters raging in it is grand in the extreme.

† The executioner of Charles I was masked.

‡ John Earl of Dundee

§ The great Marquis of Montrose.

Oh that my een were flowing burns !  
 My voice a hoarseness that mourns  
     Her darling cub's undoing !  
 That I might greet, that I might cry,  
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,  
     And furious Whigs purring !

Whit Whig but wails the good Sir James !  
 Dear to his country by the names,  
     Friend, son, benefactor !  
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !  
 And Hopetoun falls, the gencious brave !  
     And Stewart, \* bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,  
 And I hurlow growl a cause of woe  
     And Melville is left in wailing !  
 Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice !  
 And Builch will sing, "O Prince, arise !  
     Thy power is still prevailing "

I or your poor friend, the baird, su  
 He here, and only hears, the wail,  
     A cool spectator purely  
 So when the storm the forest rends,  
 The robin in the hedge descends,  
     And sober chirps so surely

A additional verse in Closbyrin MS --  
 Now for my friends' and I brethren's sake,  
 And for my dear-loved I and o' Cakes,  
     I pray with holy fire  
 Lord, send a rough-hod troop o' hell,  
 O'er' wad Scotland buy or sell,  
     To bind them in the mew !

## THIRD EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF LINTRY

I AM crippled of an arm, and now a deg,\*  
 About to leg a pins for leech to beg  
 Dull, listless & tired, dejected and depicted,  
 (Nature is adverse to a crippled sort.)

\* Stew art of Hillside

† In writing to Mrs. Dunlop, on the 7th of February 1801, Lums tells her that, by a fall from my horse but with my house, I have been a cripple for some time and this is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing.

Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?  
 (It soothes poor Misery, barking to her tale,)  
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,  
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;  
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain  
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,  
 One strikes the forests, and the other spurns the ground;  
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,  
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell,  
 Thy minions, kings, descend, control, devour,  
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power,  
 Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles insue,  
 The cat and polecat stink, and are secure,  
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,  
 The priest and hedgehog in them roll us we snug,  
 Even silly womankind her warlike arts,  
 Her tongue and eyes—her dialect I spent and druts.  
 But, oh! thou bitter & pmother and I and  
 So thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the bard!  
 A thing unteachable in worldly skill,  
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;  
 No hands to bear him from the opening dun:  
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun,  
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen won,  
 And those, alas! not Annilthea's horn  
 No nerves olfactory, Mimon's trusty cur,  
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fin,—  
 In naked feeling, and in nothing prid,  
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side  
 Vampire booksellers drag him to the heat,  
 And scorpion critics curseless venom dart

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,  
 Those cut-throat bandits in the pitch of fame  
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!  
 He hacks to touch, they mangl to expose

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,  
 By blockheads' driving into madness, tying  
 His well-won bay, than life itself more clear,  
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear  
 I old, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,  
 The hapless poet flounders on through life,  
 Full fled each hope that once his bosom filled,  
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,  
 Low sank in squallid unprotected age,

\* The allusion here is to Alexander Munro, the Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh in Burns's day.

Dead even resentment for his injured page,  
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.  
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,  
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,  
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,  
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !  
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !  
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes  
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.  
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,  
With sober selfish ease they sip it up.  
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,  
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.  
The grave sage hem thus easy picks his frog,  
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.  
When Disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,  
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,  
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,  
And just conclude that "fool" are fortune's care."  
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,  
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muse, mad-cap trim,  
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain !  
In equanimity they never dwell,  
By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,  
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !  
Already one stronghold of hope is lost—  
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;  
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,  
And left its darkling in a world of tears.)—  
Oh ! heat my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer !—  
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare !  
Through a long life his hope, and wish, crown'd,  
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !  
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,  
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,  
With many a filial tear encircling the bed of death !

#### FOURTH EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

The following lines were the acknowledgement of the favour the previous epistle asked Cummellum justly says, "Robert Graham of Fintry had the merit of doing all that was done for Burns in the way of raising him out of the toiling humility of his condition, and enabling him to serve the Muse without dread of want."

I AM no goddess to inspire my strains,  
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;

Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,  
And all the tribute of my heart returns,  
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,  
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !  
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;  
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;  
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;  
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,  
Only to number out a villain's years !





## *EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.*

---

### THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DECEIVED ME.

"THE following," says Burns, "was written extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already, (in Commonplace-book, March 1784,) and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some dismal dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,  
She promised fair and perform'd but ill,  
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,  
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,  
But if success I must never find,  
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,  
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

### ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

THE subject of the following lines was the landlord of the Whiteford Arms in Mauchline.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;  
What was his religion?  
Whae'er desires to ken,  
To some other warl'  
Maut follow the carl,  
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—  
 Small beer persecution,  
 A dram was *memento mori*,  
 But a full flowing bowl  
 Was the saving his soul,  
 And port was celestial glory.

## TO A PAINTER.

The artist to whom these lines were addressed was at work on a picture of Jacob's dream, with which it would seem the poet was hardly satisfied

DEAK — —, I'll gie ye some advice,  
 You'll tak it no uncivil :  
 You shouldn't paint at angels mair,  
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittie wark,  
 Wi' tuld Nick there's less danger,  
 You'll easly dia ~~sea~~ a weel-kent face,  
 But no sae weel a stranger

R. B.

## EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

The following lines were inscribed on a small head stone erected over the grave of the poet's father in Alloway Kirk-yard —

O YR whose cheek the test of pity stains,  
 Draw near with pious reverence, and attend !  
 Here lie the loving husband & dear companion,  
 The tender father, and the generous friend ;

The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
 The dauntless heart that scud no human pride  
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,  
 "I or even his failings le'n'd to virtue's side." \*

## A FAREWELL

These lines formed the conclusion of a letter from Burns to Mr John Kennedy, dated Kilmunock, August 1787.

FAREWELL, dear friend ! my guid luck hit you,  
 And, among ha' favourites w'mit you !  
 If e'er Detraction shone to smite you,  
 May name I believe him !  
 And ony deal that thinks to get you,  
 Good I o'er deceive him.

## ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

The wag here meant was James Smith, his friend.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',  
 He often did assist ye,  
 For had ye staid whole year awa',  
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.  
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass  
 To school in bands, thegither,  
 Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass—  
 Perhaps he was your father.

---

## POLITICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION

MOSSGIEL, 1786

SIR,

Yours this moment I unseal,  
 And faith, I am gay and hearty!  
 To tell the truth and shame the deil,  
 I am as foul as Baucie.

But foots-day, sir, my promise leal,  
 Expect me o' your party,  
 If on a beastie I can speel,  
 Or hurl in a critie.—R. B.

---

## TO A YOUNG LADY IN A CHURCH

BENJ. in church when the parson gave out as his text a passage of Scripture containing a severe denunciation of sinners, and noticing that a lady friend had a difficulty in finding it in her Bible, the poet wrote the following verse on a piece of paper, and handed it to her

FAIR maid, you need not take the hit,  
 Nor idle texts pursue,  
 'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,  
 Not angels such as you!

---

## VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE PORT, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!  
 O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,

By far my elder brother in the Muses,  
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !  
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

---

## ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHI

\*Now health forsakes that angel face,  
Nae mair my dearie smiles ;  
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,  
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer  
I hourly mak for thee !  
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,  
How can I see him die !

---

## EXTEMPORE ON TWO LAWYERS.

The following cleverly hits off two of the most eminent leaders of the Scottish bar in the poet's day. The Lord Advocate was Mr. Hay Campbell, and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Harry Fiskine.

## LORD ADVOCATE

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,  
He quoted and he hinted,  
Till in a declamation <sup>first</sup>  
His argument he tint<sup>1</sup> it ;  
He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,  
He found it was awa', man ;  
But what his common sense cam short,  
He eked out wi' law, man.

## DEAN OF FACULTY

Collected Harry stood a wee,  
Then open'd out his arm, man ;  
His lordship sat, wi' mesfu' ee,  
And eyed the gathering storm, man :  
Like wind-driven hail, it did a' ail,  
O' torrents ower a hinn, man ;  
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,  
Half-waken'd wi' the din, man.

## THE HIGHLAND WELCOME

CUNNINGHAM says: "Burns, on repassing the Highland border, in 1787, turned round and bade farewell to the hospitalities of the north in the happy

<sup>1</sup> Lost.<sup>2</sup> Grapèd.

but, Another account states that he was called on for a toast at table, and gave the Highland Welcome much to the pleasure of all who heard him.'

WHEN Death's dark stream I singly o'er,  
A time that surely shall come,  
In heaven itself I'll ask no more  
Than just a Highland welcome.

---

#### FX M MPORI ON WILLIAM SMEILIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "PHILOSOPHY OF ATLANTIC HISTORY," AND MEMBER OF  
THE ANTIQUARI AND ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH

SMEILIE belonged to a club called the Crochallan Encircles of which Burns  
was a member

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,  
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same,  
His bristling beard just rising in its might,  
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night,  
His uncombed grizzly locks, wild stirring, thatch'd  
A head for thought profound and clear unmatched  
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,  
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good

---

#### VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON

The following lines were written on being refused admittance to the Carron iron works -

We com m here to view your warks  
In hopes to be mair wise,  
But only lest we ging to hell,  
It may be nae surprise  
But when we tirked at your doo,  
Your portly dought m hem us,  
Sae my should we to hell s yetts come,  
Your billy Satan sur us !

---

#### LINES ON VIVING STIRLING PALACE

The following lines were scrawled with a dirty pen on a pane of glass in a window of the inn at which Burns put up, on the occasion of his first visit to Stirling

HIPRI Stuarts once in glory reign'd,  
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd ;  
But now unroof'd their palace stands,  
Their sceptic's sway'd by other hands ;

The injured Stuart line is gone,  
A race outlandish fills their throne—  
An idiot race, to honour lost.  
Who know them best despise them most?

---

## THE REPROOF

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name  
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame,  
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,  
Says, The more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

---

## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS

Miss Burns was a "gay" lady well known to the "fast" young fellows of  
the Scottish metropolis in the poet's day

CRAZE, ye prudes, your envious railing,  
Lovely Burns has churn'd—confess.  
True it is, she had one failing—  
Had a woman ever less?

---

## ON INCIVILITY SHOWN TO HIM AT INVERARY

WHEN at Inverary the man that set up a being full of visitors to the Duke  
of Argyll, he received several attacks in front of the people of the house, and re-  
sented their behaviour in the following lines

WHO'P I be he that sojourns here,  
I pity much his case,  
Unless he come to wait upon  
The lord their god, b's Grace  
  
There's naething here but Highland pride,  
And Highland culd and hunger,  
If Providence has sent me here  
I was surely in His angel

---

## ON A SCHOOLMASTER

WILLIAM MICHIE was schoolmaster of the parish of Clash in Fifeshire. Burns  
made his acquaintance during his first visit to Fifebank, in 1787,

HIRE he Willie Michie's bairns,  
O Satan, when ye tak him,  
Gi' him the schoolin' o' your weans,  
For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

## VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSSLYN.

My blessings on you, sonsie wife ;  
 I ne'er was here before,  
 You've gien us walth for horn and knuse,  
 Nac heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,  
 Till far ayont four-score ;  
 And, while I toddle on through life,  
 I'll ne'er gang by your door

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARCIUS'S  
"EPIGRAMS."

"SHOPPING at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh," says Burns, "a friend of mine one day put Elphinstone's translation of Martial into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book, which being granted, I wrote this epigram."

O THOU, whom Poesy abhors !  
 Whom Prose has turned out of doors !  
 Heard'st thou that groan ?—proceed no further.—  
 "Twas lauriell'd M uthal roaring, "Mither !"

## INNOCENCE

Innocence  
 Looks gaily-smiling on ; while rosie pleasure  
 Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,  
 And pours her cup luxuriant : mantling urch  
 The sparkling heavenly vintage - Love and Bliss, !

## JINXS

WRITTEN ON A PANL OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

WHILE Burns was in the inn at Moffat, the heroine, the "burning, lovely Davies," of one of his songs, happened to pass in the company of a tall and portly lady, and on a friend asking him why God had made Miss Davies so small and the other lady so large, he replied—

ASK why God made the gem so small,  
 And why so huge the granite?  
 Because God meant mankind should set  
 The higher value on it.

## LINES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barils,  
 Och, hoo! the day!  
 That clarty barn should stain my laurels;  
 But—what'll ye say?  
 These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans  
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

---

## EPIPHAPHE ON W—.

STOP, thief! Dame Nature cried to Death,  
 As Willie diew his latest breath;  
 You have my choicest model ta'en,  
 How shall I make a fool again?

---

## ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS.

The hero of this epitaph, the landlord of a hotel in Dumfries, asked the poet to write his epitaph. He could hardly be pleased with the result.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;  
 If ever he rise it will be to be damn'd.

---

v

## TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ

JOHN M'MURDO, steward to the Duke of Queensberry.

Oh, could I give thee India's wealth  
 As I this title send!  
 Because thy joy in both would be  
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace  
 The Heliconian stream;  
 Then take what gold could never buy--  
 An honest bard's esteem.

---

## TO THE SAME

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!  
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;



No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of Care,  
 Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair !  
 Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,  
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain !

---

#### ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE

CAPTAIN GROSE being in the company of the poet on a convivial occasion and in the full enjoyment of his humorous sallies begged a few lines on himself. Seizing the huge corporal of the genial antiquary with his eye, he repeated the following line

THE devil got notice that Grose was a dying,  
 So whip at the summon old Satin came flyng  
 But when he approach'd where I — Francis lay moan'g  
 And saw each bedpost with its bale a gleaning,  
 Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satin, " By God !  
 I'll want me ere I take such a damnable load !

---

#### ON GRIZZI GRIM

HIRE lie with Death and Grizzel Grim,  
 I includen's ugly witch  
 O Death how horrid thy taste  
 To lie with such a bitch !

---

#### ON MR BURTON

A CAUAT acquaintance of the poet, Mr Burton a young Englishman became very pressing that he should write his epitaph. In vain was Birmingham, the bard objected that he was a sufficiently acquainted with his character and habit to fulfil his task, the request was constantly repeated with a " Dem my eyes ! " Burns wrote an epitaph for me oh dear red blood do Burns write a pitiful rime ! O'ercome by importunity, Burns at last took out his pencil and wrote the following

HIRE cursing swearing Burton lies,  
 A luck, a bairn or Dem my eyes !  
 Who in his life did little good,  
 And his last words were — Dem my blood !

---

#### POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION

I HF king's most humble servant, I  
 I'm scarcely spirit a minute,  
 But I'll be wi' you by and by,  
 Or else the devils in it

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.

"BURNS at one period," says Cunningham, "was in the habit of receiving the *Star* newspaper gratuitously, but as it came somewhat irregularly to hand, he sent the following lines to head-quarters, to insure more punctuality." —

DEFAR Peter, deai Peter,  
We poor sons of metre,  
Are often neglekit, ye ken ;  
For instance, your sheet, man,  
(Though glad I'm to see', man,)  
I get it no ae day in ten.

---

## ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED.

WHEN in Carlisle, Burns's horse was impounded for trespassing on some grounds belonging to the corporation. On being made acquainted with the circumstances, the mayor gave orders that it should be liberated at once, saying, "Let him have it, by all means, or the circumstance will be heard of for ages to come." As the following verse was then written, the mayor's prophecy has come true.

WAS c'er puir poet sae besfittit,  
The master drunk—the horse committed ?  
P'm haimless beast ! tak thee nae care,  
Thou'l be a horse when he's nae-mair (*mayor*).

---

## LINES

## SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED

THE gentleman was Mr Riddel of Woodley Park, at whose table, while under the influence of wine, he had been guilty of an undue freedom of speech. The apology and repartee made in the following verses were warmly accepted. —

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way  
The fumes of wine insurte send,  
(Not moony madness more astray,)  
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was the insensate frenzied part !  
Ah ! why should I such scenes survive !  
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !  
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

---

## VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE

## ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law  
In some sma' points, although not a' ;

Some people tell me g'in I fa',  
 Ac way or ither,  
 The breakin' of ae point, though sma',  
 Breaks a' thegither.

I ha'e been in for't ance or twice,  
 And winna say o'er fa' for thrice,  
 Yet never met with that surprise  
     That broke my rest,  
 But now a rumour's like to rise,  
     A whaup's i' the nest.

---

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE  
 CHARACTUR.

SWIFT *nayet'* of feature,  
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,  
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,  
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Weit thou awkward, stiff affected,  
 Spinning na care, torturing art,  
 Loves and glas all rejected,  
 Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

---

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES

HERL brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,  
 And empty all his barrels :  
 He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drunk—  
 In upright honest morals.

---

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER,  
 AT GRASSE, NOVEMBER 1792

THE black-headed eagle,  
 As keen as a beagle,  
 He hunted owre height and owre howe ;  
 But fell in a trap  
     On the braes o' Geinappe,  
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

## ON A SHEEP'S-HEAD

The following two verses are respectively the grace before and the grace after meat given impromptu at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, on an occasion when the chief dish was a sheep's head.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,  
Do Thou stand us in stead,  
And send us from Thy bounteous store  
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

—  
O Lord, since we have feasted thus,  
Which we so little merit,  
Let Meg now take away the flesh,  
And Jock bring in the spirit!—Amen.

## ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

WHILE Burns was on a visit to Kenmore Castle, a favourite lap-dog named Echo died. At the request of the lady of the house, he wrote the following epitaph on it:—

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,  
Your heavy loss deplore,  
Now half-extinct your powers of song,  
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jar ing, screeching things around,  
Scream your discordant joys;  
Now half your din of tuneless sound  
With Echo silent lies.

## ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SPAI OF LORD GALLOWAY.

This and the three following verses were written as political squibs during the heat of a contested election:—

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?  
Sir, Galloway, and find  
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,  
The picture of thy mind!

## ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,  
 The Stewarts all were brave;  
 Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,  
 Not one of them a knave.

---

## ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,  
 Through many a far-famed strife!  
 So ran the far-famed Roman way,  
 So ended — in a mire!

---

## TO THE SAME,

## ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,  
 In quiet let me live;  
 I ask no kindness at thy hand,  
 For thou hast none to give.

---

## HOWLIT FACE.

WRITTEN on being told that one of the Lords of Justiciary, while visiting Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, had dined so freely, that on entering the drawing-room, he was all but incapable of seeing. Pointing to the lovely daughter of the house, he asked Mr. Miller, "What's yon howlet-faced thing in the corner?" Burns handed the lines to Miss Miller.

How daur' ye ca' me howlet-faced,  
 Ye ugly glowering spectre?  
 My face was but the keenin'-glass,  
 And there ye saw your picture!

---

## THE BOOK-WORMS.

WRITTEN inside the book on finding a splendidly-bound, but uncut and worm-eaten, copy of Shakespeare in a magnificent library.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,  
 Ye maggots, make your windings;  
 But, oh, respect his lordship's taste,  
 And spare the golden bindings!

## EPIGRAM ON BACON.

AT Brownhill, a posting station fifteen miles from Dumfries, Burns was dining on one occasion in the company of a commercial traveller, who pressed him for a sample of his craft. The landlord, whose name was Bacon, thrust himself somewhat officiously into the company of his guests. This, it would seem, was not the first offence of the kind.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheor,  
And plenty of bacon each day in the year ;  
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season,  
But why always BACON ?—come, give me g reason.

---

## THE EPITAPH

IN this stinging epitaph, Burns satirises Mr. Riddel of Woodley Park. She had offended him by seeming to pay more attention to some officers in the company than to the poet. He lived to repeat him of his injustice to this accomplished lady, who (as already noted) was during his life a kind and considerate friend, and, after his death, an ardent defender of his character.

•HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,  
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam .  
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,  
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

---

## ON MRS. KEMBLE.

AFTER witnessing her performance in the part of Yarico at Dumfries

KIMBLE, thou curst my unbelief  
Of Moses and his rod ;  
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief  
The rock with tears had flow'd.

---

## THE CREED OF POVERTY.

"WHEN the Board of Excise," says Cunningham, "informed Burns that his business was to act, and not think, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote as follows :—"

IN politics if thou wouldest mix,  
And mean thy fortunes be ;  
Bear this in mind—"Be deaf and blind ,  
Let great folks hear and see."

## WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK

The following lines indicate how strongly Burns sympathised with the cause of freedom at the commencement of the French Revolution

Grant me, indulgent Heaven that I may live  
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give,  
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,  
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

---

## THE PARSON'S LOOKS

On some one remarking that he saw "a hood in the very look of a certain reverend gentleman," the poet replied

THAT there is falsehood in his looks  
I must and will deny,  
They say their master is a knave—  
And sure they do not lie.

---

## EXTTEMPORI

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,  
Your speed will outrival the dair;  
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,  
If you stuff be a rotten 's her heart.

---

## ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

The following lines were traced with a diamond on the window of the hermitage of Friar's Carse, the first time he visited it after the death of Mr Riddel:—

To Riddel, much-lamented man,  
This ivied cot was dear;  
Reader, dost value matchless worth?  
This ivied cot revere.

---

## ON EXCISEMEN

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

"One day," says Cunningham, "while in the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries, Burns overheard a country gentleman talking disparagingly concerning excise-

men. The poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote this rebuke with his diamond "—

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering  
 'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;  
 What are your landlords' rent-tolls? taxing ledgers,  
 What premiers—what even monarchs? mighty gaugers?  
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?  
 What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

---

## VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFERRIES

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures  
 Give me with gay Folly to live;  
 I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,  
 But Folly has raptures to give.

---

## THE SELKIRK GRACE.

THIS grace, now famous as the Selkirk grace, was an impromptu on being asked to say grace at dinner while on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk.

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,  
 And some wa<sup>t</sup>t eat that want it;  
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

---

## EPITAPH ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,  
 Planted by Satan's dibble  
 Poor silly wretch! he's damn'd himself  
 To save the Lord the trouble.

## TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAGG'S RECOVERY.

"How do you like the following epigram," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, "which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a

fever! Doctor Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave, and to him I address the following:—"

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,  
That merit I deny;  
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—  
An angel could not die.

---

### THE PARVENU.

IMPROVISED on hearing an illiterate *parvenu* boasting in company of the great people he knew.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,  
And in what lordly circles you've been;  
An insect is still but an insect at most,  
Though it crawl on the head of a queen!

---

### POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,  
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;  
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,  
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave;  
Virtue alone who dost revere,  
Thy own reproach alone dost fear  
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

---

### EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM.

JOHN SYME of Ryedale was a gentleman of education and talent, and a friend and companion of the poet. In his invitation, Mr. Syme had promised ~~the best~~ the best of company and the best of cookery.

*Dec. 17, 1795.*

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,  
And cookery the first in the nation;  
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit  
Is proof to all other temptation.

## TO MR SYME \*

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

JERUSALEM TAVERN DUMFRIES

OH hie the milt thy strength of mind,  
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,  
 •'Twere drink for first of humml myl  
 A gift that even for Syme were fit.

## INSCRIPTION ON A COPIE

FIRST, death in the cup - sic beware!  
 Nay, more there is danger in touching,  
 But where can ay be the fell true?  
 Then an and his wine's sic bewitching!

## THE TOAST

ON FLEMING'S BIRTHDAY AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS IN HONOUR OF HIS GREAT VICTORY IN APRIL 1757 TURNS GAVE THE FOLLOWING EMBRULMENT TO AST

INSTEAD of a song I say I'll give you a toast  
 Here's the mem'ry of those on the twelfth that we lost!  
 That we lost, did I say? nay by Heaven that we found,  
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round

The next in succession, I'll give you The King,  
 Who et would be hing on high may he swing!  
 And here's the grand fabric, Our free Constitution,  
 As built on the base of the great Revolution  
 And long r with politcs not to be cramm'd,  
 I e Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny d mant,  
 And who would to Liberty et private & loyal  
 May his son be a hangman, and he his fist frie!

## ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER

THESES WERE WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE POET'S ONLY DAUGHTER BY JOHN ARMOUR

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,  
 Blasted before its bloom  
 Whose innocence did sweets di close  
 Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,  
 This consolation's given—  
 She's from a world of woe relieved,  
 And blooms a rose in heaven.

---

## ON A COUNTRY LAIRD

SIR DAVID MAXWELL of Caerlaverock had given Burns some cause for offence during the heat of a contested election. The poet never failed to strike hard on such occasions, and in many cases unjustly.

BLESS the Redeemer, Cardoness,  
 With grateful bittel eyes,  
 Who said that in the soul alone,  
 But body, too, must rise;

For had He said, "The soul alone  
 From death I wil deliver,"  
 Alas ! alas ! O Cardoness,  
 Then thou hadst slept for ever !

---

## THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

The origin of these lines is thus related by Cromek.—"When politics ran high, the poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of 'The True Loyal Natives'—were handed over the table to Burns.—

"Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,  
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervide every throng.  
 With Craken the attorney, and Mandell the quack,  
 Send Wilie the monger to hell with a smack."

The poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote this reply.—

Ye true "Loyal natives" attend to my song,  
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long,  
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,  
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

---

## EPITAPH ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

ROBERT AIKEN, writer, Ayr, was one of the poet's most intimate friends.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame  
 Of this much-loved, much-honour'd name,  
 (For none that knew him need be told)  
 A warnier heart Death ne'er made cold !

## ON A FRIEND

The name of this friend is unknown.

An honest man here lies at rest,  
As e'er God with His image blest !  
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;  
The friend of age, and guide of youth ;  
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :  
If there's another world, he lives in bliss,  
If there is none, he made the best of this.

---

## EPIAPH ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

The Chapman of this epitaph was a Mr Kennedy, who travelled to merciful house. The lines were written on his recovery from a severe illness.

As Tam the Chapman on a day  
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,  
Weel pleased, he greetis a wight <sup>sae</sup> famous,  
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,  
Wha cheiffully lays down the pack,  
And there llaws up <sup>a</sup> hearty crack ;  
His social, friendly, honest heart  
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part.  
Sae after viewing knives and garter,  
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

---

## ON GAVIN HAMILTON

The poor man weeps—he ~~is~~ Gavin sleeps,  
Whom canting wretches blamed :  
But with such as he, where'er he be,  
May I be saved or damn'd !

---

## ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER

Horn souter Hood in death does sleep ;—  
To hell, if he's gone thither,  
Satin, gie him thy gear<sup>2</sup> to keep,  
He'll haud<sup>3</sup> it weel thegither.

<sup>1</sup> Gossip.

<sup>2</sup> Wealth

<sup>3</sup> Hold.

## ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

JAMES HUMPHREY, a working mason, a noisy polemic on all matter political and religious, was the "Jamie" of this epitaph. Within the memory of many people now living (in his latter days, he was reduced to beggary), with the view of stimulating a flow of coppers from the strangers coming and going by the Mauchline coach, he would introduce himself as Burns's "bleth'rin' bitch."

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :  
O Death, it's my opinion,  
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch  
Into thy dark dominion !

## ON WEE J D H N N.Y.

\*HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY

JOHN WILSON, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works.

WHO'EFR thou art, O reader, know  
That Death has murder'd Johnny !  
And here his body lies fu' low—  
For saul he ne'er had ony.

## ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,  
His chicken heart so tender ;  
But build a castle on his heid,  
His skull will prop'it under.

## ON MISS JEAN'SCOTT OF FCCLFECHAN.

OH ! had each Scot of ancient times  
Been, Jeannie Scott, as thou art,  
The bravest heart on English ground,  
I had yielded like a coward !

## ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE

As Father Adam first was fool'd,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lies a man a woman ruled—  
The devil ruled the woman.

## ON THE SAME

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life  
 Whom we this day lament !  
 We freely wud exchanged the wife,  
 And been well content !

Even as he is, cauld in his griff  
 The swap<sup>1</sup> we yet will do t,  
 Tak thou the carlin's<sup>\*</sup> carcase aff,  
 Thou'se get the saul to boot

## ON THE SAME

ON Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell  
 When deprived of her husband she lived so well,  
 In respect for the love and affection he showed her,  
 She reduced him to dust n<sup>t</sup> he drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a difscent complexion,  
 When call'd on to order the funeral direction,  
 Would have eat her duell lord, on a slender pretence,  
 Not to show her respect, b it—to save the expence

## JOHNNY PEPP

IN THESE THRE DAILYS IN CUMBERLAND AND LANCASHIRE A ROOM AND  
 FIND OUT THREE SHEEP. I W<sup>T</sup> RETURNING PRECEPTED Y<sup>W</sup> WHEN ONE OF THEM  
 FELL DOWN I HADN<sup>T</sup> HEARD IT. I M<sup>T</sup> NOTICED ANOTHER SHEEP STOOD HIMSELF UP  
 WITH THE STRINGS. WHEN THE SUN<sup>T</sup> GLOWED IN THE MORNING IT WAS PRO-  
 BLY THAT EACH SHEEP WOULD WALK UP THE WATER OF THE FOUNTAIN, AT HIS HALTER WOULD KICK AND  
 TH<sup>T</sup> OTHER TWO SHEEP WOULD KICK AND TH<sup>T</sup> OTHER THREE HALF CROWN TO BE PENT IN ENTERTAINING THE CROWD. IT IS  
 NECESSARY TO SAY THAT "JOHNNY PEPP" WAS THE VICTIM

HERE AM I Johnny Peep  
 I saw three sheep,  
 And these three sheep saw me,  
 Half a-crown a-pice  
 Will pay for their fleeces,  
 And so Johnny Peep gets free

## Iachang

\* Carlin—a woman with an evil tongue. In olden times used with reference to a woman suspected of having dealings with the devil.

## THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

It is said that the wife of a gentleman, at whose table the poet was one day dining, expressed herself with more freedom than propriety regarding her husband's extravagant convivial habits, a rudeness which Burns rebuked in these sharp lines —

CURSED be the man the poorest wretch in life,  
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !  
Who has no will but by her high permission ,  
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ,  
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;  
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell !  
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
I'd break her joint, or I'd break her heart ,  
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
I'd kiss her maws, and I'ck the perverse bitch.

## ON ANDREW TURNER

In se'enteen hundred and forty-nine,  
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,  
And curst it in a corner :  
But wilily he changed his plan,  
And shaped it something like a man,  
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

## A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide  
For every creature's want !  
We bless thee, God of nature wide,  
For all thy goodness lent :  
And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,  
May never worse be sent ;  
But, whether granted or denied,  
Lord, bless us with content !—Amen.

## ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK.

ONE of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh<sup>1</sup>, and a well-known friend  
of the poet's

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,  
And mony shall lament him ;  
His faults they a' in Latin lay,  
In English name e'er kent them

## ON WAT.

THE name of the hero of these terrible lines<sup>1</sup> has not been recorded

Sic a reptile was Wat,  
Sic a miscreant slave,  
That the very worms damn'd him  
When laid in his grave.

"In his flesh there's a famine,"  
A starved reptile cries;  
"And his heart is rank poison,"  
Another replies.

## ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN CLAYPESDALE.

WORSHIPPING in the parish church of Lamington, Burns found the weather cold, the place uncomfortable, and the sermon poor; he took his revenge on the parson, the kirk, and the elements, in the following lines:—

As cauld a wind as ever blew,  
A caudel kirk, and in't but few,  
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,  
Ye'se a be het<sup>2</sup> ere I come back.

## A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie;  
My blessin's upon thy bonny ee-broe<sup>1</sup>;  
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,  
Thou's aye the dearest and dearest to me!

## VERSES

<sup>1</sup> WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS, ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?  
To murder men, and gie God thanks!  
For shame! gie o'er-<sup>-</sup>proceed no further—  
God won't accept your thanks for murthei<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Warm.

<sup>2</sup> Eyebrow.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,  
Though glory's name may screen us ;  
In wars at-hame I'll spend my blood,  
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore  
Are social peace and plenty ;  
I'm better pleased to make one more  
Than be the death of twenty.

---

My bottle is my holy pool,  
That heals the wound o' care and dool ;  
And pleasure is a want n trout,  
An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

---

#### ON JOHN BUSHBY.

BUSHBY was a clever lawyer, who had crossed the poet's path in politics frequently

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man ! —  
Cheat him, devil, gin you can.

---

#### LINFS TO JOHN RANKINE

These lines were written by Burns while on his deathbed, and forwarded to Rankine after his death

---

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,  
And a green grassy hillock haps his head ;  
Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed !

---

#### TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

"DURING the last illness of the poet," says Cunningham, "Mr Brown, the surgeon who attended him, came in, and stated that he had been looking at a collection of wild beasts just arrived, and pulling out the list of the animals, held it out to Jessy Lewars. The poet snatched it from him, took up a pen,

ard with red ink wrote the following on the back of the paper, saying, 'Now it is fit to be presented to a lady.'—

TALK not to me of savages  
From Afric's burning sun,  
No savage e'er could rend my heart  
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,  
A mutual faith to plight,  
Not even to view the heavenly choir  
Would be so blest a sight.

• THE TOAST.

ON another occasion, during his illness, he took up a crystal goblet, and traced the following lines on it, and presented it to her.—

FILL me with the rosy wine,  
Call a toast—a toast divine;  
Give the poet's darling flame,  
Lovely Jessy be the name;  
Then thou mayest freely boast  
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS

ON Miss Lewar complaining of illness in the hearing of the and he would provide for the worst, and seizing another crystal goblet, he wrote as follows.—

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth  
Can turn Death's dart aside?  
It is not purity and worth,  
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS

ON her recovering health, the poet said, "There is a poetic reason for it," and composed the following.—

BUT rarely seen since nature's birth,  
The natives of the sky;  
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,  
For Jessy did not die.

## A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

GILBERT BURNS had some doubts as to the authenticity of the following lines.—

"There's nae that's blest of humankind  
But the cheerful and the gay, man.  
Fal, la!, &c.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !  
What wad you wish for mair, man ?  
Wha kens, before his life may end,  
What his share may be of care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly.  
And use them as ye ought, man ;  
Believe me, Happiness is shy,  
And comes not aye when sought, man.

## GRACE AFTER DINNER

O THOU, in whom we live and move,  
Who madest the sea and shore,  
Thy goodness constantly we prove,  
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Power above,  
Still grant us, with such store,  
The friend we trust, the fair we love,  
And we desire no more.

## ANOTHER.

LORD, we thank thee and adore,  
For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;  
At present we will ask no more —  
Let William Hyslop give the spirit !

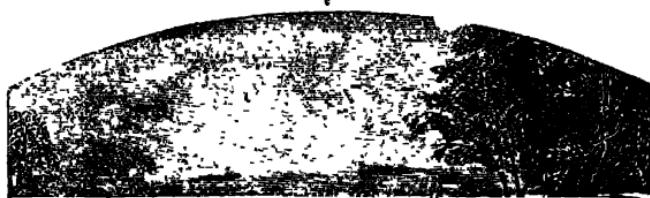
## THE SOLEMN VIGUE AND COVENANT.

MR. ROBERT CARRUTHERS, of Inverness, gives the following account of these lines—"In 'The Statistical Account of Scotland,' the minister of Balmaghie, in Galloway, quoted the epitaph on a martyr's tombstone,—a stone 'with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,' and he added this depre-

elatory remark—'The author of which (the epitaph) no doubt supposed himself to have been writing poetry! Burns was nettled at this unfeeling comment, and wrote with his pencil on the page —

THE Solemn League and Covenant  
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;  
But sacred freedom too was theirs,  
If thou'ret a slave, indulge thy sneer.





## SONGS.

### MY HANDSOME NELL.

*Tune—“I am a man unmarried”*

The heroine of this song, Nelly Kilpatrick, was the daughter of the village blacksmith, and the poet's first partner in the labours of the harvest-field. She was the “bonnie queen” he sings of, whose “witching smile” first made his heart-strings tingle. “This song,” he says, “was the first of my performances, and done it an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity,—unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. It has many faults—but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts—my blood salies, at the remembrance.”

Oif, once I loved a bonny lass,  
Ay, and I love her still,  
And whilst that virtue warms my breast  
I'll love my handsome Nell.  
                        Fal, fal de ral, &c

As bonny lasses I ha'e seen,  
And mony full as braw,  
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,  
The like I never saw.

A bonny lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the ee,  
But without some better qualities  
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;  
And, what is best of a'—  
Her reputation is complete,  
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,  
Baith decent and genteel ;  
And then there's something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart ;  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,  
'Tis this enchant's my soul !  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without control.

#### I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

"THOSE two stanzas," says the poet, "which are among the oldest of printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,  
Gaily in the sunny beam,  
Listening to the wild birds singing  
By a falling crystal stream :  
Straight the sky grew black and dairing ;  
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave,  
Trees with aged arms were waiting,  
O'er the swelling, drumlike wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;  
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.  
Though tickle Fortune has deceived me,  
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill,)  
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
I bear a heart shall support me still.

#### MY NANNIE, O.

*Tune* "My Nannie, O"

THIS song has been termed the finest love-song in my language. The poet's father lived to read and admire it. The heroine of it was Agnes (Scottee, Nannie) Fleming, at one time a servant with the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. She

died unmarried at an advanced age — surely no fit destiny for one who had been the subject of such a strain.

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has closed,  
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;  
 The night's baith muk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile n y Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonny, O:  
 The opening gowan,<sup>1</sup> wat wi' dew,  
 Nae puicer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,<sup>2</sup>  
 And I manna guide it cannic, O;  
 But wau'l's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guid man delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O;  
 But I'm as blithe that huids his plough,  
 And has na care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O,  
 Nae ither care in life have I  
 But live and love my Nannie, O!

### O TIBBIE, I-HAE SEEN THE DAY

*Tune — "Invercauld's Reel"*

ISABELLA (Scottee, Tibbie) Stevens would appear to have considered herself a matrimonial catch, because her father was the owner of a few acres of peat moss, and used to be thrown away on a ha' um-um-scumum poet

O TIBBIE, I haec seen the lly  
 Ye wadna been sae shy,  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly<sup>1</sup> me,  
 But, trowth, I cuic na by

Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spak<sup>2</sup>na, but gacl by like stoure.  
 Ye geck<sup>3</sup> it me becau e I m po r,  
 But fuit a hair care I

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think  
 Because ye haec the name o' clml,<sup>4</sup>  
 That ye can please me at a wink  
 Whenc'er ye like to ty

But sorrow tak him that's sic mean,  
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Who follows ony saucy quean,<sup>5</sup>  
 That looks sic proud and high

Although a lad were e er sic smart,  
 If that he want the yellow dnt  
 Ye'll cast yer head another wnt,  
 And answer him fu dry

Put if he haec the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll si ten to him like a buer,  
 Though hrudly he, for sen o' leir,  
 Pe letter thim the kye

But Tibbie liss, tak my advice,  
 Your daddy's gear maks you sic nice,  
 The deil a one wad spier yonu jine  
 Were ye in jear as I

There lives a liss in yonder pail,  
 I wadna gie her in her sack  
 I wi thce, wi' a' thy thowtan' maul  
 Ye need na look sic high

• ON CFSNOCK BANKS

Tune— If he be a Futeher, ne tan ltrim

FULL ON BRAYBIP a girl of humble parentage, the heroine of this song was, when the poet made her a jinni tal e and me he scryant. Her mental attrac-  
tions were in the first rank so great, that it even as she sat nucklin the

<sup>1</sup> Shght.

<sup>2</sup> Dust driven by the wind.

<sup>3</sup> Mock.

<sup>4</sup> Money.

<sup>5</sup> Watch.

most cultivated circles of the metropolis, he confessed that she of all the women he had ever met, was the only one who would be likely to make a pleasant companion for life.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,  
Could I describe her shape and mien,  
The graces of her weelsaurd<sup>1</sup> face,  
And the glancing of her sparkling een.

She's fairer than the morning dawn,  
When rising Phœbus first is seen,  
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash  
That grows the cowslip braes between,  
And shoots its head above each bush ;  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,  
With flowers so white and leaves so green,  
When purest in the dewy morn ;  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,  
When flowery May adorns the scene,  
That wantons round its bleating dam,  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her hair is like the curling mist  
That shades the mountain-side at e'en  
When flower-reviving rains are past,  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,  
When shining sunbeams intervene,  
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush  
That sings off Cessnock banks unseer,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;  
And she's two, glancing, sparkling een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep  
With fleeces newly washen clean,  
That slowly mount the rising steep  
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

<sup>1</sup> Well-favoured.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
 That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,  
 When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;  
 And she's twa glanemg, sparklin' een

But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
 Though matching beauty's fabled queen,  
 But the mind that shines in every grace,  
 • And chiefly in her sparkling een.

---

## ANOTHER VERSION.

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,  
 Could I describe her shape and mien ;  
*Our lassies a' she far excels,*  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,  
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,  
*And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;*  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash  
 That grows the cowslip braes between,  
*And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;*  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's spotless, like the flowering thorn,  
 With flowers so white, and leaves so green,  
 When purest in the dewy morn ;  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,  
 When evening Phœbus shines serene,  
*While birds rejoice on every spray ;*  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist  
 That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en  
 When flower-reviving rains are past ;  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,  
 When gleaming sunbeams intervene,  
 And gild the distant mountain's brow ;  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,  
 The pride of all the flowery vine,  
 Just opening on its thorny stem,  
 And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

*Her teeth are like the nightly snow,  
When pale the morning rises keen,  
While hid the murmur'ring streamlets flow ;  
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.*

*Her lips are like yon cherries ripe  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;  
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.*

*Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean  
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;  
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.*

*Her voice is like the evening thrush,  
That sings on Cessnac' banks unseen,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.*

*But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,  
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace ;  
And chiefly in her roguish een.*

#### MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

*Tune—“The Weaver and his Shuttle, O”*

The following song,” says the poet, “is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but the sentiments were the genuine feelings of my heart at the time it was written.”

My father was a farmer  
Upon the Carrick border, O,  
And carefully he bred me  
In decency and order, O,  
He bade me act a manly part,  
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O,  
For without an honest manly heart,  
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world  
My course I did determine, O ;  
Though to be rich was not my wish,  
Yet to be great was charming, O :  
My talents they were not the worst,  
Nor yet my education, O ;  
Resolved was I at least to try  
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,  
 I courted Fortune's favour, O ;  
 Some cause unseen still stept between  
 To frustrate each endeavour, O .  
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ,  
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;  
 And when my hope was at the top,  
 I still was worst mistaken, O .

Then sore harass'd, and tued at last,  
 With Fortune's vain delusion, O ,  
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,  
 And came to this conclusion, O :  
 The past was bad, and the future hid ;  
 Its good or ill untried, O ;  
 But the present hour was in my power,  
 And so I would enjoy it, O .

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,  
 Nor person to besynd me, O :  
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,  
 And labour to sustin me, O :  
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,  
 My father bred me early, O ,  
 For one, he said, to labour bred,  
 Was a match for Fortune fainly, C

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,  
 Through life I'm doom'd to winder, C  
 Till down my weary bones I lay  
 In everlasting slumber, O .  
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er  
 Might breed me pun or sorrow, O ;  
 I live to-day as well's I may,  
 Regardless of to-morrow, O

But cheerful still, I am as well  
 As a monarch in a palace, O ,  
 Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down  
 With all her wonted malice, O :  
 I make indeed my daily bread,  
 But ne'er can make it farther, O :  
 But as daily bread is all I need,  
 I do not much regard her, O .

When sometimes by my labour  
 I earn a little money, O ,  
 Some unforeseen misfortune  
 Comes generally upon me, O :  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,  
 Or my good-natured folly, O ;  
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,  
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O .

All you who follow wealth and power  
 With unfemitting ardour, O,  
 The more in this you look for bliss,  
 You leave your view the farther, O.  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,  
 Or nations to adore you, O,  
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown  
 I will prefer before you, O !

## JOHN BARLEYCORN

## A BALLAD

This is modernised from an English original, well known to lovers of old ballad poetry. The original was first printed in "Jameson's Ballads." Various versions of it current over the country have been printed since.

THERE were three kings into the east,  
 Three kings both great and high ;  
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,  
 Put clods upon his head ;  
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
 And showers began to fall :  
 John Barleycorn got up again,  
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
 And he grew thick and strong ;  
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spear,  
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,  
 When he grew wan and pale ;  
 His bending joints and drooping head  
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
 He faded into age ;  
 And then his enemies began  
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,  
 And cut him by the knee ;  
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
 Like a rogue for forgene.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm.  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim:  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe:  
And still, as signs of life appear'd,  
They toss'd him to and fro

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones,  
But a miller used him worst of all--  
He crush'd him 'twixt two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round,  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise.  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;  
'Twill heighten all his joy:  
Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
Though the tear were in her eye

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand,  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

## MONGOMERY'S PEGGY

*Line. "Cold Water."*

"Montgomery's Peggy," says Burns, "who had been bred in a style of life rather elegant, was my duty for six or eight months." She was a servant in the house of Mr. Montgomery of Cailsheld. Her charms would appear from his correspondence to have made a considerable impression on the susceptible poet.

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,  
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,

Yet happy, happy would I be,  
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy

When o'er the hill beat sultry storm,  
And winter nights were dark and rainy,  
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy

Were I a baron proud and high,  
And horse and servants waiting ready,  
Then a' twad gie o' joy to me,  
The sharin' wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

## MARY MORISON

*Tune—“Bide ye yet”*

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor :  
How blithely wad I bide the stour,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
Though this w<sup>e</sup> fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sh'd, and said, amang them a',  
“Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, c<sup>a</sup>inst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
Or c<sup>a</sup>inst thou break that heart of his  
Whase only fruit is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown ;  
A thought ungentle cannna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

## THE RIGS O' BARLEY

*Tune*—“Corn rigs are bonny.”

If was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonny,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa' to Annie:  
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
Till, 'twen the late and early,  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly,  
I set her down, wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.  
I kent her heart was a' my ain,  
I loved her most sincerely.  
I kis'd her owie and owie again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!  
Her heart was beating rarely:  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley!  
But by the moon and stars so bright,  
That shone that hour so clearly!  
She ave shall bless that happy night,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry drinkin'  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
I hae been happy thinkin'.  
But i' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Though three times doubled fauly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
And corn rigs are bonny:  
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.



## PRGCV

*Tune*—“I had a horse, I had nae mur”

Now western winds and blight'ning gales  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather,  
The moorcock sings, on whirling wings,  
Amang the blooming heather.

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer ;  
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
 To muse upon my chainer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fields ;  
 The plover loves the mountains ;  
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;  
 The soaring hern the fountains :  
 Through lofty groves the cushat<sup>1</sup> loves,  
 The path of man to shun it ,  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender ;  
 Some social join, and loves combine ;  
 Some solitary wander  
 Awaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering crew ;  
 The fluttering, gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear:  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow :  
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms of nature ;  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
 Swear how I love thee dearly :  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be<sup>2</sup> thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely chainer !

#### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O !

*Tune* "Green grow the rashes"

THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON AN OLD SCOTCH SONG OF MUCH SPIRIT, BUT MORE, BROAD THAN IT NEED BE

GREEN grow the rashes, O !  
 Green grow the rashes, O !

<sup>1</sup> Wood-pigeon.

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every hand  
In every hour that passes, O;  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' twere na for the lasses, O?

The waully race may riches chase,  
And riches still may fly them, O,  
And though at last they catch them fast,  
Then hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O

But give me a canny<sup>1</sup> home at een,  
My arms about my dearie, O,  
And waully care, and waully men,  
May a' gae tipsalterie,<sup>2</sup> O.

I let you sae douce,<sup>3</sup> ye sniet at thon,  
Ye're nought but sensible asies, O;  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw  
He deedly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swets the lovely deans  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her' prentie hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.

#### LIFE CURE FOR ALL CARE

\* *This* - "Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly

No churchman am I for to tail and to write,  
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,  
No sly man of business contriving a snare -  
For a big-bellied bottle's<sup>4</sup> the whole of my care

The peer I don't envy, I give baw-haw,  
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;  
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
And a bottle like this, are my glory an' care

Here passes the square on his brother - his horse;  
There centum per centum, the cut with hi' purse,  
But see you the crown, how it waves in the air!  
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die,  
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;  
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,  
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care

<sup>1</sup> Happy, lucky—quiet

<sup>2</sup> Topsy-turvy

<sup>3</sup> Gray

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—  
 But 'the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts," — a maxim laid down  
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown ;  
 And faith, I agree with the old prig to a hair ;  
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of a care.

## ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,  
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;  
 May every true brother of the compass and square  
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care !

## MY JEAN !

*Tune*—"The Northern Lass"

"Tim, heroine of this sweet snatch," say, Cunningham, "was bonny Jean. I was composed when the poet contemplated the West India voyage, and an eternal separation from the land and all that was dear to him."

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,  
 Far as the pole and line,  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.  
 Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between ;  
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
 I still would love my Jean.

## A FRAGMENT.

*Tune*—"John Anderson my jo"

O'er night as I did wander,  
 When corn begins to shoot,  
 I sat me down to ponder  
 Upon an auld tree root :  
 Aukl' Ayr ran by before me,  
 And bicker'd<sup>1</sup> to the seas ;  
 A cushat cooed<sup>2</sup> o'er me,  
 That echo'd through the braes.

<sup>1</sup> Raced leapingly

<sup>2</sup> Wood-pig on cooed.

## WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

"THE following," says the poet in his Commonplace Book, "was an extempore effusion, composed under a train of misfortunes which threatened to undo me altogether."

WHEN clouds in skies do come together  
To hide the brightness of the sun,  
There will surely be some pleasant weather  
When a' their storms are past and gone.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,  
She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;  
Of masters, friends, and wealth bereaved me,  
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence, as far's I'm able;  
But if success I must never find,  
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,  
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

## ROBIN

*Tune—“Dainty Davie”*

IT is related that when the poet's father rode to Ayr to fetch a doctor, at a rivulet which proved to be in flood he found a gipsy woman sitting on the further side, being unable to get across. Notwithstanding the urgency of his errand, he conveyed her across the stream. On returning home, he found her sitting at the fireside, shortly after the birth of the child, on his being placed in the arms of the gipsy, she gave vent to the predictions which the poet has introduced so happily into the song.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But whatna day o' whata style,  
I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';  
Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but aye  
Was five and twenty days begun,  
"Twas then a blast o' Januar win'  
Blew hansom in on Robin.

The gossip keekit<sup>1</sup> in his loof,<sup>2</sup>  
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly<sup>3</sup> boy will be nae coof<sup>4</sup>—  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

<sup>1</sup> Looked.

<sup>2</sup> Palm.

<sup>3</sup> Goodly.

<sup>4</sup> Fool.

A form of endurance

And by a Maugrable lady,  
My heart was, cannot tell before I thought,  
Not dreadfuller can my body,  
But when I came to her by Marvellous love,

A mirth still I had, as they say,  
Whereto I said, wherefore I said,  
Ally mind it was an seadly:  
Whon I first I came to sweetest Kyte,  
Said "I bid adoun, I bid adoun."

THE MARCHANT'S VALE

I bid my blossoms blow, O  
But tickles passes painfull, now, O,  
Bid my blossoms blow, O,  
But tickles mortail a stony,

And make my blamable blow, O,  
The drow full fleshi like an easie land,  
My blissons as wet did blow, O,  
My stony was I am, my bad was eare,

This land my land full blow, O,  
O ragging fortune's wylting blast  
This land my land full blow, O,  
O fortune's wylting blast

THE KEEPS FORTUNE.

So blissem on thee, Roslin,  
But twyday fates may haue war,  
I haue many losses in a day,  
And failly, quod dñe T doubt not hee,

So leare me on life, Roslin,  
This chape will dearely hit me hard,  
I haue alwa stow and lond,  
But, sime a thre tyme this land haue

We'll a be peaced o' Roslin,  
If it be a creditt till us a,  
But ay a heiret aloon them a,  
We'll haue misfortunes great and me,

## THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

*Tom "Bræs o' Ballochmyle"*

The song was composed when Sir John Whitfoord and his family were forced  
out with the family cattle, Ballochmyle. Maria was the name of the eldest  
daughter.

The Catrine wools were yellow seen,  
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,  
Nae laverock<sup>1</sup> sang on hillock green  
But nature sicken'd on the ee  
Through faded groves Maria sang,  
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,  
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,  
Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low on your wintry bed, ye flowers,  
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair,  
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,  
Again ye'll charm the vocal air  
But here, alas! for me nae man  
Shall bide the charm or flowret smile  
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr,  
Farewell, farewell! sweet Ballochmyle!

## YOUNG PEGGY

*Tom "The last time I can o'er the minn"*

This became of this song w<sup>t</sup> the daughter of a small landed proprietor in the  
peasants' neighbourhood. Her wit and beauty had so moved him, that he wrote  
the song and sent it to her, with a complimentary letter.

Young Peggy blooms o'er Connest Isle,  
Her blush is like the morning,  
The rosy dawn the springing grass  
With pearly gems adorning;  
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
That gild the passing shower,  
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,  
And cheer each freshening flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,  
A richer dye has graced them,  
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
And sweetly tempt to taste them;  
Her smile is like the evening, mild,  
When feather'd tribes are courting,  
And little lambkins wanton wild  
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her ;  
 As blooming Spring unbends the braw  
 Of surly, savage Winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,  
 Her winning powers to lessen ;  
 And spiteful Envy grins in vain,  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth  
 From every ill defend her ;  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The dest'nes intend her ;  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,  
 Responsive in each bosom ;  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.

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## THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T

*Tune "Fast neuk o' Fife"*

The subject of this fine and humorous ditty was a girl of the name of Elizabeth Paton, a servant in his mother's house. She was the mother of the child he addressed as "My sonie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." "I composed it," says the poet, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud."

Oh wha my babie-clouts<sup>1</sup> will buy?  
 Oh wha will tent<sup>2</sup> me when I cry?  
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?—  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Oh wha will own I<sup>3</sup> did the faut?  
 Oh wha will buy the groanin' m'ut?<sup>4</sup>  
 Oh wha will tell me how to ca't?—  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chan,  
 Wha will sit beside me there?  
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lané?  
 Wha will ask me fidgin-fain?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?—  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

<sup>1</sup> Baby-clothes  
<sup>2</sup> Heed.

<sup>3</sup> The ale to drink a welcome to the birth of the child.  
<sup>4</sup> Fidget with delight.

\* The stool of repentance, on which culprits formerly sat on the day they did public penance, and were rebuked in the church.

## MENIE \*

*Tune—“Johnny’s Gray Breeks.”*

The chorus of the following was borrowed from a song composed by another hand

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
 All freshly steep’d in morning dews.

And maun I still on Menie dote,  
 And bear the scorn that’s in her ee?  
 For it’s jet, jet black, and it’s like a hawk,  
 And it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
 In vain to me the violets spring;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,<sup>1</sup>  
 The mavis and the hntwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
 Wi’ joy the tentie<sup>2</sup> seedsman stalks,  
 But life to me’s a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks.<sup>3</sup>

The wanton coot the water skims,  
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry  
 The stately swan majestic swims,  
 And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks<sup>4</sup> his faulding slap,<sup>5</sup>  
 And owre the moorlands whistles shull  
 Wi’ wild, unequal, wandering step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, ‘tween light and dark,  
 Blithe waukens by the daisy’s side,  
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghast I hamewaid glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me!

<sup>1</sup> Wood.  
<sup>2</sup> Heedful.

<sup>3</sup> Wakes.  
<sup>4</sup> Shuts.

<sup>5</sup> Gate.

## THERE WAS A LASS

*Tune* "Duncan Davison"

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she held o'er the moon to spin,  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison  
 The moon was dreigh,<sup>1</sup> and Meg was skeigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 'Let favour Duncan couldna win,  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And aye she shook the tempe-pin

As o'er the moor they lightly foot,<sup>3</sup>  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they cast their shanks,  
 And aye she set the wheel between.  
 But Duncan swore a haly ath,  
 That Meg should be a birdie the morn,  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' grain,<sup>4</sup>  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn

We'll big a house - a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen,  
 Sae blithe and merry we will be  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight and no be slain;  
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,  
 And aye be welcome back again

## ASTON WAILL

*Tune* "The Vellyx haud Laddie"

There is some doubt as to who is the hero of this fine song. Cumine and Cunningham join in saying that the song was written in honour of Mr. Dunlop of Astin House, while Gilbert Burns, who was not likely to err, affirms that he has heard his brother say that it was a tribute to his dearly-loved Highland Mary.

Flow gently, sweet Aston, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream -  
 'Flow gently, sweet Aston,' disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming sorbeau -  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

<sup>1</sup> Tedious.<sup>2</sup> High minded.<sup>3</sup> Went.<sup>4</sup> Tackle.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Fair mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,  
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shade, my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds, by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet dive,  
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lay,  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream -  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

*June - 'The deuk's dang o'er my daddy.'*

"THE," says the poet, "was a compilation of mine before I was at all known in the world. My Highland Lassie [Mary] was a winsome, charming young creature, ever blest a man with generous love." For an account of Highland Mary, see the introductory note to the verses entitled, "To Mary in Heaven." Years after Highland Mary was dead, her mother who greatly mourned this song, sang it to her grandchilden.

Nae gentle\* dames, though e'er sic fun,  
Shall ever be my Muse's mate:  
Then ticht a' are empty show;  
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O

Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
Aboon the plains sae bushy, O,  
I set me down wi' right good will,  
To sing my Highland Lassie, O

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
The world then the love should know  
I bear my Highland Lassie, O

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea!  
But while my crimson currents flow,  
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O

\* Gentle is used here in opposition to simple, in the Scottish and old English sense of the word — *Nae gentle dames* — no high blooded dames — *Currin*

Although through foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change,  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow.  
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
For her I'll trace the distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By sacred truth and honour's band !  
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !  
Farewell the plai sae bushy, O !  
To other lands I now must go,  
To sing my Highland Lassie, O !

## MARY !

*Tune "Blue Bonnets"*

AMONG the poet's papers after his death, a copy of the following lines was found inscribed, "A Prayer for Mary." The Mary here alluded to was Highland Mary. The lines were written when the poet was thinking of emigrating.

POWERS celestial ! whose protection  
Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
While in distant climes I wander,  
Let my Mary be your care ;  
Let her form sae fair and faultless,  
Fair and faultless as your own,  
Let my Mary's kindred spirit  
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you wast around her  
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;  
Breathing in the breeze that fan, her,  
Soothe her bosom into rest.  
Guardian angels ! oh, protect her,  
When in distant lands I roam ;  
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
Make her bosom still my home !

## •WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

"In my very early years," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Thomson in 1792, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies. I took the following farewell of a dear girl [Highland Mary]:"—

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;  
And sae may the Heavens forget me  
When I forget my vow!

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand;  
Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
In mutual affection to join;  
And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
The hour and the moment o' time!

## ELIZA

*Tune—“Gilderoy.”*

THE heroine of this song was one of “The Six Belles of Murchline,” Miss Betty Miller. The love here was purely poetical, the mere association of a name with the sentiments proper to love.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel fates between us thro' v  
A boundless ocean's roar;  
But boundless oceans roaring wild  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
The maid that I adore!  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more!  
The latest throb that leaves my heart,  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh!

A FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,  
TORBOLTON.

*Tune* - "Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

The following lines were spoken to "The Brethren," by the poet, while on the eve of his intended emigration. The person specially alluded to in the last verse was the Master of the Lodge, Major-General James Montgomery.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!  
 Dear brothers of the mystic tu!  
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,  
 Companions of my social joy!  
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing Fortune's shadd'ry ba'<sup>1</sup>,  
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.  
 Oft have I met your social band,  
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presidèd o'er the sons of light.  
 And, by that hieroglyphic, bright,  
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw!  
 Strong Memory on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!  
 My freedom, humony, and love,  
 Unite you in the grand design,  
 Beneath the Omnipotent eye above,  
 The glorious Architect Divine!  
 That you may keep the morning line,  
 Still rising by the plummets law,  
 Till order bright completely shone,  
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.  
 And you, farewell! whose merit claim,  
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!  
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,  
 To masonry and Scotia dear!  
 A last request permit me here,  
 When yearly ye assemble a',  
 One round—I ask it with a tear—  
 To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLY.

*Tune* - "She wi' boy."

WRITTEN after visiting the Kilmauock Masonic Lodge. The Willie of the song was William Parker, a Kilmauock bank agent, whose name figured in the subscription list of the first edition of the poet's works for thirty copies.

<sup>1</sup> Slippery ball.

YE sons of old Kille, assembled by Wilie,  
 To follow the noble vocation ;  
 Your thrify old mother has scarce such another  
 As sits in that honour'd station.  
 I've little to say, but only to pray,  
 As praying's the *ton* of your fashion ;  
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,  
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
 Who marked each element's border,  
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order ;  
 Within this dear mansion my wayward Contention  
 Or withered Envy ne'er enter ;  
 My Secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
 And Brotherly Love be the centre !

## SONG

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUEFUL FARMER

*Lane* — Go from my window, love, do "

"By the liberality of Mr. Dick, bookseller, Ayr," says Mr. Robert Currie in his edition of the poet's works, "the present proprietor of a manuscript of ten leaves, in Burns's hand-writing, and which was formerly in the possession of Mrs. General Stewart of Stair, we are enabled to give the following song, which has not hitherto seen the light." (It is uncommonly fax in versification.)

The sun he is sunk in the west,  
 All creatures return to rest,  
 While here I sit all sore heart  
 With sorrow, grief, and wo,  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

The prosperous man is a leep  
 Nor hears how the whilwind sweep,  
 But M'sey and I must watch  
 The surly tempest blow,  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

There lies the deat partner of my breast,  
 Her cares for a moment at rest :  
 Must I see thice, my youthful pride,  
 Thus brought so very low,  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,  
 No anxious fear their little heart alarms,

But for their sake my heart doth ache,  
With many a bitter throe:  
And it's O, sickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest,  
I once could relieve the distrest:  
Now, life's poor support hardly earn'd,  
My fate will scarce bestow:  
And it's O, sickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!  
How welcome to me were the grave!  
But then my wife and children dear,  
O whither would they go?  
And it's O, sickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!  
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!  
For in this world Rest or Peace  
I never more shall know!  
And it's O, sickle Fortune, O!

### THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

*Tune — "Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff"*

WANDERIN' in the grounds adjoining Ballochmyle House, Burns encountered Miss Alexander, the sister of Mr. Claud Alexander, a retired East India Officer, who had purchased the estate from Sir John Whitefoord, whose departure he has lamented in "The Braes of Ballochmyle," page 309. On composing the song he sent it to Miss Alexander with the following note, "I had roved out, as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my Muse on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene and such was the hour—when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. The enclosed song was the work of my return home, and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene." Much to his annoyance she took no notice of it, the poet being very possibly at the time unknown to her, having only just come to the neighbourhood. She lived to be proud of the honour done her, dying unmarried in 1843, at the age of eighty-eight.

'TWAS even—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang,  
The zephyrs wanton'd round the benn,  
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seem'd the while,  
Except where greenwood echoes rang,  
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,  
 When musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile,  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild ;  
 When roving through the garden gay,  
 Or wandering in the lonely wild :  
 But woman, Nature's darling child !  
 There all her charms she does compile ;  
 Even there her other works are foil'd  
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh ! had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain :  
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
 And every day have joys divine  
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle

— — —

## THE BONNY BANKS OF AYR.

*Tune—“ Roslin Castle ”*

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,  
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure ;  
 While here I wander, prest with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly.  
Chill runs my blood to heat it rare --  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must due,  
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
Though death in every shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear!  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart trans-pierced with many a wound,  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her healthy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched saucy love,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves!  
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!  
My peace with these, my love with those --  
The bursting tears my heart decline;  
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!

### THE BANKS OF DOON

#### FIRST VERSION

This song illustrates a genuine experience. "The heroine, a lovely and accomplished woman, the daughter of a gentleman of some fortune in Ayrshire, was deserted by her lover, the son of a wealthy landed proprietor, after she had borne a son to him." A second version follows this:

Ye flowery bank, o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fair,  
How can ye chant, ye little bird,  
And I sae fit' o' care!

I bicht break my heart, thou bonny bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou mind me o' the happy days  
When my fause love was true.

Thon't break my heart, thou bonny bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Oft hae I roved by bonny Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine ;  
 And ilk a bird sang o' its love,  
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Frae off its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause lurer staw' the rose,  
 But left the thorn wi' me.

## SECOND VERSION.

*Tune* - "Caledonian Hunt's Delight"

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fit o' care !  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons through the flowering thorn ;  
 Thou minds me o' departed joy,  
 Departed—never to return !

Oft hae I roved by bonny Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilk a bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause lurer stole my rose,  
 But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

## THE AMERICAN WAR

## A FRAGMENT

*Tune* "Kilhecrankie"

WHEN Guildford good our pilot shood,  
 And did our helm thraw,<sup>1</sup> man,  
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
 Within America, man ;  
 Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,<sup>2</sup>  
 And in the sea did jaw,<sup>3</sup>\* man ;  
 \*

1 Stole.

2 Turn

3 Tea-pot.

4 Draw.

\* The English Government having imposed a duty on all teas introduced into America the passions of the people rose to fever-heat ; and when some East India shps landed at Boston with cargoes of tea, the ships were boarded by force, and the tea-chests tossed into the sea.

And did nae less, in full Congress,  
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes, Montgomery\* takes,  
I wat he wasna slaw, man!  
Down Lowrie's burn† he took a turn  
And Carleton did ca', man:  
But yet, what-ieck, he, at Quebec,  
Montgomery-like‡ did fa', man:  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,  
Was kept at Boston ha', man; §  
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
For Philadelphia, man;  
Wi' word and gun he thought a sin  
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;  
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,  
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.||

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,  
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;  
Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
In Saratoga shaw, ¶ man. ¶  
Cornwallis fought as long', he dought, ‡  
And did the buckskins claw, man;  
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,  
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,  
Began to fear a fa', man;  
And Sackville dune, ^ wha stood the stoue, ¶  
The German chief to thraw, ^ man;  
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,  
Nae mercy had at a', man;  
And Charlie Fox trew by the box,  
And loosed his tinker jaw, \*\* man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,  
Till death did on him ca', man;

1 Wood.

2 Could.

3 Stubborn.

4 Dust.

5 Thwart.

\* General Montgomery invaded Canada in 1775, and took Montreal, the British general, Sir Guy Carleton, returing before him.

† The St. Lawrence.

‡ A compliment to the Montgomerys of Cullifield.

§ An allusion to General Gage's being besieged in Boston by General Washington.

|| Alluding to an inroad made by Howe, when a large number of cattle was destroyed.

¶ An allusion to the surrender of General Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

\*\* Free-spoken tongue. Tinkers are proverbial for their gifts of speech.

When Sheilburne meek held up his cheek,  
 Conform to gospel law, man;  
**Saint Stephen's** boys wi' jairing noise,  
 They did his measures thraw, man,  
 For North and Fox united stocks,  
 And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's carles,  
 • He swept the stakes awa', man;  
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,  
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man; \*  
 The Saxon lad, wi' loud placad,<sup>1</sup>  
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man;  
 And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,  
 "Up, Willie, waur<sup>2</sup> them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,  
 A secret word or twa, man;  
 While sree Dundas aroused the class  
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:  
 And Chatham's waith,<sup>3</sup> in heavenly graith,  
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man,)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!"  
 "Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.,  
 Gowff'd<sup>4</sup> Willie like a ba', man,  
 Till Suthrons raise, and coost<sup>5</sup> their claes  
 Behind him in a raw, man;  
 And Caledon threw by the drone,  
 And did her whittle<sup>6</sup> dhow, man;  
 And swoot fu' rude, through dirt and bluid,  
 To make it guid in law, man.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

*Tune*—“The Birks of Aberfeldy.”

These lines were composed by the poet after visiting the falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will<sup>8</sup> ye go,  
 Bonny lassie, will ye go  
 To the Birks<sup>7</sup> of Aberfeldy?

<sup>1</sup> Cheers.

<sup>2</sup> Beat.

<sup>3</sup> Ghost.

<sup>4</sup> Knocked him about. The phrase properly refers to the game of golf.

<sup>5</sup> Doffed

<sup>6</sup> Knit.

<sup>7</sup> Birches—Birch wood.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to the India Bill, which threw Fox out of office in December 1783.

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet play's;  
Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
In the binks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hung,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly sit on wanton wing  
In the binks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa',  
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa',  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,<sup>1</sup>  
The binks of Aberfeldy.

The bonny cliffs are craggy'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the lums the burnie pour's,  
And rising, weeds wi' misty showers  
The binks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the binks of Aberfeldy.

#### THE BONNY LASS OF ALBANY.

*Tune—“Mairi’s Dream”*

“This following song,” says Chambers, “is printed from a manuscript book in Burns’s hand-writing, in the possession of Mr B. Nightingale of London.” The heroine was the natural daughter of Prince Charles Edward, by Clementina Walkinshaw, a lady with whom he lived for many years. She was legitimized by an enactment of the parliament of Paris in 1787, under the title of the Duchess of Albany.

My heart is wil'd, and unco wae,<sup>2</sup>  
To think upon the raging sea  
That roars between her gardens green  
And the bonny Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid’s of royal blood  
That ruled Albion’s kingdoms thre,  
But oh, alas! for her bonny face,  
They’ve wrang’l the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde  
There sits an isle of high degree,  
And a town of fame whose princely name  
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

<sup>1</sup> Woods.

<sup>2</sup> Sad.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,  
That fills the place where she should be;  
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,  
And bring our am sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and wo the day,  
A false usurper wan the grec<sup>1</sup>  
Who now commands the towers and lands—  
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,  
On bended knees most fervently,  
The time may come, with pipe and drum,  
We'll welcome hame sau Albany

## LADY ONLIE

*Tune—“Ruffian’s Rant”*This is an old song improved by Burns for the *Museum*

A' the lads o' Thoniebank,  
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,<sup>2</sup>  
They'll step in and tak a pint  
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky.<sup>3</sup>

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,  
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky,  
I wish her sae for her guid ale,  
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien,<sup>4</sup> her cuich<sup>5</sup> sae clean,  
I wat she is a dainty chunky,<sup>6</sup>  
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed<sup>6</sup>  
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,  
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;  
I wish her sae for her guid ale,  
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

## BLITHE WAS SHE.

*Tune—“Andrew and his Cutty Gun.”*

The poet met the heroine of this song at the house of Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre. She was a Miss Euphemia Murray of Lantrose, known throughout

<sup>1</sup> Superiority  
<sup>2</sup> Buckhaven

<sup>3</sup> Goodwife  
<sup>4</sup> Comfortable

<sup>5</sup> Kerchief—<sup>1</sup> cov-  
ing for the head  
<sup>6</sup> The fireside bla'e

A term of endearment literally it is

her native district as "The Flower of Strathmore." She married Mr. Smythe of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session

BLITHIE, blithe, and merry 'vas she,  
Blithe was she but and ben ;  
Blithe by the banks of Earn,  
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,  
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;  
But Phemic was a bonnier lass  
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
Her smile was like a summer moon ;  
She tripp'd by the banks of Earn,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek  
As any lamb upon a lea ;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemic's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been  
But Phemic was the blithe-t lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.

#### BONNY DUNDEE.

*True — "Bonny Dundee"*

BURNS is only answerable for the second verse of the following.

OH, whare did ye get that hauver<sup>3</sup>-meal baanock ?  
Oh, silly blind budy, oh, dinna ye see ?  
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,  
Between Saint Johnston and bonny Dundee.  
Oh, gud I saw the laddie that gae me't !  
Aft has he doudled<sup>4</sup> me upon his knee ;  
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,  
And send him safe lame to his baby and me !

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie.  
My blessin's upon thy bonny eebree !  
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,  
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me !

<sup>1</sup> In kitchen and parlour  
<sup>2</sup> Birchen-woods.

<sup>3</sup> Oat  
<sup>4</sup> Dandled

But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,  
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;  
 And I'll cloed thee in the tartan sae fine,  
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

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## THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

*Tune—“Maggy Lauder.”*

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,  
 The fourteenth of November ;  
 She made me weary of my life  
 By one unruly member.  
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,  
 And many griefs attended,  
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,  
 Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years  
 As man and wife together ;  
 At length from me her course she steer'd,  
 And's gone I know not whither ;  
 Would I could guess, I do profess,  
 I speak, and do not flatter,  
 Of all the women in the world,  
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,  
 A handsome grave does hide her ;  
 But sure her soul is, not in hell,  
 The deil could ne'er abide her.  
 I rather think she is aloft,  
 And imitating thunder ;  
 For why, methinks I hear her voice  
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

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## A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

*Tune—“The Roselaid”*

The heroine of the following song was Miss Cruikshank, daughter of the poet's friend, Mr. Cruikshank, 30 St. James's Square, Edinburgh. A poem addressed to her will be found at page 143.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn-en' losèd hawk,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An open space in a cornfield

Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning  
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
 A little hinnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast  
 Sae early in the morning.  
 She soon shall see her tender blood  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair !  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
 That tends thy early morning.  
 So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
 That watch'd thy early morning.

#### BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

*June "Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercaurny"*

The two following songs were written in praise of Miss Margaret Chalmers, a relative of the poet's friend, Mr Gavin Hamilton.

WHERE, braving angry Winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes;  
 As one who by some savage stream  
 A lonely gem survey'd,  
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,  
 With uit's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charm I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their power !  
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,  
 May seize my fleeting breath,  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

## MY PEGGY'S FACE.

*Tune—“My Peggy's Face.”*

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
The frost of hein't age might warm ;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
Might charm the first of humankind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art,  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
The kindling lustre of an eye ;  
Who but owns then magic sway !  
Who but knows they all decay !  
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
The generous purpose, nobly dear,  
The gentle look, that rage disarms—  
These are all immortal charms.

## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

*Tune—“Bhanarach dhonn a chruidh.”*

“The st. verses,” says Burns, in his notes in the *Musical Museum*, “were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M. Ayr, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr—but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harrayton, in Fife-shire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.”

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,  
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!  
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon  
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,  
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew !  
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn !  
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes  
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bonbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose.  
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys  
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

*Tune—“M’Pherson’s Rant.”*

THE following was designed by the poet as an improvement on a well-known old song entitled, “Macpherson’s Lament.” The following account of Macpherson is from Mr. Chambers’s edition of the poet’s works:—“James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire, (November 7, 1700,) along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus, —

‘I’ve spent my time in rioting,  
Debauch’d my health and strength ;  
I squander’d first the pillage came,  
And fell to shain, it length  
But dantonly and wantonly,  
And rantingly I’ll gae,  
I’ll play a tune, and dance it roun’  
Beneath the gallows-tree.’

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff, (Nov. 16,) he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments, after which he submitted to his fate. The traditional accounts of Macpherson’s immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as by his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men.”

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch’s destinie !  
Macpherson’s time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;  
He play’d a spring, and danced it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh ! what is death but pausing breath ?—  
On mony a bloody plain  
I’ve dared his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword !  
And there’s no a man in all Scotland  
But I’ll brave him at a word.

I’ve lived a life of sturt and strife ;  
I die by teacherie :  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light — thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky !  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die !

## WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

OH, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :  
Though father and mother should baith gae mad,  
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me ;  
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me ;  
Come down the back stairs and let naebody see,  
And come as ye weren't coming to me.

## STA. MY CHARMER.

*Tune.* — An Ghl̄ dubh ciar dhubb "

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?  
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !  
Well you know how much you grieve me ;  
Cruel charmer, can you go ?  
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill requited ;  
By the faith you fondly plighted ;  
By the pangs of lovers slighted ;  
Do not, do not leave me so !  
Do not, do not leave me so !

## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

The Strathallan of the following lines was William, fourth Viscount of the name, who fell at Culloden in 1746. The poet, misinformed in this particular, imagines him to have escaped to some secure place after the battle.

THICK' ST night, o'erhang my dwelling !  
Howling tempests, o'er me rave !  
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
 Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us—  
 But a world w' thout a friend!

#### THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

*Time*—“Morag.”

Lo! d blaw the frosty breezes,  
 The snaws the mountains cover;  
 Like winter on me se' es,  
 Since my young Highland rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where'ci he go, wher'ci he stray,  
 May Heaven be his warden,  
 Return him safe to fan Strathspey,  
 And bonny Castle-Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hing' g,  
 The birdies, dowie<sup>1</sup> moaning,  
 Shall a be blithely singing,  
 And every flower be spunging,  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 When by his mighty warden  
 My youth's return'd to fan Strathspey,  
 And bonny Castle-Gordon.

<sup>1</sup> Sadly.

## RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

*To the "Macgregor of Raasay's Lament."*

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heartbreak at some mortification he suffered from the deranged state of his finances."

RAVING winds around her blowing,  
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,  
By a river hoarsely roaring,  
Isabella stay'd deplouring :—  
‘ Farewell hours that late did measure  
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;  
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
On the hopeless future pondering ;  
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,  
Hell Despair my fancy seizes.  
Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
Lead to Misery most distressing,  
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,  
And to dark oblivion join thee !”

## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

*To the "Drummon Dubh"*

"I composed these verses," says the poet, "out of compliment to a Mrs. Maclellan, whose husband was an officer in the East Indies."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me ;  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be,—

Hope and Fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whispering spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me ;  
 Downy Sleep, the curtain draw ;  
 Spirits kind, again attend me —  
 Talk of him that's fit awa !

## BONNY PEGGY ALISON

*Tune* — “Blues o' Palquhudder.”

The heroine of this song is thought to have been the “Montgomery’s Peggy” of the song of that name, and the subject of several other songs.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
 And I'll kiss thee o'er again ;  
 And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
 My bonny Peggy Alison !

Ilk cue and seu, when thou art near,  
 I ever mu defy them, O ,  
 Young kings upon their hanse' thone  
 Aic nae sic blac t as I am, O !

When in my ums, wi' a' thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure, O ,  
 I seek nae mur o' Heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonny blue,  
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O ! —  
 And on thy lips, I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never, O !

## THE CHIVATTER'S LAMENT.

*Tune* ‘Captain O’Kean’

“VISCLEDALE” wrote Burns to his friend Cleghorn, “as I was riding through a tract of melancholy deserts in May, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and your favourite air, ‘Captain O’Kean,’ coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music.” In reply Cleghorn suggests, “that you would send me a verse or two more, and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles.” The poet followed his friend’s advice.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds through the vale,

The hawthorn trees blow, in the dew of the morning,  
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?  
 No flower, gaily springing, nor buds sweetly singing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
 A king, and a father, to place on his throne ?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.  
 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched —forlorn,  
 My brave gallant friend, I 'tis your man I mourn ;—  
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—  
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

*Tune.—“Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey”*

“I composed this song,” says the poet, “out of compliment to Mr. Burr  
 during our honeymoon.”

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonny lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best :  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between ;  
 But day and night, my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair :  
 I hear her in the tanefu' buds,  
 I hear her chasin the air :  
 There's not a bonny flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw,<sup>1</sup> or green,  
 There's not a bonny bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

## OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

*Tune.—“My love is lost to me”*

This was also produced in honour of Mrs. Burns, shortly before she took up  
 her residence at Ellisland as the poet's wife.

Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill !  
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;

That I might catch poetic skill  
 To sing how dear I love thee.  
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonny sel,  
 On Corsincon I'll glower<sup>1</sup> and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!  
 For a' the lee-lang summer's day  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,  
 How much, how dear, I love thee  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jump,<sup>2</sup> thy limbs sae clean,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish cen—  
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-h I d, at Siam,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
 And aye I muse and sing thy name —  
 I only live to love thee  
 Though I were doom'd to wander on  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run;  
 Till then—and then I d love thee.

### THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

*June - "Killicrankie."*

GILBERT BURNS gives the following account of this ballad — "When Mr. Cunningham of Enterkirk came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it, Enterkirk and Annibink, were both in a ruined state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *flair* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of the Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the country were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitelocke, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencard, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr. Cunningham did not canvass the county."

" Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,  
 To do our criands there, man?  
 Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,  
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?

Or will we send a man-o'-law?

Or will we send a sodger?  
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
The meikle<sup>1</sup> Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?  
For worth and honour pawn their word,  
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.  
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
Anither gies them clatter;<sup>2</sup>  
Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,  
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,  
The gay greenwoods amang, man;  
Where gathering flowers, and busking<sup>3</sup> bowers,  
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:  
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,  
Sir Politics to fetter,  
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,  
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,  
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;  
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
Ilk glen and shaw<sup>4</sup> she knew, man:  
She summon'd every social sprite,  
That sports by wood or water,  
On the bonny banks of Ayr to meet,  
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Biorcas, wi' his boisterous ciew,  
Were bound to stakes like kye, man;  
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu'  
Clamb up the starry sky, man:  
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
Or down the current shatter;  
The western breeze steals through the trees  
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!  
What sparkling jewels glance, man!  
To Harmony's enchanting notes,  
As moves the mazy dance, man.

<sup>1</sup> Great.  
<sup>2</sup> Talk.

<sup>3</sup> Dressin.  
<sup>4</sup> Wood.

The echoing wood, the winding flood,  
 Lake paradise did ghyter,  
 'When angels met, at Adam's yett,<sup>1</sup>  
 To hold their Fête Champêtre?

When Politics came there, to m<sup>x</sup>  
 And make his ethere-stine, man!  
 He circled round the magic ground,  
 But entrance found he nunc, man.  
 He blush'd for shame, he qual his name,  
 Forswore it, every letter,  
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
 This festive Fête Champêtre.

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### THE DAY RETURNS

*Time—“Seventh of November”*

In a letter to Miss Chalmers, a friend of the poet's, he says with reference to this song:—“One of the most tolerable things I have long for some time is those two stanzas I made to an amateur gentleman [Captain Riddel of Glenriddel] composed for the anniversary of his wedding day.”

The day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blessed day we twa did meet:  
 Though winter wild in tempest told,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 Heaven give me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,  
 On nature aught<sup>\*</sup> of pleasure give,  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and! thee a lot! I hyc!  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part,  
 The iron hand that breaks our hand,  
 It breaks my life—it breaks my heart!

<sup>1</sup> Gate

\* “Alluding to a superstition,” says Chambers, “which represents adders as forming annually from their slough certain little annular stones of streaked colouring, which are occasionally found, and the real origin of which is supposed by antiquaries to be Druidical.”

## THE DISCREET HINT.

"Lass, when your mither is frae hame,  
 May I ~~but~~ be sae bauld  
 As come to your bower window,  
 And creep in frae the cauld?  
 As come to your bower window,  
 And when it's cauld and wat,  
 Warm me in thy fair bosom—  
 Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,  
 When our guidewife's frae hame,  
 As come to my bower window,  
 Whare I ~~am~~ laid my lane,  
 To warm thee in my bosom,  
 Tal' tent,<sup>1</sup> I'll tell thee what,  
 The way to me he, through the kirk—  
 Young man, do ye hear that?"

## THE LAZY MIST.

*Tune*—"Here's a health to my true love"

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill!  
 How languid the scenes, late so brightly, appear!  
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.  
 The firs are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay poppery of Summer is flown.  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain!  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!  
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn!  
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!  
 How foolish, or worse, till our summin' is gain'd!  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!  
 This life's not worth having with all it can give  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

## I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

Tune--"Naebody"

The following lines were written shortly after he had taken his wife home to Ellislair.

I hae a wife o' my ain--  
 I'll partake wi' naebody  
 I'll tak cuckold frae name,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.  
 I hae a penny to spend,  
 Ther--thanks to naebody;  
 I hae naething to lend--  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord--  
 I'll be slave to naebody;  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts<sup>1</sup> frae naebody;  
 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody;  
 If naebody care for me,  
 I'll care for naebody.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min'?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?

Fee, auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till din'

<sup>1</sup> Blows.

**But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.**

**And here's a hand, my trusty friend,<sup>1</sup>  
And gies a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught<sup>2</sup>  
For auld lang syne!<sup>3</sup>**

**And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.**

#### MY BONNY MARY

*Tune—“Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine”*

THE first four lines of this song are from an old ballad—the rest are Burns's

**Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tassie,<sup>1</sup>  
That I may drink, before I go,  
A service to my bonny lassie;  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;  
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry:  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.**

**The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are rank'd ready:  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle close, thick and bloody;  
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore  
Wad make me langer wish to tarry:  
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—  
It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.**

#### MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE.

*Tune—“To the Weavers gan ye go.”*

\* This chorus of this song is taken from a very old ditty.

**My heart was ance as blithe and free  
A' summer days were lang,**

But a bonny westlin' weaver lad  
Has gait<sup>1</sup> me change my sang.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weavers gin ye go,  
I rede<sup>2</sup> you right, gang the er at night,  
To the weavers gin ye go

My mither sent me to the town,  
To warp<sup>3</sup> a plaiden wab,  
But the weary, weary warpin' o't  
Has gait<sup>4</sup> me sigh and sab.

A bonny westlin' weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart<sup>5</sup> as wi' a pet,  
In every knot and thrum<sup>6</sup>

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,  
And aye I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonny westlin' weaver lad  
Convoy'd me through the glen

But what was said, or whut was done,  
Shame fa' me gig I tell;  
But, oh! I fear the kintra<sup>7</sup> soon  
Will ken as weel's mysel.

#### BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER

*Tune—“Gala Water”*

The air and chorus of this song are both very old. Burns wrote the following for “The Scots Musical Museum.” He afterwards wrote the second version for Thomson.

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water;  
Oh, braw lads of Gala Water;  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love through the water.

<sup>1</sup> Warn

<sup>2</sup> Prepare for the loom.

<sup>3</sup> Made.

<sup>4</sup> Thread

<sup>5</sup> Country

Sae fair her hair, sae brent<sup>1</sup> her brow,  
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie ;  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 • The man I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon moss amang the heather;  
 I'll kilt<sup>2</sup> ray coats aboon my knee,  
 • And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,  
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,\*  
 That cost her mony a blit and bleary.<sup>3</sup>

## GALA WATER

## SECOND VERSION

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 That wander through the blooming heather ;  
 Yet Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws  
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 And though I ha'nae taekle tocher,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That cost<sup>5</sup> contentment, peace, or pleasure ;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 Oh, that's the chiefest world's treasure !

<sup>1</sup> High and smooth  
<sup>2</sup> Tuck up and fix.

<sup>3</sup> Sigh and tear  
<sup>4</sup> Much money.

<sup>5</sup> Bought.

\* The snood or riband with which a Scottish lass braided her hair had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *couch*, *dy*, or *cot*, when she passed by marriage into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden without gaining a right to that of matron she was neither permitted to use the snood nor advance to the graver dignity of the couch — *Scort*.

## HER DADDIE FORBAD.

*Tune—“Jumpin’ John”*

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad  
 Forbidden she wadna be :  
 She wadna trow’t the browst she brew’d  
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca’ Jumpin’ John  
 Beguiled the bonny lassie ;  
 The lang lad they ca’ Jumpin’ John  
 Beguiled the bonny lassie.

A cow and a calf, a ewe and a hauf,  
 And threty guid shillin’s and three .  
 A very guid dochter,<sup>1</sup> a cotter-man’s dochter,  
 The lass with the bonny black ee.

## HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

*Tune—“The Dusty Miller.”*

HEY, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty coat ;  
 He will win a shilling  
 Or he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour,  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty sack ;  
 Lecze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck.  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller  
 I wad gie my contie  
 For the dusty miller.

## THE NIEL MËNZIE’S BONNY MARY

*Tune—“The Ruffian’s Rant”*

IN coming by the brig o’ Dye,  
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;

<sup>1</sup> Dower.

As day was dawin in the sky,  
We drank a health to bonny Mary.

Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary,  
Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary;  
Charlie Gregor tint<sup>1</sup> his plaidie,  
Kissin' Theniel's bonny Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,  
Her haffet<sup>2</sup> locks as brown's a beiry;  
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
The rosy cheeks o' bonny Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,  
Till piper lads were wae and weary;  
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
For kissin' Theniel's bonny Mary.

#### WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

*Tune—“Duncan Gray.”*

This first version of an old song was written for the *Museum*. The poet afterwards composed a second and more famous version and sent it to Thomson.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—  
Ha, ha, the girdin'<sup>3</sup> o't!  
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—  
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
When a' the lave<sup>4</sup> gae to their play,  
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,  
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,  
And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonny was the Lammas moon—  
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
Glowerin' a' the hills aboon—  
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,  
I tint my curch<sup>5</sup> and baith my shoon—  
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—  
Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

<sup>1</sup> Lost.

<sup>2</sup> Temple.

<sup>3</sup> Binding.

<sup>4</sup> Others.

<sup>5</sup> Cap.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 Ha, ha, the gudin' o't !—  
 I'ze bless you wi' my hindmost breath—  
 Ha, ha, the gudin' o't !  
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith --  
 The beast agam can bear us baith,  
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith;  
 And clout<sup>1</sup> the bad gudin' o't.

## DUNCAN GRAY

SECOND VERSION 5

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't,  
 On blithe yule night when we were sou,  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't  
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,  
 Look'd asklent and vno skeigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gait poor Duncan stand abeigh,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't.

Duncan fleech'd,<sup>4</sup> and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't ;  
 Meg was deaf as Ails-a Craig,\*  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Giat<sup>5</sup> his een baith bleikit and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn.  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't

Time and chance ae but a tide ;  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't ;  
 Slighted love is sair to bide ;  
 Ha, ha, the woong o.t.  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie dic ?  
 She may gae to—France for me !  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't

How it comes let doctors tell ;  
 Ha, ha, the woong o't,

<sup>1</sup> Patch up<sup>2</sup> Dismalful<sup>3</sup> Aloof.<sup>4</sup> Flattered.<sup>5</sup> Wept.

\* A well-known rocky islet in the mouth of the Frath of Clyde.

Meg grew sick as he grew hale ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings,  
 And oh! her een, they spak sic things !  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 Maggie's was a piteous case ,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smot'd<sup>1</sup> his wrath ;  
 Now they're crouse and canty<sup>2</sup> baith ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

*Tune*—“ Up wi' the ploughman

The fourth and fifth verses only of this piece are by Burns, the remainder by some older

The ploughman he's a bonny lad,  
 His mind is ever true, jo ;  
 His garters knit below his knee,  
 His bonnet it is blue, jo

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,  
 And hey my merry ploughman !  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Command me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
 He's asten wat and weary ;  
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my dearie !

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will dress his o'erlay ;<sup>3</sup>  
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.

\* I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,  
 I ha'e been at Saint Johnston ;  
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw  
 Was 'e ploughman laddie dancin' .

<sup>1</sup> Smothered

<sup>2</sup> Cheerful and happy

<sup>3</sup> Cravat.

Snow-white stockings on his legs,  
And siller buckles glancin' ;  
A guid blue bonnet on his head—  
And oh, but he was handsome !

Commend me to the barn-yard,  
And the corn-mou,\* man ;  
I never gat my coggie fu',  
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

---

#### LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN

*Tune*—"Hey Tutt Tait."

THE first two verses of this are by Burns; the others belong to a ditty of an earlier date

LANDLADY, count the lawin,  
The day is near the dawnin' ;  
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,  
And I'm but jolly fou.  
Hey tutti, taiti,  
How tutti, taiti—  
Wha's fou now ?

Cog and ye were aye fou,  
Cog and ye were aye fou,  
I wad sit and sing to you,  
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be !  
Ill may we neve. see !  
God bless the king, boys,  
And the companie !  
Hey tutti, taiti,  
How tutti, taiti—  
Wha's fou now ?

---

#### TO DAUNTON ME.

*Tune*—"To daunton me."

The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,  
The summer lilies bloom in snaw,

\* The gap left in the pile of corn-sheaves in the barn as they are removed to the threshing-floor.

The frost may freezo the deepest sea ;  
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me so young,  
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,  
That's the thing you ne'er shall see ;  
For an auld man shall never daunton me

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
For a' his flesh beef and his saut,  
For a' his gold and white monie,  
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;  
But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples<sup>1</sup> twa-fauld as he dow,<sup>2</sup>  
Wi' his teethless gab<sup>3</sup> and his auld beld pow,<sup>4</sup>  
And the rain dreeps down fiae his red blee'r'd ee  
That auld man shall never daunton me.

#### COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

*Tune—“O'er the Water to Charlie”*

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;  
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,  
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,  
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;  
Come weel, come woe ; we'll gather and go,  
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
Though some there be abhoi him :  
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame  
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swen and vow by moon and stars,  
And sun that shines so early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

## RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE

*Tune—“Rattlin’, roarin’ Willie”*

“The hero of this chant,” says Burns, “was one of the worthiest fellow in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crichton corps—a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the scorable regiments.” The last stanza only was the work of the poet.

O RATTLIN’, roarin’ Willie,  
    Oh, he held to the fan,  
And for to sell his fiddle,  
    And buy some other ware;  
But parting i’ his fiddle,  
    The sud tear blin’t his ee,  
And rattlin’, roarin’ Willie,  
    Ye’re welcome han’ to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
    Oh, sell your fiddle sae fine;  
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
    And buy a pint o’ wine!  
If I should sell my fiddle,  
    The waif would think I was mad;  
For mony a rantin’ day  
    My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crichton,  
    I cannily keekit ben—  
Rattlin’, roarin’ Willie  
    Was sitting at yon board en’;  
Sitting at yon board en’,  
    And amang guid compame;  
Rattlin’, roarin’ Willie,  
    Ye’re welcome han’ to me!

MY HOGGIE<sup>\*</sup>*Tune—“What will I do gin my hoggie die?”*

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?  
    My joy, my pyle, my hoggie!  
‘My only beast, I had nae mae,  
    And vow but I was vogue!'

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld  
 Me and my faithfu' doggie,  
 We heard nought but the roaring hinn,  
 Amanig the braes sae scroggie;<sup>1</sup>

But the horlet cried sae the castle w<sup>a</sup>'  
 The blutter<sup>2</sup> frae the boggie,  
 The tod<sup>3</sup> replied upon the hill,  
 I trembled for my hoggie

When day did daw, and cocks did craw  
 The morning it was foggy,  
 An unco tyke<sup>4</sup> lap o'er the dike,  
 And maist his kill'd my hoggie.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

THE chorus of this song is old, but the two stanzas are new.

## CHORUS

Up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Caud blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly,  
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

The birds sit chittering<sup>5</sup> in the thorn,  
 A' day they sing hirt palely,  
 And lang's the night hame com to morn,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

## I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

*Tune—“I'm o'er young to marry yet”*

I AM my mammy,<sup>6</sup> ae bairn,  
 Wi' unco folk I weary<sup>7</sup> su';  
 And lying in a man's bed,  
 I'm fley<sup>d</sup> wad mak me eerie,<sup>7</sup> sir

<sup>1</sup> Full of stunted bushes.

<sup>2</sup> Mire-slope.

<sup>3</sup> Fox.

<sup>4</sup> A strange dog.  
<sup>5</sup> Shivering.

<sup>6</sup> Afraid.

<sup>7</sup> Fain'd.

I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
 I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

My mammy cost<sup>1</sup> me a new gown,  
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't ;  
 We're I to lie wi' you, kind sir,  
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, sir ;  
 And you and I in ae bed,  
 In trouth I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws through the leafless tunner,<sup>2</sup> sir ;  
 But if ye come this gate<sup>3</sup> again,  
 I'll auelder be gin summer, sir.

#### THE WINTER IS PAST

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,  
 And the little birds sing on every tree ;  
 Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,  
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run.  
 For ever is constant and true ;  
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,  
 And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,  
 I pity the pains you endure :  
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full  
 o' woe,  
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

<sup>1</sup> Bought.

<sup>2</sup> Trees.

<sup>3</sup> Way

## OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

*Tune*—“Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.”

2

SPEAKING of this famous song the poet says — “The air is Allan Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this—Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, being at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.”

Oif, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;<sup>1</sup>  
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,  
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na sou, we're nae that sou,  
But just a drappie in our ee;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw  
Ayt aye we'll taste the bailey bree.

Here are we met, threemerry boy,  
Three merry boy, I trow, are we;  
And mony a night we've meiry beer,  
And mony may we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hue;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three!

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

*Tune*—“Death of Captain Cook.”

MARY CAMPBELL, i.e. heroine of this <sup>kind</sup> several of his finest songs, belonged to the neighbourhood of Dunoon, a village on the Frith of Clyde. She was in the service of Montgomery of Colisfield, when Burns first became acquainted with her. She was a beautiful girl, the beau ideal of a “Scotch lassie,” who was as good as she was beautiful. There had been some love passing, though

no, on his part of a serious nature, between them, and when the rupture with the Arnaour family took place his thoughts strayed toward Mary Campbell. There can be no doubt that very soon a deep and sincere attachment sprung up between them. It was arranged that Mary should leave her place in May, to prepare for her change of condition. Before she went to her father's home they met and parted, when the following ceremony was enacted between them --

Taking up their postures on the opposite sides of a small brook, and holding a Bible between them, they exchanged vows of fidelity towards each other. They then exchanged Bibles. The copy given to Mary has been preserved, it is in two volumes. On a blank leaf of the first volume is inscribed, in the poet's hand-writing, "And ye shall not wear by my name falsely I am the Lord," (Lev. xix. 12.) In the second volume, "Thou shalt not forsake thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath," (Matt. v. 31.) Another blank leaf in this volume bears his name and his masonic mark.

The lovers never met again. A few weeks after, Mary Campbell died suddenly at Greenock. Recently a monument was erected over her grave by several admirers of the poet. On the third anniversary of the death of Highland Mary Jean Arnaour, by that time his wife, tells us that, towards the evening, "he grew sick about something, went into the burn yard, where he strolled restlessly up and down for some time, although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house, sat down and wrote 'To Mary in Heaven,'" an outpouring of passion, which Lockhart characterizes as "the noblest of all his ballads."

To  
Thou long'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lovest to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
The records dear of transport, past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickning green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn bough,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds, sang low on every spire,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the spect'l of wimp'led day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear

**My Mary!** dear departed shade,  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
**Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?**  
**Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?**

## THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH

*Tune.—“Up and waur them a’”*

We owe Dunbar former n both sides to miss n was the following song to a contested election for the representation of the ngs in 1789, between Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, the her and Captain Miller of Dunsonton. As Burns had friends on took no very strong interest in either, tak ne of recording his detestation of the Duke of Buccleuch head of the Tory faction who supported Captain Miller.

The laddies by the banks o' Nith  
 Wid trust ha' Grace wi' a', Jamie.  
 But he'll san them as he san'd the king,  
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie

Up and waur<sup>1</sup> them a', Jamie,  
 Up and waur them a',  
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,  
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'

The day he stood his country's friend,  
 On gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,  
 On fae purt man a blessin' wan,  
 That day the duke ne er saw Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast,  
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;  
 There's no a gallant tents the kye,<sup>2</sup>  
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie

To end the wark here's Whistleback,  
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;  
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,  
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,  
 Up and waur them a',  
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,  
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'

<sup>1</sup> Beat

<sup>2</sup> Boy trud, th

\* Alexander Buchan

ist of Kirkcudl

## THE FIVE CARLINES.

*Tune - "Chevy chace"*

ANOTHER ballad on the contested election alluded to in the previous song. The five burghs, which together returned a member to parliament, are represented by five carlines (old women). Dumfries, as Maggy on the banks of Nith, Annan, as Blinkin' Bess of Annandale, Kirkcudbright, as Whisky Jean of Galloway, Sanquhar, as Black Joan frae Crichton Peel, and Lochmaben, as Marjory of the Many Lochs,

THEIR were five carlines in the south,  
They fell upon a scheme,  
To send a lad to Lon'on town,  
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,  
But do them errands there,  
And aublins<sup>1</sup> gowd and honour bant  
Might be that laddie's share

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,  
A dame wi' pride eneugh,  
And Marjory o' the Many Lochs,  
A culine auld and tough.

And Blinkin' Bess of Annandale,  
That dwelt near Solway-side,  
And Whisky Jeaff, that took her gill  
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,  
O' gipsy kith and kin;—  
Five wighter<sup>2</sup> carlines werena fow'r  
The sooth countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,  
They met upon a day;  
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
Then errand fam wad gae.

Oh, mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
This errand fam wad gae,  
But nae ane could their fancy please,  
Oh ne'er a ane but twae

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps

<sup>2</sup> More powerful

The first he was a belted knight,  
Bred o' a Border clan;  
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,  
And meikle he wad say;  
And ilka aue at Lon'on court  
Wad bid to him guid-day.

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,  
And spak wi' modest grace,  
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad<sup>¶</sup> hecht<sup>1</sup> them countly gifts  
Nor meikle speech pretend;  
But he wad hecht an honest heart  
Wad ne'er desert his friend

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,  
At strife thir carlmes fell;  
For some had gentlefolks to please,  
And some wau please themscl.

Then out spak man-mou'd<sup>2</sup> Meg o' Nith,  
And she spak up wi' pride,  
And she wad send the sodger youth,  
Whatever might betide.

For the avuld guidman<sup>‡</sup> o' Lon'en court  
She dinna care a pin;  
But she wad send a sodger youth  
To greet his eldest son §

Then up sprang Bess of Aganvalle,  
And swore a deadly anath,  
Say, "I will send the Border knight  
Spite o' you caulnes baith.

" For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,  
And fools o' chappie are faim;  
But I hae tried this Border knight,  
And I'll try him yet agen."

<sup>1</sup> Promise

<sup>2</sup> Prim-mouthed

\* Sir J. Johnston  
† George III

† Captain Maitre  
§ The Prince of Wales

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,  
 "Ye weel ken, kimmers a',  
 The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,  
 His back's been at the wa'."

"And mony a friend that kis<sup>1</sup> his cup  
 Is now a fremit<sup>1</sup> wight;  
 But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean,  
 I'll send the Border knight."

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,  
 A carline stoor<sup>2</sup> and grim; -  
 The auld guidman, and the young guidman,  
 For nae may sink or swim;

"For fools will prat o' right and wrang,  
 While knaves lauz i in their sleeve,  
 But wha blows best the horn shall win,  
 I'll spier me courter's leave."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,  
 And wrinkled was her brow;  
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,  
 Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"The Lon'on court set light by me --  
 I set as light by them,  
 And I will send the soldier lad  
 To shaw that count the same."

Sae how this weighty plea may end,  
 Nae mortal wight can tell.  
 God grant the king, and illa man,  
 May look weel to himsel!

#### THE BLUF-LYED LASSIE.

*Air - "The Blue-eyed Lass."*

The heroine of this song was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben. Miss Jeffrey married an American gentleman of the name of R. Knick, and it may be worth regarding that a daughter of his became the wife of Captain Wilks of the United States Navy, the hero of the affair of the Trent and the capture of the Confederate Commissioners.

I GAI D a waefu' gate<sup>3</sup> yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;

<sup>1</sup> An estranged.

<sup>2</sup> Austere

<sup>3</sup> Rude

I gat my death frae twi sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;  
 Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew ;  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white--  
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled.  
 She charm'd my soul--I wist na how,  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue  
 But spate to speak, and spate to speed,  
 She'll aubins<sup>1</sup> listen to my vow.  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead<sup>2</sup>  
 To her twi een sic bonny blue,

## WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE

*To "Magpie Lander"*

This song first appeared in the *New York Mirror*, 1846, with the following notice of the heroine, Mrs. Rennick (Mrs. Jeanie Jeffery) mentioned above:—"The lady to whom the following verses—never before published—were addressed, known to the readers of Burns as the 'Blue eyed Lassie,' is one of a race whose beauties and virtues formed for several generations the inspiration of the masters of Scottish song. Her mother was Agnes Armstrong, in whom honour, touching words and beautiful air of 'Roslin Castle' were contrasted."

WHEN first I saw fur Jeanie's face,  
 I couldna tell what auld me,  
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,  
 My een they almost laul'd me  
 She's aye sic neat, sic trim, sic right,  
 All grace does round her hover,  
 Ae look deprived<sup>1</sup> me o' my heart,  
 And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,  
 She's aye so blithe an' cheerie  
 She's aye sae bonny, blithe, and gay,  
 (Oh, gin I were her dearie !)

Had I Dundas's whole estate,  
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;  
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,  
 • Or humbl<sup>2</sup> bays entwining—  
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps<sup>2</sup> Death

\* A proverbial expression—Give me the chance of speaking and the opportunity of gaining her favour.

## *SONGS.*

Could I but hope to move her,  
And prouder than a belted knight,  
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.  
She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain  
Has gain'd sweet Jeanie's favour.  
If so, may every bliss be hers,  
Though I maun never have her;  
But gang she east, or gang she west,  
"Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,  
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,  
She'll always find a lover.  
She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

## *MY LOVELY NANCY.*

*Tune—“The Quaker’s Wife”*

“THE following song,” says the poet, in a letter to Clarinda, “is one of my latest productions, and I send it to you as I would do anything else, because it pleases myself.” —

Thine am I, my faithful fair,  
Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
Every pulse along my veins,  
Every raving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
There to throb and languish:  
Though despair had wrung its core,  
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,  
Rich with balmy treasure:  
Turn away thine eyes of love,  
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?  
Night without a morning:  
Love’s the cloudless summer sun,  
Nature gay adorning.

## *TIBBIE DUNBAR.*

*Tune—“Johnny M’Gill.”*

OH, wilt thou go wi’ me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
Oh, wilt thou go wi’ me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,  
Or walk by my side, oh, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddy, his lands and his money,  
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:  
But say thou wilt ha'e me for better for waur—  
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

#### WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS

*Tune*—"The gardener wi' his pailde"

The song which follows this, Dainty Davie, is an improved version of the  
same

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,  
Then busy, busy, are his hours—  
    The gardener wi' his pailde.<sup>1</sup>  
The crystal waters gently fa';  
The merry birds are lovers a';  
The scented breezes round him llaw—  
    The gardener wi' his pailde.

When purple morning starts the hare  
To steal upon her early fare,  
Then through the dews he maun repair—  
    The gardener wi' his pailde.  
When day, expiring in the west,  
The curtain draws of nature's rest,  
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—  
    The gardener wi' his pailde.

#### DAINTY DAVIE

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers;  
And now comes in my happy hours  
    To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
    Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;  
There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
    My ain dear dainty Davie.

<sup>1</sup> See.

The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us b[low],  
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hue,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my fa[ther]t[er] Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest  
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,  
 And that's my an<sup>t</sup> dear Davie.

#### MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

*From "Highlander's Lament"*

The chorus of this song belonged to an old ballad.

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fa' stately strode he on the plain;  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.

Oh, for him back again!  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back aga[in].

When a' the lave<sup>1</sup> gae to then bed,  
 I wander dowie<sup>2</sup> up the glen,  
 I set me down and greet<sup>3</sup> my fill,  
 And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains<sup>4</sup> hangit high  
 And ilka body had them awn!  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again.

## BEWARE O' BONNY ANN.

*Time* - "Ye gallants bright"

"I composed this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Mr Allan Masterton, composer of the air 'Strathallan's Lament'"

YE gallants bright, I rede<sup>1</sup> ye right,  
 Beware o' bonny Ann;  
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace  
 Your heart she will trepan<sup>2</sup>  
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan;  
 Sae jimpily<sup>3</sup> laced her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant move,  
 And Pleasure leads the van  
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonny Ann  
 The captive bands may chain the hunds,  
 But love enslaves the man,  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',  
 Beware o' bonny Ann !

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

*Time* - "John Anderson, my Jo"

JOHN Anderson, my jo,<sup>4</sup> John,  
 When we were first acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonny brow was bright.  
 But now your brow is held, John  
 Your locks are like the snow,  
 But ble-sings on your frosty brow,<sup>5</sup>  
 John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a canty<sup>6</sup> day, John,  
 We've hiel wi' ane another :

<sup>1</sup> Warn  
<sup>2</sup> Penetrate  
<sup>3</sup> Tightly

<sup>4</sup> Love - dear  
<sup>5</sup> Smooth

<sup>6</sup> Head  
<sup>7</sup> Happy

Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go ;  
 And sleep thegither at the fo'c',  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR

*Tune—“Cameronian Rant”*

THIS is an improved and condensed version of a somewhat wordy ballad, written by a Mr. Barclay, an Edinburgh clergyman of some note in his day.

“ Out cam ye here the night to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?  
 Or were ye at the Sheriff-muir,  
 And did the battle see, man ? ”  
 “ I saw the battle sair and tough,  
 And reekin' red ran mony a sheugh ;<sup>1</sup>  
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,  
 O' claus fitae woods, in tartan duds,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wha glaum'd<sup>3</sup> at kingdoms three, man.

“ The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them werna slaw, man ;  
 They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,  
 And mony a bouk<sup>4</sup> did fa', man :  
 The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glanced for twenty miles ;  
 They hack'd and hash'd while broad-swords clash'd,  
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 Till fey<sup>5</sup> men died awa', man.

“ But had ye seen the philabegs,  
 And skyrin'<sup>6</sup> tartan t'ews, man ;  
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs  
 And covenant true-blues, man ;  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When bayonets o'erpower'd the targe.  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,  
 They fled like fighted doos,<sup>7</sup> man.”

<sup>1</sup> Ditch.<sup>2</sup> Clothes.<sup>3</sup> Grasped.<sup>4</sup> Human trunk-body.<sup>5</sup> Predestined.<sup>6</sup> Shining.<sup>7</sup> Doves.

" Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true?  
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;  
 I saw mysel they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the bug wi' <sup>a</sup> their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;  
 But, cur-sel lot ! the gates were shut ;  
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,  
 For fear amangst did swaif,<sup>1</sup> man !?"

" My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie<sup>2</sup> unto me, man ;  
 She swore she saw some rebels run  
 Fiac Perth unto Dundee, man :  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae good will  
 That day their neighbors' bluid to spill ;  
 For feal by foes that they should lose  
 Their cogs <sup>a</sup> brose, they scared at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

" They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Amang the Highland clans, man ;  
 I fear my Lord Lamure is slain,  
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man :  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;  
 And mony bade the world guid-night ;  
 Then ye may tell how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,  
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,  
 And wings to hell did flee, man.

## BLOOMING NELLY

*True - "On a Bank of Flowers."*

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day  
 For summer lightly drest,  
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,  
 With love and sleep oppress'd,  
 • When Willie, wandering through the wood  
 Who for her favour oft had sued,  
 He gazed, he wish'd, he feu'd, he blush'd  
 And trembled where he stood.

<sup>a</sup> Swoon

<sup>2</sup> Oatmeal broth

Her clos'd eyes, like weapons sheathed,  
Were seal'd in soft repose ;  
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
It richer dyed the rose  
The springing biles sweetly prest,  
Wild-wanton, kiss'd her rival's breast ;  
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—  
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,  
Her tender limbs embrace !  
Her lovely form, her native ease,  
All harmony and grace !  
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;  
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd  
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,  
On fear-inspir'd wings,  
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,  
Away affrighted springs :  
But Willie follow'd—as he should ;  
He overtook her in the wood,  
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
Forgiving all and good.

#### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

*Tune—“ Faule la Miouz ”*

The first half stanza of this song,” says Burns, “is old, the rest is mine.”

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,  
A-chasing the wild deer, am' following the roe--  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of which  
Who'er I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;  
Farewell to the torrents and wild-pouring floods,

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer  
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe--  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

## THE BANKS OF NITH

*Tune* - "Robie donn i Gouich"

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
 Where royal cities stately stand;  
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,  
 Where Cummings\* once had high command.  
 When shall I see that honour'd land,  
 That winding stream I love so dear!  
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand  
 For ever, o'er keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!  
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dells,  
 Where lambskins wanton through the broom!  
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,  
 Far from thy bonny banks and braes,  
 May there my latest hours consume,  
 Amang the friends of early days!

## TAM\*GLEN

*Tune* - "Tam Glen"

MY heart is a-breaking, deau <sup>1</sup>toe;<sup>1</sup>  
 Some counsel unto me come I n';  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?<sup>2</sup>

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow  
 In poortith I might mak a fen;<sup>2</sup>  
 What care I nae riches to wallow,  
 If I manna manay Tam Glen?

<sup>1</sup> State.

<sup>2</sup> State.

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Drumcler,  
 "Guid day to you, brute!" he come, ben;  
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie<sup>1</sup> does constantly deaw: me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men,  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him.  
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks tea.  
 But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;<sup>2</sup>  
 For thrice I drew ane without failung,  
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin'<sup>3</sup>  
 My droukit<sup>4</sup> saik-sleeve, as ye ken.\*  
 His likeness cam up the house staikin',  
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear littie! don't tarry--  
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to mairy  
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

### THE TAILOR

Tune—"The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'."

THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a';  
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a';  
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they weie smai',  
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,  
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;  
 The weather wa, cauld, and the iversie lay stu'  
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

<sup>1</sup> Mother

<sup>2</sup> Bound

<sup>3</sup> Watching

<sup>4</sup> Wet.

\* For an explanation of this old usage, see Note to *Halloween*, page 30.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;  
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man;  
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,  
 The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane:  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;  
 There's some that are dowie,<sup>1</sup> I trow wad be fain<sup>2</sup>  
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

## YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.

## CHORUS

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,  
 Ye've lien a' wrang;  
 Ye've lien in an unco<sup>3</sup> bed,  
 And wi' a fremit<sup>4</sup> man.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sac wan,  
 You're gicener than the grass, lassie;  
 Your coatie's shorter by a span,  
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye hae play'd the fool,  
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;  
 For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,  
 Ye bock<sup>5</sup> them e'en the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,  
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie;  
 But in the herryng o' a bee byke,  
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.

## THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

*Title—“Neil Gow's Lament”*

*The first half stanza of this song is old; the rest by Burns.*

THERE'S a youth in this city,  
 It were a great pity

<sup>1</sup> Melancholy.  
<sup>2</sup> Glad.

<sup>3</sup> Strange.  
<sup>4</sup> Stranger.

<sup>5</sup> Vomit.  
<sup>2</sup> A

That he sae our lasses should wander awa' ;  
 For he's bonny and braw,  
 Weel favour'd witha',  
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.  
 His coat is the hue  
 Of his bonnet sae blue :  
 His fecket<sup>1</sup> is white as the new-driven snaw,  
 His hose they are blae,  
 And his shoon like the slae,  
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'

For beauty and fortune  
 The laddie been comin',  
 Weel-atured, weel-tochter'd, weel-mounted, and braw;  
 But chiefly the siller,  
 That gair'd him gang till her,  
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'  
 There's Meg wi' the mailen,<sup>2</sup>  
 That fau wad ha' haef him,  
 And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha'  
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy  
 Maist setters his fancy  
 But the laddie's dear sel he lo'e's dearest of a'

#### OUR THRISSLES FLOURISH'D FRESH AND FAIR

*To w-- "Awa', Whigs, awa'"*

The second and fourth stanzas only are from the pen of the poet, the others belong to a Jacobite song.

OUR thressles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonny bloom'd our rose,  
 But Whigs cam like a frost in Jane,  
 And wither'd a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!  
 Awa', Whigs, awa'!  
 Ye're but a pack o' tizor lounes—  
 Yell do gae gud at

The ancient crown's fa'n in the dust--  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stonie o';  
 And write their names in his black buik  
 Wha gie the Whigs the power o'!

<sup>1</sup> A under waistcoat

<sup>2</sup> A well-stocked farm

Our sad decay in Church and State  
Surpasses my describing;  
The Wings cam o'er us for a curse,  
And we hae done wi' thriving.

• • •  
Gum Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
But we may see him wauken,  
Gude help the day when royal heads  
Are hunted like a maulkin!<sup>12</sup> •

— — —  
COME REDE ME, DAME

COME rede<sup>13</sup> me, dame, come tell me, dame  
And nane can tell mair truly,  
What colour maun the man be of  
To love a woman truly

The carlin,<sup>14</sup> I flew bath up and doun,  
And leugh and answer'd ready,  
I heand a sang in Annandale,  
A dark man for my lady

But for a country quean like thee,  
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,  
That wi' the white I've made a shift,  
And brown will do fit rarely

There's mickle love in raven locks,  
The flaxen ne'er grows youden,<sup>15</sup>  
There's kiss and hause<sup>16</sup> me in the brown  
And glory in the gowden.

— — —  
THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

CHESTER: "O, mount and go!"

CHOIR.

O'er, mount and go,  
Mount and make you ready;  
O'er, mount and go,  
And be the captain's lady.

<sup>12</sup> Hare.  
<sup>13</sup> Counsel.

<sup>14</sup> Old woman.  
<sup>15</sup> Gray.

<sup>16</sup> Hug or embr.

When the drums do beat,  
 And the cannons rattle,  
 Thou shalt sit in state,  
 And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe "  
 Sues for peace and quiet,  
 To the shades we'll go,  
 And in love enjoy it.

— — — — —  
**OH, MERRY HAE I BEEN TEEIHIN' A HECKLE.**

*Tune—“Lor Breadalbane's March”*

Oh, merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,  
 And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;  
 And merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,  
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.  
 Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,  
 A' the lang night I cudle my kimmer,<sup>1</sup>  
 And a' the lang night am as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winn'ys,  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:  
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,  
 And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave!  
 Come to my arms, my, Katie, my Katie,  
 And come to my arms and kiss me again!  
 Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!  
 And blest be the dav I did it again.

EPPIE ADAIR.

*Tune—“My Eppie.”*

And oh! my Eppie,  
 My jewel, my Eppie!  
 Wha wadna be happy  
 Wi'-Eppie Adair?  
 By love, and by beauty,  
 By law, and by duty,  
 I swear to be true to  
 My Eppie Adair!

<sup>1</sup> Fondle my dears.

And oh ! my Eppie,  
 My jewel, my Eppie ;  
 Wha wadna be happy  
 • Wi' Eppie Adair ?  
 A' pleasure exile me,  
 Dishonour desile me.  
 If e'er I beguile thee,  
 My Eppie Adair !

## YOUNG JOCKFY

*Tune--"Young Jockey"*

"The whole of this song," says Stenhouse, "excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns."

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad  
 In a' ou'r tow'n or here awa' :  
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.  
 He roosed<sup>2</sup> my een, sae bonny blue,  
 He roosed my waist sae gently sma',  
 And aye my heart came to my mou'  
 When ne'er a body heaid or saw.

My Jockey troils upon the plain,  
 Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw ;  
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain  
 When Jockey's owsen homeward er' ;  
 And aye the night comes round agan,  
 When in his arms he takes me a' ;  
 And aye he vows he'll be my am,  
 As lang<sup>3</sup>, he has a' eath to draw.

## WEE WILLIE GRAY

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;  
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket :  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and doublet,  
 The rose upon the briar will be him trowse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,  
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat :  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

<sup>1</sup> Plough<sup>2</sup> Praised.

## JAMIE, COME TRY ME

*Tune.* "Jamie, come try me."

JAMIE, come try me,  
 Jamie, come try me,  
 If thou wad win my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,  
 Could I deny thee?  
 If thou would win my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,  
 Wha could espy thee?  
 If thou wad be my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

## THE BATTLE OF KILHECRANKIE

*Tune.* "Killiecrankie."

The chorus of this song, which celebrates the battle where Viscount Dundee fell in the moment of victory, is old. <sup>1</sup> The rest is from the pen of Burns.

WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad? <sup>2</sup>  
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie? <sup>3</sup> O  
 Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?  
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O? <sup>4</sup>  
 An ye had been whate I hae been,  
 Ye wadna been sic cantie, <sup>5</sup> O.  
 An ye had been what I hae seen,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at Land, I fought at sea;  
 At hame I fought my auntie, O;  
 But I met the devil and Dundee,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O  
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur, <sup>6</sup>  
 And Clavers got a clankie, O;  
 Or I had fed an Athole gled, <sup>7</sup>  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

<sup>1</sup> Gaudy.<sup>2</sup> Merry.<sup>3</sup> Furrow.<sup>4</sup> Kite.

## GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

*Tune* - "Guidwife, count the lawin"

GANG is the day, and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for fuit o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And blade-red wine's the rising sun

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,  
The lawin, the lawin;  
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,  
And bring a coggie<sup>1</sup> man

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';  
But here we're a' in ae accord,  
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,  
That heils the wounds o' care and dool;  
And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
An ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

## WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'

*Tune* - "Whistle o'er the lave o't"

EARL when Maggy was my care,  
Heaven, I thought, was in her air,  
Now we're married - spier nae mur -  
Whistle o'er the lave o't —  
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
Bonny Meg was nature's child,  
Wiser men than me's beguiled -  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how we gree,  
I care na by how few may see -  
Whistle o'er the lave o't  
Wha I wish wad be maggots' meat,  
Dish'd up in hic winding sheet,  
I could write - but Meg maun see't -  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

<sup>1</sup> Bumpe.

## OH, CAN YE LABOUR LEA.

OH, can ye labour lea, young man,  
 And can ye labour lea?  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 Ye've never scorn me.

I see'd a man at Martinmas,  
 Wi' aill-pennies three,  
 And a' the faut I san' wi' him,  
 He couldna labour lea.

The stibble-rig is easy plough'd,  
 The fallow land is free;  
 But wha wad keep the handless coof,  
 That couldn't labour lea?

## WOMEN'S MINDS

*Tune*—“For a’ that.”

THOUGHT women's minds, like winter winds,  
 May shift and turn, and a' that,  
 The noblest breast adores them maist,  
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle's a' that,  
 The bonny lass that I lo'e best  
 She'll be my-aun for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
 Their humble slave, and a' that;  
 But loudly will, I hold it still,  
 A mortal sin to thau that.

But there is ane aboon the lave,<sup>1</sup>  
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that;  
 A bonny lass, I like her best,  
 And wha a crime d'ye ca' that?

## IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE

*Tune*—“The Maid's Complaint”

“THESE verses,” says Cunningham, “were originally in English; Burns bestowed a Scottish dress upon them, and made them utter sentiments connected with his own affections.”

IT is na, Jean, thy bonny face,  
 Nor shape, that I admire,  
 Although thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awake desire.  
 Something, in ika part o' thee,  
 To praise, to love, I find ;  
 But, dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I had,  
 Nor stronger in my breast,  
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,  
 At least to see thee blest.  
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give  
 But happiness to thee :  
 And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
 For 'hee I'd bear to die.

## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

*Tune.* "Lady Badmooth's Reel."

My love she's but a lassie yet  
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;  
 Wha gets her needna say she's wo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O !

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet  
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;  
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,  
 But here I never miss'd it yet.  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;  
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler', wife,  
 And couldna preach for thinkin' o't

## "CA' THE EWES.

*Tune.* "Ca' the Ewes to the Knowe."

The fourth and fifth stanzas of this song, written for the *Museum*, are old, with a few alterations by Burns. The version which follows this was written some time afterwards for Thomson's collection.

As I gaed down the water-side,  
There I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd<sup>1</sup> me sweetly in his plaid,  
And he ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowses,  
My bonny dearie !

Will ye gang down the water-side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glidèd?  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And naebody to see me.

Ye soll get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se he and sleep,  
And ye soll be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,  
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,  
And I soll be your dearie.

While waters wimplèd<sup>2</sup> to the sea ;  
While day blinks in the lift<sup>3</sup> sae hie,  
Till clay-could death soll blin' my ee,  
Ye soll be my deare

" — "

### CA' THE YOWES.

#### SECOND VERSION

Ca' the yowes fo' the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowses,  
My bonny dearie !

Hark the mavis' evening sang  
 Sounding Cluden's woods amang !  
 Then a faulding let us gang,  
 My bonny dearie.

We'll ~~gang~~<sup>go</sup> down by Cluden side,  
 Through the hazels spreading wide,  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide,  
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
 Where at moonshine midnight hours  
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;  
 Thou'it ~~to~~<sup>for</sup> love and heaven sae dear  
 Nocht of ill may come thee near.  
 My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my ~~very~~<sup>dear</sup> heart :  
 I can die--but canna part--  
 My bonny dearie.

---

## SUMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME

Tune - "Aye Waukin, O"

THIS is an old song, improved by Burns.

SUMMER's a pleasant time  
 Flowers of every colour,  
 The water rins o'er the heugh,<sup>1</sup>  
 And I long for my ~~tw~~<sup>dear</sup> lover.

Aye waukin, O,  
 Waukin still and wearie :  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie

When I sleep I ~~lie~~<sup>am</sup>,<sup>2</sup>  
 When I wauk I'm eerie,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.

<sup>1</sup> Steep.<sup>2</sup> Timore.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleepin';  
 I think o' my bonny lad,  
 And I bleer my een with gleetin'.

## THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

*Tune*—“There are few guid fellows when Willie's awa’”

“WHEN political combustion,” says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this song, “ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets”

By yon castle wan', at the close of the day,  
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;  
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came,  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
 The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars;  
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;  
 We daena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie diew sword,  
 And now I greet<sup>2</sup> round their green beds in the yerd.<sup>3</sup>  
 It brak the sweet heart of my faulhu' auld dame—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
 Now life is a burthen that bows me down,  
 Since I tint<sup>4</sup> my barns, and he tint his crown;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

## LOVELY DAVIES.

*Tune*—“Miss Muir”

BURNS met the heroine of this song and the one following, Miss Deborah Davies, an English lady, at the house of Captain Riddell of Glenriddell. In a letter to the lady, enclosing this song, in a strain of inflated enthusiasm, he says—“When my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—by Heaven! I thought I had lived three score years a married man, and three score years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea; and I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject.”

Oh, how shall I unskilfu' try  
 The poet's occupation,

<sup>1</sup> Weeping

<sup>2</sup> Weep.

<sup>3</sup> Earth

<sup>4</sup> Lost

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,  
That whisper inspiration?  
Even they mair dare an effort mair  
Than aught they ever gave us;  
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,  
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,  
Like Phœbus in the morning,  
When past the shower, and every flower,  
The garden is adorning.  
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
When winter-bound the wave is;  
She droops our heart when we mair part  
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the list,  
That maks us mair than princes;  
A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
Is in her darting glances:  
The man in arms 'gainst female charms  
Even he her willing slave is;  
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,  
Her feeble powers surrender;  
The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
The sun's meridian splendour:  
I wad in vain essay the strain,  
The deed too daring brave is;  
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire  
The charms o' lovely Davies.

## THE BONNY WEE THING.

*Tune—“Bonny wee Thing”*

BONNY wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.  
Wishfully I look and languish  
In that bonny face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soj' o' mine !  
 Bonny wee thing, ca'mie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, weit thid'mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine !

---

## WAR SONG

*Air*—“Orr an Doig” or, “The Song of Death”

“I HAVE just finished,” says the poet, in a letter to Miss Dunlop, “the following song, which, to a lady, the daughter of Wilberforce, and herself the mother of several soldiers, reveals neither preface nor apology.”

*Scene.* A field of battle - Time of the day, Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song -

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the broad setting sun !  
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !,  
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terror, thou life's gloomy foe !  
 Go, lighten the coward and slave !  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, - he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;—  
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour - our swords in our hand ,  
 Our king and our country to save—  
 While victory shines on life's last eb'ing sand,—  
 Oh ! who would not die with the brave !

---

## A LONG KISS.

*Tune*—“Rory Dall’s Part”

LEAHIN A (Mrs. M’Lachlan) was the heroine of this song, and Byron and Scott

An fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
 An farewell, and then, for ever !

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, n<sup>o</sup> cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy  
But to see her was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met - or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

As fond kiss, and then we sever,  
As farewell, alas! for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

— — —

#### GLOOMY DECEMBER

*From "Wandering Willie"*

The following were written immediately after the last interview with  
Clarinda, in December 1791

ANCE mair I baul thee, thou gloomy December!  
ANCE man I baul thee, wi' sorrow and care;  
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
Hope beaming mid on the soft parting hour;  
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever!  
Is anguish wrungled, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;  
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

## BEHOLD THE HOUR

*Tune—“Oran Gaoil.”*

A MONTH after the interview and parting which the previous song celebrates, Mrs. M’Lehose (Clarinda) wrote to the poet, bidding him farewell. The feelings evoked by her letter found vent in the following song :—

BENIGHTED the hour, the boat arrive,  
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !  
 Sever'd from thee can I surviv ?  
 But Fate has will’d, and we must part.

I’ll often greet this singing swell,  
 Yon distant isle will often hail :  
 “E’en here I took the last farewell :  
 There latest mark’d her vanish’d sail !”

Along the solitary shore,  
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
 Across the rolling dashing roar,  
 I’ll westward turn my wistful eye

Happy, thou Indian grove, I’ll say,  
 Where now my Nancy’s path may be !  
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me ?

## THE MURK NIGHT O’ DECEMBER

*Tune—“O May, thy morn”*

The following is understood to refer to the parting with Clarinda. The difference in the mood is noticeable enough.

O MAY, thy morn was ne’er sae sweet  
 As the murk night o’ December ;  
 For sparkling wis the rosy wine,  
 And private was the chamber :  
 And dear was she I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember,  
 And dear was she I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that like oursel,  
 Can push aboot the jorum ;  
 And here's to them that wish us weel,  
 May a' that's gud watch o'er them !  
 And here's to them we daena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum,  
 And here's to them we daena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum !

---

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'

*Tune—“There'll never be peace,” &c.*

The following is the last of the Clarendon series.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature array,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,  
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa' !

The shaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the w<sup>t</sup> o' the morn,  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa' !

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa' !

Come, Autumn sae penit, in yellow and gray,  
 And soothe me with tidings, o' Nature's decay.  
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snow,  
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa' !

---

## WANDERING WILIE

The idea of this song appears to have been taken from an old one, of which  
 the following verses have been preserved—

“Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,  
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;  
 Long bi' I sought thee, but I have I bought thee,  
 Now I ha' gotten my Willie agan.”

" Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,  
   Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;  
   Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,  
   Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain."

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,  
   Hei awa', there awa', haud awa' hame,  
   Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,  
   Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,  
   Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee.  
   Welcome now summer, and welcome my Willie—  
   The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cove of your slumbers,  
   How your dread howling a louder alarms!  
   Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
   And waft my dear laddie ance man to my arms!

But eh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
   Flow still between us thou wide roaring main!  
   May I never see it, may I never frown it,  
   But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

#### THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

*Then—“The deil cam fiddling through the town”*

LOCKHART gives the following interesting account of this song:—“This spirited song was composed on the shores of the Solway, while the poet and a party of his brother excisemen were engaged in watching the motions of a suspicious-looking brig, which had put in there, and which, it was supposed, was engaged in smuggling. The day following that on which she was first seen the vessel got into shallow water, and it was then discovered that the crew were numerous, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars, accordingly, was despatched to Dumfries for a party of dragoons, and another officer proceeded on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, leaving Burns with some men under his orders, to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades, hearing him abuse his friend Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man replied that he also wished the devil had him for his pains; and that Burns in the meantime would do well to imitate a song upon the slaggard. Burns said nothing, but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty.”

“ The deil cam fiddling through the town,  
   And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,  
   An' ilk a wife cries—“Auld Mahoun,  
   I wish you luck o' the prize, man!” ”

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

We'll mak' our inaut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;  
 And mony braw thanks to the mickle black deil  
 • That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ,  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ,  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,  
 Was - the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ,  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

#### BONNY LESLEY

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns gives the following account of the origin of this song — ' Apologe ! do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours ? Know then, ' said he, " that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unsullied purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that should make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in that port, such, so delightful and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Leslie Badlie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. Badlie, with his two daughters, was accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse, (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad. You must know that there is an old one beginning with —

' My bonny Lassie Badlie,  
 I'll tow' thee in my plaidie,' &c

So I parodied it as follows ."

Oh, saw ye bonny Lesley  
 As she gaed o'er the Border ?  
 She's gone like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made another.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we, before thee:  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna skaith' thee,  
Nor ought that wad belang thee;  
He'd look into thy bonny face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent' thee;  
Misfortune sha a steik thee;  
They'd like themselves, sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonia!  
That we may brag we ha'e a lass  
There's nae again sae bonny.

— — —

#### CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD

Burns composed the following song to aid the suit of a Mr. Gillespie, a friend of his. The lady who, by the way, did not surmount even though her lover was so ably assisted by Burns, is the Chloris Miss Formier, of several of his finest ballads. A brief account of the melancholy career of this unfortunate lady will be found at p. 20.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood,  
And blithely twanken the morrow;  
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn Wood  
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
And oh! to be lying beyond thee;  
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep  
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
I hear the wild birds singing,  
But pleasure they ha'e nae for me,  
While care my heart is wringing.

Borne by Fortune's fiery scorch,  
Bear the friends and land I love,

*After "Crown side."*

### • FEAR THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.



Around my grave they'll be  
When you green leaves fade, see the  
If thou shall love antiquity,  
If thou refuse to pity me,

If I conceal'd in shame  
But secret love will break my heart  
Yet dares not you anger,  
I am, from world I my griefs import,

And gave his bosom winging,  
First what a weary wile I was,  
I hear the wild birds singing  
I see the flowers and spreading trees,

I am sick'd me now'ght but sorrow,  
But at the pride o' spring's return,  
And little am likes the motion,  
Sweet fies the ear, on language-bane,

*Second vision.*

If I grieve fully some these,  
And if thy days o' life to come  
Say thou loves me, before me  
But, flame, say then with the mind—

My heart was full o' anguish  
I did the my dead, that will be so,  
In love to he and living,  
To see thee in antidote's arms,

If thou refuse thy spouse,  
That oh, what will my sorrows be,  
I see like sweet and bonny,  
I see the gracefu', thanglit, and tall,

If I break it, I amna tell,  
I daeme for your anger,  
But secret love will break my heart,  
I came tell, I manna tell,

Frae my best-beloved I rove,  
 Never mair to taste delight ;  
 Never mair maun hause to find  
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care .  
 When remembranec whacks the mind,  
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
 Desert ilka blooming shore,  
 Till the Fates, nae mur severe,  
 Friendship, Love, and Peace restore ;  
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,  
 Bring sur bannish'd name again ,  
 And ilka loyal bonny lad  
 'Toss the seas and win his ain.

— — —

### MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

*Tune*—"My Tocher's the Jewel"

Gi' meikle thinks my luve o' my Leanty,  
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;  
 But little thinks my luve I ken blawlie !  
 My tocher's<sup>2</sup> the jewel has charms for him  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;  
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;  
 My laddie's sic meikle in luve with the siller  
 He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffet o' luve's an aul-penny,<sup>3</sup>  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ,  
 But an ye be crafty I c'n cunnin',  
 Sae ye wi' anither you, fortune maun try.  
 We're like to the timmer<sup>4</sup> o' yon rotter wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 We'll slip frae 'ne like a knotless threel,  
 And ye'll crack<sup>5</sup> your credit wi' mae<sup>6</sup> nor me.

— — —

### WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

*Tune*—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" -

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?

<sup>1</sup> Know well  
<sup>2</sup> Dowry

<sup>3</sup> Earnest-money.  
<sup>4</sup> Timber.

<sup>5</sup> Injure  
<sup>6</sup> More.

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie<sup>1</sup>  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'  
 Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin' fae mornin' to e'enin',  
 He boasts<sup>2</sup> had he huples<sup>3</sup> the weary day lang;  
 He's doyl't<sup>4</sup> and he's dozen,<sup>5</sup> his bluid it is frozen,  
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!  
 He's doyl't and he's dozen, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:  
 Oh, dool<sup>6</sup> on the day I met wi' an auld man  
 He's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld Auntie Katie upon me takis pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan!  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,  
 And then his auld biass will buy me a new pan.  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, &c.

## OII, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

*Then - "Owre the hills and far awa'!"*

The poet having found the germ of this song in Herd's collection, thought to have wrought into it some allusion to an incident in his own personal history.

Oii, how can I be blithe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonny lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and fau awa'?  
 When the bonny lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and fau awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snow;  
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,  
 To think on him that's fau awa'.  
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,  
 To think on him that's fau awa'.

My father pat me fae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a'

<sup>1</sup> Mother  
<sup>2</sup> Coughs

<sup>3</sup> Lamps  
<sup>4</sup> Craved.

<sup>5</sup> Benumbed.  
<sup>6</sup> Woe.

But I hae aye will tak my part,  
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.  
 But I hae aye will tak my part,  
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,  
 And silken snoods<sup>1</sup> he gae me twa;  
 And I will wear them for his sake,—  
 The bonny lad that's far awa'  
 And I will wear them for his sake,—  
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.

Oh, weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will clear the baulk-shaw,  
 And my young' baby will be born,  
 And he'll be lame that's far awa'  
 And my young' thy will be born,  
 And he'll be lame that's far awa'.

#### I DO CONFESSION THOT ART SAE FAIR

*Tune*—“I do confess thou art sae fair.”

This song was altered from one by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. “I think,” says Burns, “that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress.”

I do confess thou art sae fair,  
 I wud been owre the lugs<sup>2</sup> in love,  
 Had I na found the slightest prayer  
 That lips could speak thy heart could move.  
 I do confess thee sweet, but find  
 Thou art sae thoughtless o' thy sweets,  
 Thy favours are the silly wind,  
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,  
 Among its native bents sae coy,  
 How sure it tinges<sup>3</sup> its scent and hue  
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!  
 Sic fate, ere lang shall thee betide,  
 Though thou may gang bloom a while;  
 Yet sure thou shalt be thrown aside  
 Like ony common weed and vile.

<sup>1</sup> Birchwood

<sup>2</sup> Ears

<sup>3</sup> Rose

<sup>1</sup> See p. 343—note.

## YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

*Tonic.* — “Yon wi — v mountan

“This song,” says the poet, “alludes to a man in my private history which it is of no consequence to the

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde,  
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,  
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his reed  
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,  
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie’s rich valleys, nor Loth’s sunny shores,  
To me hae the charms o’ yon wild mossy moors,  
For there, by a lonely, quester’d even stream,  
Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.  
For there, by a lonely, quester’d clear stream,  
Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path  
Ilk stream foaming down its an green narrow strath;  
For there, wi’ my lassie, the day-lang I rove,  
While o’er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o’ love  
For there, wi’ my lassie, the day-lang I rove,  
While o’er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o’ love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;  
O’ nice education but sma’ is her share  
Her parentage humble as humble can be,  
But I lo’e the dear lassie because she lo’es me.  
Her parentage humble as humble can be,  
But I lo’e the dear lassie because she lo’es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield hin a purse,  
In her armour of glances, and blushes, a’ signs?  
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,  
They dazzle our een as they flee to our heart;  
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,  
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling ee,  
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;  
And the heart-heating love, as I’m clasp’d in her arms,  
Oh, these are my lassie’s all-conquering charms!  
And the heart-heating love, as I’m clasp’d in her arms  
Oh, those are my lassie’s all-conquering charms!

## OH FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

*Tune.—“The Moundiewort”*

AND oh for ane-and-twenty, Tam,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
 I'll learn my km a ratlin' sang,  
 An I s'w ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool<sup>2</sup> me sair, and haud me doon,  
 And gar me look like bluntie,<sup>3</sup> Tam;  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'  
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan',<sup>4</sup> a slaut o' gear,<sup>5</sup>  
 Was left me by m' auntie, Tam.  
 At 1'th or km I nec' na spier,<sup>6</sup>  
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealth, coof,<sup>7</sup>  
 Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof<sup>8</sup>—  
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam

## BLISS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

*Tune.—“The sweet lass that lo'es me”*

Oir, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,  
 And leeze me on my rock and reel;  
 Frae tap to tae that elcels me bien,<sup>9</sup>  
 And haps<sup>10</sup> me ful<sup>11</sup> and warm at een!  
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
 While laigh descends the summer sun,  
 Blest wi' content, and milk and m' l—  
 Oh, leeze m' on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
 And meet below my theekit cot;  
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the lydies' nest,  
 And little fishes' call'er<sup>12</sup> rest:  
 The sun blink, kindly in the biel,<sup>13</sup>  
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

<sup>1</sup> Curl.<sup>2</sup> A simpleton.<sup>3</sup> A portion of ground.<sup>4</sup> A handful of money.<sup>5</sup> Fool.<sup>6</sup> Hand.<sup>7</sup> Comfortably.<sup>8</sup> Wraps.<sup>9</sup> Soft.<sup>10</sup> Cooling.<sup>11</sup> Cottage, sheltered<sup>12</sup> place.

On lofty aiks the cushat<sup>1</sup> wail,  
 And echo eons the doofu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays .  
 The craik<sup>2</sup> amang the clover hay,  
 The pairick whirrin' o'er the ley,  
 The swallow junkin' round my shiel,  
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, •  
 Aboon distress, below envy,  
 Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride of a' the great?  
 Amid them flairing, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbersome, dinsome joy,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy<sup>3</sup> at her spinning-wheel?

## NITHSDALE'S WELCOME NAME

**WRITTEN** to celebrate the return to Scotland of Lady Winifred Maxwell  
 descendant of the attainted Earl of Nithsdale

Thay noble Maxwells and their powers  
 Are coming o'er the Border,  
 And they'll gae big Terregle's tower,  
 And set them a' in order.  
 And they declare Terregle's fair,  
 For their abode they choose it ;  
 There's no a heart in a' the land  
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear  
 And angry tempests gather :  
 The happy hour may soon be near  
 That brings us pleasant weathers :  
 The weary night o' care and grief  
 May have a joyfu' morrow .  
 So dawning day has brought relief—  
 Farewell our night o' sorrow !

## COUNTRY LASSIE

*Tune—“The Country Lass”*

IN summer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn waved green in ilka field,

<sup>1</sup> Wood-pigeon.

<sup>2</sup> Landruk.

<sup>3</sup> Cottage.

While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blow in ilka field,<sup>1</sup>  
Bhithie Bessie in the milkimg shiel,<sup>2</sup>  
Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will?"<sup>3</sup>  
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,<sup>4</sup>—  
"O' guid advisement comes frae ill,

"It's ye ha'e woors mony aine,  
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken  
Then wau a wee, and cannie walk,<sup>5</sup>  
A routlie butt, a routlie bairn,<sup>6</sup>  
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
Fu' is his butt, fu' is his bye,  
Tak this frae me, my ba' i' yon hen,  
W' plenty beats the luv 's fire."<sup>7</sup>

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
I dinna care a single flee,  
He loves sic weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae luve to spare for me,  
But bhithie's the blink o' Robbie's ee,  
And weel I wot he loves me dearn,  
At blink o' him I wadnae gie  
For Buskie Glen and a 'lis gear."<sup>8</sup>

"Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a... saught,<sup>9</sup>  
The canniest gate,<sup>10</sup> the stane is sair,  
But aye fu'-hant is fechtin' West,  
A hungry care's an unto care,  
But some will spend, and some will spare,  
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."<sup>11</sup>

"Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
An' gear will buy me sheep and kye.  
But the tender heart o' leesome<sup>12</sup> luve  
The gowd and siller cumma buy,  
We may be poor - Robbie and I,  
Light is the burden luve lays on;  
Content and luve bring peace and joy --  
What man ha'e queens upon a throne?"

### Fair Liza

This was another unsuccessful attempt on the part of the poet, to advance the love suit of a friend.

<sup>1</sup> Sheltered place.

<sup>2</sup> Shed

<sup>3</sup> Age

<sup>4</sup> Wily choose

<sup>5</sup> A well-filled kitchen

and parlour

<sup>6</sup> Struggle

<sup>7</sup> I never was

<sup>8</sup> Gladsome

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,  
 Ae kind blink before we part,  
 Rue on thy desp'ring lover!  
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza,  
 If to leave thy heart denies,  
 For pity hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?  
 The offence is loving thee  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever  
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix milk i throe,  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pink o' sunny noon,  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the summer moon  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy brightens in his ee,  
 Ken the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.

## OH, LUVI WILL VENTURE IN.

Oh, luv will venture in  
 Where it daurna weel be seen;  
 Oh, luv will venture in  
 Where wisdom ance has been;  
 But I will down yon river flow,  
 Amang the wood sae green—  
 And a' to pu' a posie  
 To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',  
 The firstling of the year;  
 And I will pu' the pink,  
 The emblem o' my dear;  
 For she's the pink o' womankind,  
 And blooms without a peer—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,  
 When Phœbus peeps in view,

For it's like a baumy kiss  
 O' her sweet, bonny mou';  
 The hyacinth's for constancy,  
 Wi' its unchanglin' blue—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my am dear May.

The lily it is pure,  
 And the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom  
 I'll place the lily there;  
 The daisy's for simplicity,  
 And unaffected air—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my am dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', a  
 Wi' its locks o' silv'r gray,  
 Where, like an aged man,  
 It stands at break of day,  
 But the songster's nest within the bush  
 I winna tak away—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my am dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',  
 When the evening star is near,  
 And the diamond draps o' dew  
 Shall be her een sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty,  
 Which weel she fa's to wear—  
 And a' to be a posie  
 To my am dear May.

I'll tie the posie round  
 Wi' the silken band o' love,  
 And I'll place it in her breast,  
 And I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life  
 The band shall ne'er remove—  
 And this will be a posie  
 To my am dear May.

## SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Thus "Light Men of Moidart"

We are indebted to Cunningham for an account of the heroine of this song. She was the wife of a farmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland. She was a very singular woman. 'tea,' she said, 'would be the ruin of the nation, sugar was a sore evil; wheaten bread was only fit for babes, eartheagare was a pickpocket, wooden floors were but fit for thrashing upon; slated roofs, cold;

scithers, good enough for fowls' ; in short, she abhorred change, and whenever any thing new appeared, such as harrows with iron teeth—'Ay, ay,' s would exclaim, 'ye'll see the upshot !' Of all modern things she disliked chin most ; she called it 'brunt clay,' and said it was only fit for 'haudin' the brc o' stinkin' weeds,' as sh<sup>d</sup> called tea. On one occasion, a southern dealer i cups and saucers asked so much for his wares that he exasperated a peasant, who said, 'I canna buy, but I ken aye that will : ' 'Gang there,' said he, pointing to the house of Willie's wife.—'dinna be blate or burd-mouthed ; ask a guid penny,—she has the iller.' Away went the poor dealer, spread out his wares before her, and summed up all by asking a dooble price. A blow from her cummick was his instant reward, which not only fell on his person, but damaged his china—'I'll learn ye,' quoth she, as she heard the saucers jingle, 'to come wi' yer brazen English face, and yet bits o' brunt clay to me !'

WILLIE WASILE dwelt on Tweed,  
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doodie ;  
Willie was a weaver<sup>1</sup> guid,  
Could stown<sup>2</sup> a clew wi' ony bodie.  
He had a wife was dour and din,  
Oh, Tinkier Madgie was her mither ;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an ee—she has but aye,  
The cat has twa the very colou ;  
Five rusty teeth, forbyed<sup>3</sup> a stump,  
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller,  
A whiskin' beard about her mou',  
Her nose and chin they threaten thair —  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shunn'd,  
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shortei ;  
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
To balance fan in ilka quaire,  
She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shouther —  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld bauldions by the ingle sits,  
And wi' her loof<sup>4</sup> her face a-ashin',  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trug.<sup>5</sup>  
She delights hei grunzie wi' a hashion,  
Her walk merv<sup>6</sup> like muddlen-cieels,  
Her face wad sylo<sup>7</sup> the Logan Water—  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.

<sup>1</sup> Weaver

<sup>2</sup> [Hare] stolen.

<sup>3</sup> Besides.

<sup>4</sup> The cat by the fue

<sup>5</sup> place sits.

<sup>6</sup> I din

<sup>7</sup> Clear

<sup>8</sup> Ample fists

## SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

*Tune—“The Bonny Bell.”*

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
 And sultry Winter gaily flies,  
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
 And bonny blue are the sunny skies;  
 Fresh 'er the mountains break forth the morning,  
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell,  
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
 And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
 And yellow Autumn presses near,  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
 Till smiling Spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old Time and Nature then changes tell,  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I adore my bonny Bell.

## THE GALLANT WEAVER

*Tune—“The Weaver, March.”*

WHERE Cart<sup>1</sup> runs down' to the sea,  
 By many a flower and spreading tree,  
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
 He is a gallant weaver.  
 Oh, I had wo'er aught to mind,  
 They gied me rings, and ribbons fine,  
 And I was feard my heart would tire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And I gie't it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tochet-hand,<sup>2</sup>  
 To gie the lad that has the land;  
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
 And gie it to the weaver.  
 While birds rejoice in leafy bower,  
 While bees delight in opening flowers;  
 While corn grows green in sunshiny showers,  
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

<sup>1</sup> Losc.<sup>2</sup> Marriage-deed.

The Cart is a river in Renfrewshire.

## SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

*Tune*—“She's Fair and Fause.”

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,  
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;  
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
And I may e'en gae hang.  
A coof<sup>1</sup> cam in wi' routh o' gear,<sup>2</sup>  
And I hae tint<sup>3</sup> my dearest dear ;  
But woman is but waif'd gear,  
Sac let the bonny lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love, —  
To this be never blind,  
Nae ferlie<sup>4</sup> 'tis, though tickle she prove,  
A woman has't by kind.  
O woman, lovely woman fair !  
An angel form's fa'n to thy share :  
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien<sup>5</sup> thee mair —  
I mean an angel mind.

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

*Tune* “The Lea-Rig”

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells brightin-time<sup>6</sup> is near, my jo ,  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae drowsy and weary, O ;  
Down by the burn, where scented bils<sup>7</sup>  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo ,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,<sup>8</sup>  
My ain kind dearie, O !

In minkest<sup>9</sup> glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie,<sup>10</sup> O ,  
If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O !  
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O ,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O !

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Abundance of wealth.

<sup>3</sup> Lost.

<sup>4</sup> Wonder.

<sup>5</sup> Have given.

<sup>6</sup> Foldang-tune.

<sup>7</sup> Dull.

<sup>8</sup> Grass-field-ridge.

<sup>9</sup> Darkest.

<sup>10</sup> Frightened.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo' ;  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Along the burn to steer, my jo' ;  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
 It maks my heart sae chee'y, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-ing,  
 My am kind dearie, O !

---

## MY 'WIFE'S A WINSOME WIFE THING.

I 'll is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a han' some wee thing,  
 She is a bonny wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a better ;  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
 For sair my jewe' time.<sup>1</sup>

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a han' some wee thing,  
 She is a bonny wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't ;  
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,  
 And thank my lot divine.

---

## HIGHLAND MARY

*Time - "Katherine Ogle"*

This is another magnificent expression of his passion for Highland Mary. Writing to Thomson, he says — "The following song pleases me. I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verse set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." See p. 253 for an account of Mary.

Yanks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,

<sup>1</sup> Be lost.

'Green be you woods, and fair you flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!<sup>1</sup>  
 There simmer first unfrail hei robes,  
 And thare the langest tarry,  
 For there I took the ja i fairweel  
 O' my sweet Highland May.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk !  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom !  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my deerie,  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland May !

Wi' mony a bow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our putting was fu' tender.  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselfs asunder ;  
 But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my floweres sae early ! —  
 Now green's the sod, and caulin's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland May !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I last ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly —  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland May !

## AULD ROB MORRIS

THE two first lines of the following belong to an old ballad—the rest is the poet's.

THILKE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen  
 He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and king,  
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May ;  
 She's sweet as the evening amang the new bairns ;  
 As blithe and as artless as lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the night to my ee.

But oh ! she's an heiress,—and Robin's a laird;<sup>1</sup>  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;  
 A woer like me maunna hope to come speed ;  
 The wounds I must hide that will so' be my dead.<sup>1</sup>

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane  
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghast,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hoped she'd ha'e smiled upon me !  
 Oh, how past deserving had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express !

---

## COCK UP YOUR BE 'VER

*Tune*—“Cock up your beaver.”

The second verse of this song is Burns's—the first is old:

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad  
 Came to this town,  
 He had a blue bonnet  
 That wanted the crown ;  
 But now he has gotten  
 A hat and a feather,—  
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,  
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,  
 And cock it fu' spuish,  
 We'll over the Border  
 And ge them a brush ;  
 There's somebody there  
 We'll teach better behavior--  
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,  
 Cock up your beaver !

---

## BONNY PEG.

The following lines first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1818

As I came in by our gate end,  
 As day was wanin' weary.

<sup>1</sup> Death.

Oh, wha came tripping down the street,  
But bonny Peg, my dearie !

Her air<sup>sae</sup> sweet, and shape complete,  
Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
The Queen of Love did never move  
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands  
Adown yon winding river;  
And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,  
Can I forget it ever ?

## THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air

The tither morn,  
When I forlorn  
Aneath an aik sat moaning,  
I did na trow  
I'd see my jo<sup>1</sup>  
Beside me gin the gloaming.  
But he sae ting<sup>2</sup>  
Lap o'er the rig,  
And dawntingly<sup>3</sup> did cheer me,  
When I, what teek,  
Did least expec'  
To see my lad ~~sa~~ near me.

His bonnet he,  
A thought ajee,  
Cock'd sprush when<sup>4</sup> he lisp'd me ;  
And I, I wat,  
Wi' funness grat,<sup>4</sup>  
While in his grips he press'd me.  
Deil tak' the war !  
I late and air  
Hae wish'd since Jock departed ;  
But now as glad  
I'm wi' my lad  
As short syne broken-hearted.

<sup>1</sup> Dear.<sup>2</sup> Neat.<sup>3</sup> Lovingly.<sup>4</sup> Wept.

Fu' ast at e'en<sup>1</sup>  
 Wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blithe and merryle,  
 I cared na by,  
 Sae sad was I  
 In absence o' my dearie  
 But, praise be blest,  
 My mind's at rest,  
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;  
 At kirk and fair,  
 I'se aye be there,  
 And be is canty<sup>2</sup> ony.

## THE DEUK'S DANG O'R MY DADDIE, O

*True. "The deuk's dang o'r my daddy."*

The burns git out wi' an unco shout,  
 The deuk's dang<sup>3</sup> o'er my daddy, O!  
 The fient may care, quo' the ferrie 'auld wife,  
 He was but a puddin<sup>4</sup> body, O!  
 He puddles out, and he puddles in,  
 And he puddles late and early, O!  
 Thre seven long yeus I hae been by his side,  
 And he is but a fustionle<sup>5</sup> caiche, O!

Oh, haud your tongue, my ferrie auld wife,  
 Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!  
 I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,  
 Ye wadna been sae donsie,<sup>6</sup> O!  
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,  
 And cuddled<sup>7</sup> me life and early, O!  
 But downa do's<sup>8</sup> come o'er me now,  
 And, ooh! I feel it saunly, O!

## HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

•

CUNNINGHAM gives the following account of this song:—"Burns, on one occasion, was on a visit at a friend's house for two or three days, and during his stay there a country party met, at which the bard was requested to favour the company with a poetical diversion. He profitably complied by writing the song in question. The original MS. is now in the possession of Captain

<sup>1</sup> Happy.

<sup>2</sup> Duck has pushed.

<sup>3</sup> Sturdy.

<sup>4</sup> He wandered aim-

<sup>5</sup> Pusly about

<sup>6</sup> Simple.

<sup>7</sup> Pettish.

<sup>8</sup> Fondaed.

<sup>9</sup> A phrase denoting the exhaustion of age.

Hendries, who commands a Scottish trading vessel, and who is nephew to the gentleman at whose festive board Burns was entertained on the evening alluded to."

HERE a'round the ingle<sup>1</sup> bleezing,  
What'sae happy and sae free,  
Though the northern wind blaws freezing,  
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

Happy we are a' thegither,  
Happy we'll be yin and a';  
Time shill see us a' the blither  
Ere we use to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure  
Gloating wi' a greedy ee!  
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure  
That around us here we see?

Can the peo<sup>p</sup>l, in alk an' crime,  
Ca' his conscience haff his own;  
His claes<sup>2</sup> are spun and edged wi' vermu  
Though he stan' afore a thone!

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing<sup>3</sup>  
All our stoups o' gen'rous flaine;  
And, while round the board 'tis passmg,  
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,  
Frien' ship gies us a' delight,  
Frien'ship consecrates the drapie,  
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

#### OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE

True—‘Eppie M' Nab

Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M' Nab?  
Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M' Nab?  
She's down in the yaud, she's kissm' the laik  
She wonna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M' Nab;  
Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M' Nab;  
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it e'en,  
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

<sup>1</sup> Fireside

<sup>2</sup> Clothes.

<sup>3</sup> Tossing

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?  
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?  
 She lets thee to v'it, that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!  
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!  
 As light as the an, as fause as thou's fair,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

## THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

*To me—“Kellyburn Braes.”*

An improved version of an old song—peaking to Cromeck about the old songs  
 her husband had altered and improved. Mrs. Burns said:—“Robert gae this  
 ane a terrible brushing.”

THERE lived a carle<sup>1</sup> in Kellyburn<sup>n</sup>braes,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 And he had a wife wa, the plague o' his days;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed<sup>2</sup> up the lang glen,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 He met wi' the devil, says, “How do you sen?<sup>3</sup>”  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

“I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

“It's neither your stot<sup>4</sup> nor your staig<sup>5</sup> I shall crave,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have.”  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

“Oh! welcome, most kindly,” the blithe carle said.  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 “But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd.”  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)  
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's ca'ed his pack,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

<sup>1</sup> Man.  
<sup>2</sup> Went.

<sup>3</sup> Live  
<sup>4</sup> Bullock.

<sup>5</sup> Colt.

He's canied her haire to his am ballan-door ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight <sup>she</sup> makes fitly, the pick o' his band,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 Turnt out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin <sup>1</sup> gaed through them like ony wud <sup>2</sup> bear,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near hei nae mair ;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit <sup>3</sup> wee devil looks over the wa' ,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 "Oh, help, master, help ! or she'll ruin us a' ,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 He was not in wellock, thank Heaven, but in hell ;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

• Then Satan has travell d again wi' his pack ,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 And to her auld husband he's carried hei back ;  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime

"I hae been a devil the feck <sup>4</sup> o' my life ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,) ,  
 But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ,"  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

#### YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

*There—Ye Jacobites by Name."*

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;  
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;

<sup>1</sup> Woman.

<sup>2</sup> Wild.

<sup>3</sup> Smoked

<sup>4</sup> Most.

Ye Jacobites by name,  
 Your faults I will proclaim,  
 Your doctrines I maun blame—  
 You shall hear

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?  
 What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?  
 What is right, and what is wrang?  
 A short sword, and a lang,  
 A weak arm, and a strang  
 For to draw.

What makes herore strife fumed afar, famed afar?  
 What make herore strife famed afar?  
 What makes herore strife?  
 To whet th' assas in's knife,  
 Or hunt a paron's hif,  
 Wi bluidie war

Then let your schemes alone, in the state in the state;  
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state,  
 Then let your schemes alone,  
 Adore the rising sun,  
 And leave a man undone  
 To his fate

#### AS I WAS A WANDERING.

*Tune* “Rinn Meudh no Mic d'Ull.”

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer ev'nin’,  
 The pipers and youngsters were making then gae,  
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lo'er,  
 Which bled a' the wund o' my dolour agan.

Weel, since he hast le't me, may pleasure gae wi' him;  
 I may be distress'd, but I w'llna com' laim,  
 I'll flitter my fan y I may get another,  
 My heart it shall ne'er be broken for aye.

I couldna get sleepning till dawin’ for greeting,  
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:  
 Had I na got greeting, my heart wad hae broken,  
 For, oh! lye forsaken's a tormenting paip!

<sup>1</sup> Dawn

<sup>2</sup> Weeping.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,  
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;  
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow  
 Than ~~ever~~<sup>s</sup> hae acted sae faulthe ~~s~~ to him.

## THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

If was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,  
 For the lands of Virginia, O ,  
 Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,  
 And alas I am weary, weary, O !

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,  
 Like the land of Virginia, O ;  
 There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow  
 And alas I am weary, weary, O !

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,  
 In the lands of Virginia, O .  
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,  
 And alas I am weary, weary, O !

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

*There* "The Weary Pund o' Tow"

I bought my wife a stane o' lint<sup>1</sup>  
 As gude as e'er did grow,  
 And a' that she has made o' that  
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.<sup>2</sup>

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow.<sup>3</sup>  
 I think my wife will end her life  
 Before she spin her tow.<sup>4</sup>

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyond the mgle tow,<sup>5</sup>  
 And aye she took the tithei souk,<sup>6</sup>  
 To dronk the stourie<sup>7</sup> tow

<sup>1</sup> Flax  
<sup>2</sup> In a prepared state

<sup>3</sup> Flame of the fire.

<sup>5</sup> Drench the dusty

<sup>4</sup> Swig

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dam.  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!"  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last hei feet- I sang to see't—  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,\*  
 And or I wad anither jad,  
 I'll wallop in a tow!

## LADY MARY ANN

*From "Crichton's Growing"*

An attempt to imitate the manner of an old ballad,

OH, Lady Mary Ann  
 Looks o'er the castle wa',  
 She saw three bonny boys  
 Playing at the ba',  
 The youngest he was  
 The flower amang them a'—  
 My bonny laddie's young,  
 But he's growin' yet.

O father! O father!  
 An ye think it fit,  
 We'll send him a year  
 To the college yet.  
 We'll sew a green ribbon  
 Round about his hat,  
 And that will let them ken  
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann  
 Was a flower i' the dew,  
 Sweet was its smell,  
 And bonny was its hue,  
 And the langer it blossom'd  
 The sweeter it grew;  
 For the bly in the bud  
 Will be bonnier yet.

<sup>1</sup> Swing in a rope

\* The allusion here is the coffin being carried to the churchyard feet foremost.

Young Charlie Cochiane  
 Was the sprout of an aik ;  
 Bonny and bloomin'  
 And straught was its make :  
 The sun took delight  
 To shine for its sake,  
 And it will be the brag  
 O' the forest yet.

The summer is gane  
 When the leaves they were green,  
 And the days are awa'  
 That we ha'e seen ;  
 But far better days  
 I trust will come again,  
 For my bonny laddie's young,  
 But he's growin' yet.

## OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

*Tune*—“Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie”

“This song,” says Cunningham, “refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons of Kenmure in the fatal ‘Fifteen.’ The Viscount left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed, he joined the other lowland Jacobites, penetrated to Preston—repulsed, and at last yielded to the attack of General Carpenter—and perished on the scaffold. He was a good as well as a brave man, and his fate was deeply lamented. The title has since been restored to the Gordon's line.”

Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !  
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa' !  
 And Kenmure's lead's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !  
 Success to Kenmure's band ;  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blade,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !  
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men ;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—  
 And that their faces shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame,<sup>6</sup> Willie !  
 They'll live or die wi' fame,  
 But soon wi' sounding victorie  
 May Kennure's lord come harje.

Here's him that's far awa', Wilkie !  
 Here's him that's far awa'  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—  
 'The rose that's like the shaw !

## MY COLETTIE LADDIE.

Tune.—“The Collier Laddie.”

*“I do not know,” says Burns, “a plainer old song than this,” which he modified and altered as follows for the *Museum*.*

Out, where live ye, my bonny lass?  
 And tell me what they ca' ye?  
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,  
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.  
 My name, she says, is Mi-tress Jean,  
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

Oh, see you not yon hills and dales,  
 The sun shines on sae brightle ?  
 They a' are mine and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie  
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,  
 Wed buskit<sup>1</sup> up sae gaudy,  
 And an' to wait at every hand,  
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie,  
 And an' to wait at every hand,  
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,  
 And the caith conceal, sae lowly,  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
 And embrace my Collier Laddie  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,  
 And spent at night fu' brawlie ;

<sup>1</sup> Dressed

And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,<sup>1</sup>  
 And lie down wi' my Collier I addie.  
 And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,  
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Lang for luie is the bargain for me,  
 Though the wee cot-house should haud me ;  
 And the wairld before me to win my bread,  
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie  
 And the wairld before me to win my bread  
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

## FAREWELL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH NAME

*Farewell to a parcel of rogues in a nation.*

"BURNS," says Cunningham, "has expressed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north." On one occasion he says regarding the Union, "What are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms, 'English Ambassador,' 'English Court,'" &c.

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish name,  
 Fauewell our ancient glory!  
 Farewell even to the Scottish name,  
 Sae famed in martial story!  
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sand,  
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,  
 To mark where England's province stands  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,  
 Through many warlike ages,  
 Is wrought now by a covetous,  
 For hieling traitors' wages  
 The English steel we could dencen,  
 Secure in valour's station,  
 But English gold has been our bane,  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh, would ere I had seen the day  
 That treason thus could sell us,  
 My auld gray head had hen in clay  
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!

But pith and power, till my last hour,  
 I'll mak this declaration;  
 We're bought and sold for English gold—  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

---

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

*Tune*—"Here's a health to them that's awa'."

This song was composed in honour of the leaders of the liberal party in the House of Commons

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Anto'wha wina wish guid luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be their fa'!  
 It's guid to be meiry and wise,  
 It's guid to be honest and true,  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.\*

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to Charlie† the chief of the clan  
 Although that his band be but sma'.  
 May Liberty meet wi' success!  
 May Prudence protect her frae evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's a health to Tammie,‡ the Norland laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!  
 There's nae ever fear'd that the truth should be heard  
 But they wham the truth wad indite.<sup>§</sup>

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod,<sup>§</sup> a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Tho'gh bled amang muntains o' snaw!

<sup>1</sup> Indict—impeach

\* The colours of the Whig party.

† The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

‡ Thomas, afterwards Lord, Erskine.

§ M'Leod of Dunvegan, M.P. for Inverness.

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa'.  
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be them fa'!

## SONG.

*Tune* "I had a horse, I had nae mare."

GILBERT BURNS thought that a Miss Jane Blackstock was the heroine of this song. The poet, in a letter to Thomson, said of it, "for private reasons, I should like to see it in print."

•  
 Oh, poor bith<sup>1</sup> cauld and restless love,  
 Ye wick my peace between ye;  
 Yet poorith a' I could forgive,  
 An 'twere na for my Jeame.

•  
 Oh, why should I fate sic pleasure have,  
 Late's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shuning?

•  
 This world's weal h when I think on,  
 Its pride and a' the lave o't -  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't

•  
 Her een are borny blue betwix  
 How she temays my passion,  
 But prudence is her o'erword<sup>2</sup> ay,  
 She tal's o' rank and fashion

•  
 Oh, what can prudence think upon,  
 And sticke hisse by him?  
 Oh, what can prudence think upon,  
 And sae in love as I am?

•  
 How blest the humble cottar's face!  
 He woos his simple deare,  
 The silly bairles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make them cene<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Poverty.

<sup>2</sup>Refuse.

D

<sup>3</sup>Afford.

## LORD GREGORY.

WRITTEN in imitation of Dr. Walcot's *Peter Pin-lar* ballad of the same name, of which Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, ' Pin-lar's "Lord Gregory" is beautiful. I have tried to give you a Scots version, which is at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter - that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it.'

Oh, muk, muk is this midnight hour,  
And loud the tempest's roar,  
A wae fu' wanleter seeks thy tower -  
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An eale fiae hei f' hei', ha',  
And a' for loving thee,  
At least some pity on me shaw,  
If love it my na be.

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove,  
By bonny Lwin-side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin love  
I lang, lang had deemed?

How isten didst thou fledge and vow  
Thou wad for aye be mine,  
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,  
It ne'er mistrusted thine

Hard is thy heaut, Lord Gregory,  
And flinty is thy breast -  
Thou daur of heaven that flashest by  
Oh, wilt thou give me rest?

Ye ministering illunders from above,  
Your willing victim see!  
But spare, and pardyn my fause life  
His wrangs to Heaven and me

--

## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

"Ost, open the door, omc pity to show,  
Oh, open the doot to me, oh!  
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
Oh, open the door to me, oh!"

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale check,  
But caulder thy love for me, oh !  
The frost that freezes the life at my heart  
Is wrought to my pains frae thee, oh !

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, oh !  
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair  
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh ! "

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !  
"My true love !" she cried, and sank down by his side,  
Never to rise again, oh !

## YOUNG JESSIE.\*

*Tune* — "Bonny Dundee."

The heroine of this song was Miss Jane Stairg, daughter of the Provost of Dumfries

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,  
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,  
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river  
Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :  
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over,  
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;  
Grace, beauty, and elegance fitter her lover,  
And maidenly modesty like the chamois.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,  
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;  
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;  
Enthroned in her bower he delivers his law :  
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—  
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a !

## THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

*Tune* — "The Mill, Mill, O !"

A CORRESPONDENT of Thomson's says, regarding the origin of this song — "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brown-

hill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window; of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures, after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O'ld'

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
And mony a widow mourning,  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,  
And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
I cheery on did wander  
I thought upon the banks o' Cyoil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen  
Where early life I spent;  
I passed the mill, and 'ysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted:  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turr'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet la,,,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's bloom,  
Oh' happy, happy may he be,  
That's deafest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've fair to gung,  
And fun wad be thy lodger;  
I've served my king and country lang--  
Take pity on a sodger"

'She wistfully she gazed on me,  
And lovelier was than evg'.  
Quo' she, "A sodger and I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it,  
That gallant badge--the de'il cockade--  
Ye're welcome for the saik o'it."

She gazed—she redder'd like a rose—  
    Sync<sup>1</sup> pale like ony lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
    “Art thou my ain dear Willie?”  
“By I<sup>am</sup> who made yon sun and sky,  
    By whom true love's regarded,  
I<sup>am</sup> the man; and thus may still  
    True lovers be rewarded!

“The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
    And find thee still true-hearted;  
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
    And mair, we'll ne'er be parted.”  
Quo' she, “My grandm<sup>a</sup>e left me gowd,  
    A mailen<sup>2</sup> plenish'd fauly,  
And come, my faithful sodger lad,  
    Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!”

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
    The farmer ploughs the manor,  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
    The sodger's wealth is honour:  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
    Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember, he's his country's stay  
    In day and hour of danger.

## MEG O' THE MILL

*Air*—“Hey! Lony lass, will you be m<sup>t</sup> burack?”

Oit, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
She has gotten a cool<sup>3</sup> w<sup>t</sup> a clut o' silver,  
And broken the heart o' the b<sup>t</sup>ley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy,  
A heart like a lord, and a face like a lady;  
The laird was a wildiesu', bleent knuul;<sup>4</sup>  
She's left the guid-fellow and t<sup>t</sup>n the chiel.

The miller he hecht<sup>5</sup> her a heart leal and loving;  
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,  
A fine-pacing horse, wi' a cleu-chain'd bridle,  
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

<sup>1</sup> Then<sup>2</sup> Fair.<sup>3</sup> Lout<sup>4</sup> Plenty of money<sup>5</sup> Ill tempered, bad<sup>6</sup> Offered.

Oh, wae on the siller, it is sae prevalling ;  
 And wae on the love that is fix'd gn a mailen !  
 A tocher's<sup>1</sup> nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But, gie me my love, and a sig for the wail' !

## SECOND VERSION.

*Tune*—“ Jackie Hume's Lament.”

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?  
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?  
 A braw new naig<sup>2</sup> wi' the tail o' a rottan,  
 And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'e's dearly ?  
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'e's dearly ?  
 A daim o' guid stid<sup>3</sup> in a morn'ng early,  
 And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'e's dearly.

Oh, ken he how Meg o' the Mill was married ?  
 And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married ?  
 The priest he was oxter'd, the clerk he was carried,  
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married.

Oh, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded ?  
 And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded ?  
 The groom gat sae sou, he fell twa-fauld beside it,  
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded.

## WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

SUGGESTED by the desertion of Dumourier<sup>\*</sup> from the army of the French Republic, after he had gained several splendid victories.

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;  
 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;  
 How does Champiere<sup>\*</sup> do ?  
 Ay, and Beurnonville<sup>†</sup> too ?  
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?  
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;  
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;  
 I will fight France with you,  
 I will take my chance with you ;  
 By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

<sup>1</sup> Dowry.

<sup>2</sup> Horse.

<sup>3</sup> Whisky.

\* One of Dumourier's generals.

† An emissary of the Convention.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier,  
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier,  
 Then let us fight about,  
 Till freedom's spark is out,  
 Then we'll be drin'g a, no doubt, Dumourier

## THE LAST TIME I CAMP O'er THE MOOR

THE last time I camp o'er the moor,  
 And left Maria's dwelling,  
 What thro', what to take passing care,  
 We're in my bosom swelling,  
 Column'd to see my rival win,  
 While I'm cast him wish,  
 To see I'm in every vein,  
 Yet I'm n't speak my anguish

Love's vein & wic' ch, despairing, I  
 Fain, fain my crime would cover  
 The unweeting grown, the lusty youth,  
 Betwix the guilty lover  
 I know my doom must be despair,  
 Thou wilt nor canst believe me  
 But, O Maria! hear my prayer,  
 For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tones, I heard,  
 Nor wist whilst enslaving me,  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing said  
 Till fears no more had enslaving  
 The unway' ul' r thus, aghast  
 The shelving torrent viewing,  
 In crag'ng honor, yields at last  
 Th' overwhelming ruin!

## I ARI WELL, THOU CLEAN

Time— Nun y' to th' x woodgit

This is another version of the first. Both of them are supposed to have originated from Mrs. Kidd of Willy Lek. The last two lines in both of them are probably copied from her.

I ARI WELL, thou stream that winding ske  
 Around Llitz's dwelling!  
 O Memory! I spare the cruel throes  
 Within my bosom swelling

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chait,  
And yet in secret languish;  
To feel a sine in every vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover,  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me;  
But oh! Ehza, hear one prayer--  
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while I enslaved me;  
I knw thine eyes, yet nothing seen;  
Till fears no more had saved me.  
The unwary sailor thus, agast  
The wheeling torrent viewing,  
Mid curling horrors sinks at last  
In overwhelming ruin.

## BLITHI HAI I BELN.

Tune--"Laggerow Cooh"

The heroine of this song was Miss Lesley Baulie, a lady, he told Mrs. Dr. Hope, with whom he was almost in love. He celebrates her charms in another song, "Loony Leesey," p. 357.

Blithi hai I been on yon lull,  
As the lambs before me,  
Careless ilk thought and free,  
As the breee flew o'er me.  
Now we langur sport and play  
Mirth or sangfear can pleae me  
Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
Hopeless love deel ing:  
Trembling, I dowiecht but slow,  
Sighing, dumb, despairing.  
If she wimma ca-e the thaw,  
In my bosom swelling,  
Underneath the grass-green sod  
Soon maun be my dwelling.

† Dare naught but stare

## LOGAN BRAES.

• *Turn "Logan Water."*

The following, from a letter to Thomson, is the poet's account of the origin of this song — "Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty tyrants who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of nations or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollect the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and over clinched with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide  
That day I was my Willie's bride !  
And years <sup>since</sup><sup>1</sup> ha'e o'er us twa  
Like Logan to the summer sun.  
But now thy flowery banks appear  
Like drumbie<sup>2</sup> Winter, dark an' drear,  
While my dear Iel man face his fate,  
Fu, fu, frae me and Logan braes !

Again the merry month o' May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bower,  
The bees hum round the breathing flower ;  
Blithe morning lifts his rosie eye,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
My soul, delightless, I survey,  
While Willie fu, frae Logan braes .

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush,  
Her faithfu' mate wil shae her tot,  
Or wi his song her cares be ale.  
But I, wi' my sweet nurshin', here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days  
While Willie's fu, frae Logan braes .

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,  
That bietheen rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on yon heads retain !

<sup>1</sup> Since the

<sup>2</sup> Clouded and rainy

How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?  
 But soon may peace bring happy days  
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

## THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR

Tune "Bonny Jean"

"I HAVE just finish'd the following ballad," says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "and as I do think it is in my best style, I send it to you." The heroine was Miss Jane M'Murdo, the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. It pictures her not in the rank she held, but in the circumstances of a cottage girl.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair :  
 At kirk and market to be seen,  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sang sae merrilie :  
 The blithest bairn upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest :  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the drawest lad,  
 The flower and pride o' the glen ;  
 And he had ow'en, sheep and kyne,  
 And wanton naigies<sup>1</sup> nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryte,<sup>2</sup>  
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;  
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 His heart was tint,<sup>3</sup> her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en.  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she warks her mammie's wark.

And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did ha Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And did ha joy blak in her ee,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilk a grove ;  
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :-

" O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;  
Oh, cans thou think to fancy me ?  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent<sup>1</sup> the farms wi' me ?

" At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee ;  
But stray amang the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving coon wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?  
She had nae will to say him na.  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.

### PHILLIS THE FAIR

*True--" Robin Adair "*

THE heroine of this song was another daughter of M. McMurdo's, Miss Philadelphia McMurdo.

WHILE larks with little wing  
Fann'd the pure au,  
Tasting the breathing spring,  
Footh I did fare :  
Gay the sun's golden eye  
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
Such thy morn ! did I cry,  
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song  
 Glad did I share;  
 While you wild flowers among,  
 Chance led me there;  
 Sweet to the opening day;  
 Rosebuds beat the dewy spray;  
 Such thy bloom! did I say,  
 Phillis the fan.

Down in a shady walk  
 Doves cooing were,  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare:  
 So kind may Fortune be!  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who could injure thee,  
 Phillis the fan.

## HAD I A CAVE

*Tune* —<sup>4</sup> Robin Adri

This song gives expression to the disappointment of a friend of Burns', Mr Alexander Cunningham, who had been cruelly jilted for a wealthier suitor,

HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD, DISTANT SHORE,  
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,  
 There would I weep my woes,  
 There seek my lost repose,  
 'Till grief my eyes should close,  
 Never to wake more.

Falsest of woman! and, canst thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air?  
 To thy new lover high,  
 Laugh o'er thy perfidy,  
 Then in thy bosom try  
 What peace is there?

## BY ALLAN SIRTAM I CHANCED TO ROVE,

*Tune* "Allan Water"

In a letter to Thomson, the poet says — "I walked off yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' all the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved

under the shade of an old thorn till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it ~~not~~ in my worst style. Bravo! say I, it is a good song. Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else."

By Allan's stream I chanced to rove,  
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi,  
 The winds were whispering through the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready:  
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;  
 And aye the wild wood echoes rang—  
 Oh, dearly do I love thee, Anne!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,  
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie,  
 Nor ever sorrow stivn the hou,  
 The place and time I met my dearie!  
 Her head upon my thribbing breast,  
 She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"  
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,  
 The sacred vow, we ne'er shoud sever

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose bae,  
 The Summer joys the flocks to follow;  
 How cheery, through her shortening day,  
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!  
 But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or charm the soul in speechless pleasure,  
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

### OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

*Tune. "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad"*

"The old air of 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad'" says the poet to Thomson, "I admire very much, and yesterday set the following verses to it —

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 Though father and mither and a' shou'd gae nad  
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad  
 But warily ten<sup>1</sup> when you come to com' me,  
 And come na unless the buck yett<sup>2</sup> be a fee;  
 Sync up the black stile, and let me by ee,  
 And come a, ye wie na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flic;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whilst ye may lightly<sup>1</sup> my beauty a wee;  
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

## ADOWN WINDING NITH.

*Tune—“The M<sup>t</sup> king o’ Geordie, Byre.”*

The Phillis of this song is supposed to have been Miss Philadelphia M<sup>r</sup> Murdoch, the heroine of the lines to “Phillis the Fair,” p. 427.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,  
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa’ wi’ your belles and your beauties,  
 They never wi’ her can compare:  
 Whaever has met wi’ my Phillis,  
 Has met wi’ the queen o’ the fair

The daisy amused my fond fancy,  
 So artless, so simple, so wild;  
 Thou emblem, said I, o’ my Phillis,  
 For she is Simplicity’s child.

The rosebud’s the blush o’ my charmer,  
 Her sweet balmy lip when ‘tis prest:  
 How fair and how pure is the lily,  
 But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne’er wi’ my Phillis can vie:  
 Her breath is the breath o’ the woodbine,  
 Its dew-drop o’ diamond in her eye.

Her voice is the song of the mornin’,  
 That wakes through the green-spreading groves,  
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,  
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

<sup>1</sup> Disparage

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,  
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!  
 While worth in the mind o' my Phille  
 Will flourish without a decay.

## COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

*Air—“Cauld Kaul”*

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
 The warld's wealth and grandeur.  
 And do I hear my Jeame own  
 That equal transports move her?  
 I ask for dearest life alone,  
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure,  
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share  
 Th' sic a moment's pleasure:  
 And by thy een, sae bonny bluc,  
 I swear I'm thine for ever!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never!

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

*Tune—“Hey, tuttie taitie”*

“**THERE** is a tradition,” says Burns, in a letter to Thomson, “that the old air, ‘Hey tuttie taitie,’ was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, has往往 led me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.”

SCOTS, wha hae wi, WALLACE bleid,  
 Scots, wham BRUCE ha, aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to Victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
 See the front o' battle lour;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's gray?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and face!

Wha, for SCOTLAND's king and law,  
FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw;  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest vein,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
LIBERTY's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER

*Jane. "Fee'nm, father!"*

Forsee, in sending these verses to Thomson, says - "I do not give them for any merit they have. I composed them about the 'bul o' midnight, and by the leeside of a bowl of punch, which he never set eyes on in company except the Muse."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!  
Thou hast left me ever,  
Thou has left me ever, Jamie!  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Often hast thou vow'd that death  
Only should as sever;  
Now thou hast left thy last far aye  
I mean e thee never, Jamie,  
I'll ee thee never!

Thon hast me for aken, Jemie!  
Thot hast me for aken,  
Thon hast me forsaken, Jemie;  
Thon hast me forsakon,  
Thon canst love anither jo,  
While my heart is breaking,  
Soon my weary een I'll close --  
Never mair to waken, Janie,  
Neer mair to waken!

## FAIR JENNY,

*Type--" Saw ye my father "*

WHERE all the joys I have met in the morning,  
That danced to the lark's early song?  
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,  
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,  
And marking sweet flowerets so fair,  
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valley,  
And grim, sultry Winter is near?  
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses  
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hile what I fear to discover,  
Yet long long too well have I known,  
All that has caus'd this woe, in my bosom  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal.  
Nor hope date a comfort bostow.  
Come then, enamored and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

## DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

*Type. "The Collier's Bonny Lass."*

DELUDED swam, the pleasure  
The fickle fair can give thee  
Is but a fairy treasure--  
Thy hopes will soon de give thee.

The billows on the ocean,  
The breezes silly roaming,  
The clouds' uncertain motion--  
They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamed  
To doat upon a creature?  
If man thou wouldest be named,  
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;  
 Good claret set before thee :  
 Hold on till thou art mellow,  
 And then to bed in glory .

## MY SPOUSE, NANCY

*Tune—“My Jo, Janet.”*

“ HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;  
 Though I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.”

“ One of two must still obey,  
 Nancy, Nancy ;  
 Is it man, or woman, say,  
 My spouse, Nancy ? ”

“ If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience ;  
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
 And so, good-bye, allegiance ! ”

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,  
 Nancy, Nancy ;  
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
 My spouse, Nancy ”

“ My poor heart then break it must,  
 My last hour I'm near it .  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think, think how you will bair it.”

“ I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
 Nancy, Nancy ;  
 Strength to bear it will be given,  
 My spouse, Nancy.”

“ Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
 Ever round your midnight bed  
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.”

“ I'll wed another, like my dear  
 Nancy, Nancy ;  
 Then all hell will fly for fear,  
 My spouse, Nancy.”

## OH, WERE MY LOVE YON'LILAC FAIR.

*Tune—“Hughie Graham.”*

The first two stanzas only<sup>1</sup> of this song are by Burns, the other two are old

OH, were my love yon lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;  
And I a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,  
By autumn wild, and winter rrule !  
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

Oh, gin my love were you red rose,  
That grows upon the castle wa',  
And I mysel a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonny breast to fa' !

Oh ! there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;  
Seal'd on her silk-salt faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd<sup>1</sup> awa' by Phcebus' light !

## • THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

*Tune—“The Lass of Inverness.”*

THE lovely lass of Inverness  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
For Cen and morn she cries, . las !  
And aye the saut teu Blin'-her ee :  
Drumossie Moor— Drumossie day—  
A wae fu' day it was to me !  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear, and brethen thre.

Their windig-sheet the bludy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see ;  
And by them lies, the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's ee !

<sup>1</sup> Frightened.

Now wae to thee,<sup>b</sup> thou cruel lord,  
 A bludy man I trow thou be ;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair  
 That ne'er did wraig to thine or thet.

## A RED, RED ROSE.

*Tune—“Graham's Strathspey”*

This beautiful song was an improvement of a street ballad.

Oh, my luv's like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June.  
 Oh, my luv's like the melody,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
 So deep in luv am I,  
 And I will luv thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun.  
 I will luv thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv !  
 And fare thee weel a while !  
 And I will come again, my luv,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

## A VISION

The following was written amid the ruins of Lancklouen Abbey.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa-flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where the howlet moans in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her care ;

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky ;  
 The fox was howling on the hill,  
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its bazely path,  
 Was rfishing by the num'd wa's,  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whose distant roaring swells and fa'.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissin', eerie din :  
 Athort the hilt they start and shuft,  
 Like Fortune's favours, tuit<sup>1</sup> as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
 And, by the moonbeam, shook to see  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His dauring look had daunted me ;  
 And on his bonnet graved was pluin  
 The sacred posy—“Liberty !”

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear ;  
 But, oh ! it was a tale of woe,  
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,  
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times ;  
 But what he said it was nae play,—  
 I winna venture't in my rhymes.

## OUT•OVER THE FORTH

*Tune—“Charlie Gordon's Welcome Home.”*

Out over the Forth I look to the north,  
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?  
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,  
 The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,  
 “I hat happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;  
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
 The lad that is dear to my bby and me.

## JEANIE'S BOSOM.

*Tune*—“Louis, what reck I by thee?

Louis, what reck I by thee,  
Or Geordie on his ocean?  
Dyvor,<sup>1</sup> beggar loons to me—  
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
And in her breast enthrone me;  
King and nations—swit, awa'!  
Keif-randies,<sup>2</sup> I disown ye!

## FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

*Tune*—“For the Sake o' Somebody”

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—  
My heart is sair for Somebody;  
I could wake a winter night  
For the sake o' Somebody.  
Oh-hon! for Somebody!  
Oh-hey! for Somebody!

I could range the world around,  
For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love  
Oh, sweetly smile on Somebody!  
Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my Somebody  
Oh-hon! for Somebody!  
Oh-hey! for Somebody!  
I wad do—what wad I not?  
For the sake o' Somebody!

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

*Air*—“The Sutor's Daughter.”

WILT thou be my dearie?  
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart.

<sup>1</sup> Bankrupt.

<sup>2</sup> Thieving-beggars.

Wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasure of my soul,  
 That's the love I bear thee!  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Oi, if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'l refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'est me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

*Tune*—“Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart”

The heroine of this song was the daughter of a Mr. William Stewart, a neighbour of the poet's at Ellistland. She married a wealthy gentleman, but through some indiscretion, she descended in the social scale, and according to Mr. Chambers, supported herself by her labours as a laundress in her latter days.

O lovely Polly Stewart!  
 O charming Polly Stewart!  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May  
 That's half so fair as thou art  
 The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,  
 And art can ne'er renew it,  
 But worth and truth eternal youth  
 Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms  
 Possess a leal and true heart  
 To him be given to keep the heaven  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!  
 O lovely Polly Stewart!  
 O charming Polly Stewart!  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May  
 That's half so sweet as thou art.

## TO MARY.

*Tune*—“At Setang Day.”

Could aught of song declare my pains,  
 Could artful numbers move thee,

The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains  
 O Mary, how I love thee !  
 They who but feign a wounded heart  
 May teach the lyre to languish,  
 But what avails the pride of art,  
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh  
 The heart-felt pang discover ;  
 And in the keen, yet tender, eye,  
 Oh, read the imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refined,  
 The voice of nature prizing.

## WAE IS MY HEART.

*Tune - "Wae is my heart"*

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee ;  
 Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me :  
 Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,  
 And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep haes I loved ;  
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sae haes I proved ,  
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
 I can feel by its throbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were where happy I hae been,  
 Down by yon stream and you bonny coo-tle-green ;  
 For there be is wandering, and musing on me  
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phibbs's ee

## HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS.

*Tune - "Laggan Burn"*

HERE's to thy health, my bonny lass,  
 Guid night and joy be wi' thee ;  
 I'll come nae mar to thy bower-door,  
 "t'll tell thee that I lo'e thee.

Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,  
But I can live without thee :  
I vow and swear I dinna care,  
How lang ye look about ye.

I hae a sac free informing me  
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;  
I'll be as free informing thee  
Nae time hae I to tarry.  
I ken thy friends thy ilka means  
Frae wedlock to delay thee ;  
Depending on some higher chance—  
But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
But that does never grieve me,  
But I'm as ~~free~~<sup>fee</sup> as any he,  
Smy' siller will relieve me.  
I'll count my health my greatest wealth  
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it ;  
I'll fear nae saunt, I'll bode nae want,  
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hie feathers fair,  
And aye until ye try them :  
Though they seem fair, still have a care,  
They may prove wan than I am.  
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,  
My dear, I'll come and see thee,  
For the man that loves his mistress weel,  
Nae travel makes him weary.

#### MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON T.

*Tune—“Gregg's Pipe.”*

My lady's gown, there's <sup>1</sup> gars<sup>2</sup> upon't,  
And gowden flowers sare upon't ;  
But Jenny's jumps and jinkins,<sup>3</sup>  
My lord thinks mickle man upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nae ;  
By Colm's cottage lies his game,  
If Colm's Jenny be at bame.

<sup>1</sup> A triangular piece of cloth inserted at the bottom of a robe  
<sup>2</sup> Stay and bodice

My lady's whit<sup>1</sup>, my lady's red,  
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude ;  
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid  
Were a' the charms his lordsh<sup>2</sup>p lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,  
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass.  
There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,  
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move hei genty limbs,  
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns :  
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dim<sup>3</sup>, my lady's drest,  
The flower and fancy o' the west ;  
But the lassie that a man lo'et best,  
& h, that's the lass to mak him blest.

## ANNA, THY CHARMs.

*Tune—“ Bonny Mary ”*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,  
And waste my soul with care ;  
But ah ! how bootless to admire,  
When fated to despair !  
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,  
To hope may be forgiven ;  
For sure 'twere impious to despair,  
So much in sight of heaven.

## JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

*Tune.—“ Bonny Lassie, tak a Man.”*

JOCKLY's ta'en the parting kiss,  
O'er the mountain, he is gane ;  
And with him is a' my bliss,  
Nought but grief with me remain.  
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,  
Plashy sleets and beating rain !  
Spare my luve, thou feathery snew,  
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

<sup>1</sup> Neat, trim

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair gladsome ee,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be  
 He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;  
 For where'er he distant roves,  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

## OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

*Tune—“The Cordwainers’ March”*

Oh, lay thy loof<sup>1</sup> in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my am.

A slave to love’s unbounded sway,  
 He ast has wrought me meikle wae ;  
 But now he is my deadly fie.  
 Unles, thou be my am

There’s mony a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink<sup>2</sup> I hae lo’ed best,  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my am

## OH, MALLY’S MEEK, MALLY’S SWEET.

CUNNINGHAM says regarding the origin of this song<sup>3</sup>— “The poet was one day walking along the High Street of Dumfries, when he met a young woman from the country, who, with her shoes and stockings packed carefully up, and her petticoat skilted,

‘ Which did gently shaw  
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snow,  
 was proceeding towards the Gallow Wyde of the Nith. This sight, by no means so unusual then as now, influenced the Muse of Burns, and the result was this exquisite lyric.”

As I was walking up the street,  
 A barefoot maid I chanced to meet.

<sup>1</sup> Palm.

<sup>2</sup> Short space.

But oh, the roſe was very haud  
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Oh, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
Mally's modest and discreet,  
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
Mally's every way complete."

It were mair meet that those fine feet  
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,  
And 'twere more fit that she should sit  
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,  
Comes trunking down her swan-like neck,  
And her two ey's, like stars in skies,  
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

#### THE BANKS OF CREE.

*Tune—“The Banks of Cree.”*

LADY Elizabeth Heron having composed in an entitled “The Banks of Cree,” in remembrance of the beautiful and romantic stream of that name, “I have written,” says the poet, “the following song to it, as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine”

Here is the glen, and here the bower  
All underneath the birchen shade,  
The village-bell has told the hour—  
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

’Tis not Maria’s whispering call,  
’Tis not the balmy-breathing gale,  
Mixt with some warbler’s dying fall  
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria’s voice I hear!  
So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little faithful mate to cheer—  
At once ’tis music, and ’tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?  
Oh, welcome, dear, to love and me!  
And let us all our vows renew  
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

## ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

*Tune*—“O'er the hills and far away.”

How can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad?  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?  
 Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my love:  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas, and far away;  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,  
 As weary flock around me paus'd,  
 Happily in the scorching sun  
 My sailor's thundering at his gun:  
 Bullets, spare my only joy!  
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
 Fate, do with me what you may—  
 Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power;  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling ~~sun~~,  
 Listening to the doubling roar,  
 Surging on the rocky shore,  
 All I can—I weep and pray,  
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild War his ravage end,  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet:  
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales  
 Fill my sailor's welcome ~~sun~~,  
 To my arms then charge convey—  
 My dear lad that's far away.

## SHE SAYS SHE LOE'S ME BEST OF A'.

*Tune*—“Onagh's Waterfall”

See p. 203 for an account of Miss Jean Lorimer, the flaxen-haired Chloris of this and other fine songs.

**S**AR flaxen w<sup>t</sup>e her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.  
 Her smiling sae wiling,  
 Wad mak a wretch forget his woe;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!  
 Such was my Chloris' bonny face,  
 When first hei bonny face I saw;  
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

**L**ike harmony her motion;  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,  
 Befitting fair proportion,  
 Wad mak a lant fo'get the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature - - - - - auld Na'ure  
 Declared that she could do nae mair.  
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law,  
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

**L**et others love the **city**  
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;  
**Gie** me the **lonely valley**,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon;  
 Fair beaming and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amasing;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang.  
**T**hen, dearest Chloris, wilt thou love  
 By winnpling burn and leddy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and 'ove,  
 And say thou lo'est me best of a?

#### THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS

*Tune—“Dulcet the wars.”*

“HAVING been out in the country dining with a friend,” (Mr. Lorinier of Kenmire Hall,) says the poet in a letter to Thomson, “I met with a lady, [Mrs. Whelpdale] the Chloris of the preceding and three following songs,] and as usual got into song, and on returning home composed the following.”—

**S**LEEPS<sup>t</sup> thou, or wakest thou, fairest creature?  
 Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,

Numbering ilka bud which nature  
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :  
 Now through the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods,  
 Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly, stray ;  
 The linwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;  
 The laverock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' songs o' joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;  
 Such to me my lovely maid.  
 When absent frā my fan,  
 The mucky shades o' care  
 With startless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky,  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meet<sup>s</sup> my ravish'd sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart—  
 Tis then I wake to life, to light and joy

## CHLORIS

This poet says:—"Having been on a visit the other day to my fair Chloris—that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration—she suggested an idea, which, on my return home, I wrought into the following song:"

My Chloris, mark how green the groves.

The primrose banks how fair ;

The balmy gales awake the flowers,

And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,

And o'er the cottage sing ;

For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,

To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skillfu' strings.

In lordly lighted ha':

The shepherd stops his simple reed,

Blithe, in the buxen shaw.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Buxen wood

### SONGS

The princely r<sup>e</sup>vel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;  
But are they hearts as light as ours,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen  
In shepherd's phrase will woo,  
The courtier tells a finer tale—  
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thyme ;  
The courtier's gems may witness love—  
But 'tisna love like mine.

### TO CHJ ORIS

THE following lines, says the poet, were "written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems, and presented to the lady whom, with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris". -

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
Nor thou the gift refuse,  
Nor with unwilling ear attend  
The magnifying Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
Must bid the world adieu,  
(A world 'gainst peace in constant aim,)  
To join the friendly few;

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,  
Chill came 'the tempest's lower ;  
(And ne'er misty tune's eastern blast  
Did rip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,  
Still much is left behind ;  
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—  
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow  
On conscious honour's part ;  
And—dearest gift of Heaven below—  
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,  
With every Muse to rove:  
And doubly were the poet blest,  
These joys could he improve.

## AH, CHLORIS!

*Tune*—“Major Graham”

AH, Chloris! since it mayna be  
That thou of love wilt hear,  
If from the lover thou maun flee,  
Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair  
Than ever tongue could tell,  
My passion I will ne'er declare,  
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,  
And a' my nightly dream,  
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,  
And say it is esteem.

## SAW YE MY PHELY?

*Tune*—“When she cum ben she bobbit”

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
She's down i' the grove, she's got a new love  
She wunna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot.  
And for ev'ry disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
As bright as the aur, and fause as thou's fair—  
Thon's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

## HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT !

To a Gaelic Air

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie !  
 I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary,  
 I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 Ho ! can I be but eerie ?  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary !  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by  
 When I was wi' my dearie.  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

## IMPROVED VERSION.

*Tune—“Cauld Kail in Aberdeen”*

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie !  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh ! her lonely' nights are lang ;  
 And oh , her dreams are eerie ;  
 And oh , her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;  
 And now what seas between us rear—  
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !  
 The joyless day how dreary !  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

<sup>1</sup> Lonely.

## LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

 *Tune - "Duncan Gray"*

"I HAVE been at 'Duncan Gray,'" says the poet to Thomson, "to dress it into English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid" For instance: -

Let not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love;  
Let not woman e'er complain  
Fickle man is apt to rove:  
Look abroad through nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change,  
Ladies, would it not be strange,  
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;  
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:  
Sun and moon but set to rise,  
Round and round the seasons go:  
Why then ask of silly man  
To oppose great Nature's plan?  
We'll be constant while we can--  
You can be no more, you know.

## THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

SPEAKING of the Scottish origin which suggested the following, Burns says, in sending it to Thomson: - " You may think meanly of this; but if you saw the bombast of the original you would be surprised that I had made so much of it "

It was the charming month of May,  
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,  
One morning, by the break of day.  
The youthful, charming Chloe,  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flowery mead he goes,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe.  
Tripping o'er the pealy lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,  
Perch'd all around, on every tree,  
In notes of sweetest melody,  
They hail the charming Chloe;

Till painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise,  
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chlor.<sup>a</sup>

— — —

### LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

*Time—“Rothermurchie's Rant”*

“THIS piece,” says the poet, “is at least the merit of being a regular pastoral; the verdant morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded.”

Now nature clothes<sup>1</sup> the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee,  
Oh! wilt thou share its joy wi' me,  
And say thou'll be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,  
Wilt thou wi' me tend<sup>2</sup> the flocks?  
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome summer-shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's homeward way;  
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling winter blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
Enclasped to my faither<sup>3</sup> brea,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

— — —

### \* PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

*Time—“The Sow's Tail”*

ME.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,  
When roving through the gather'd hay,

<sup>1</sup> Clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Tend.

<sup>3</sup> Reaper's.

*My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
And by thy charms, my Philly.*

SHE.

*O Willy, aye I bless the grove  
Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
• Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above  
To be my am dear Willy.*

HE.

*As songsters of the early year  
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
So ilka day to me mair dear,  
And charming is my Philly.*

SHE.

*As on the brier the budding rose  
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,  
So in my tender bosom grows  
The love I bear my Willy.*

HE.

*The milder sun and bluer sky  
That crown my harvest ears wi' joy,  
Were ne'er so welcome to my eye  
As is a sight o' Philly.*

SHE.

*The little swallow's wanton wing,  
Though wasting o'er the flowery spring,  
Did ne'er to me no tiding bring  
• As meeting o' my Willy.*

HE.

*The bee that through the sunny hour  
Sips nectar in the opening flower,  
Compared wi' my delight is poor,  
Upon the lips o' Philly.*

SHE.

*The woodbine in the dewy weet  
When evening shades in silence meet,  
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet  
As is a kiss o' Willy.*

*Let Fortune's wheel at random run,  
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,  
And that's my am dear Philly.*

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?  
 I carena weath a single fife;  
 The lad I love's the lad for me,  
 And that's my ain dear Wifey.

---

## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

*Tune—“Lumps o' Pudding”*

In thanking Thomson for the present of a picture suggested by “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” by David Allan, Burns says, “Ten thousand thanks for your elegant present. I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette of me to my song, ‘Contented wi’ little, and cantie wi’ mair,’ in order that the portrait of my face, and the picture of my mind, may go down the stream of time together.”

CONTENTED wi’ little, and cantie<sup>1</sup> wi’ mair,  
 When e'er I forgather<sup>2</sup> wi’ sorrow and care.  
 I gie them a skelp,<sup>3</sup> as they’re creeping alang,  
 Wi’ a cog o’ guid swats,<sup>4</sup> and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o’ troublesome thought;  
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;  
 My mirth and guid humour aye com in my pouch,  
 And my freedom’s my landship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond<sup>5</sup> o’ trouble, should that be my fa’,  
 A right o’ guid fellowship sowther<sup>6</sup> it a’;  
 When at the blithe end o’ our journey at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o’ the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte<sup>7</sup> on her way,  
 Be’t to me, be’t fu’ me, e’en let the jade gae;  
 Come ease or come traval, come pleasure or pain,  
 My wrast word is “Welcome, and welcome again!”

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## CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

*Tune—“Roy’s Wife”*

The poet tells us that he composed this song during two or three turns round his room. It was specially addressed to Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park. Between her and the poet there had been a coldness for nearly two years, a cold-

<sup>1</sup> Happy.<sup>4</sup> Flagon of ale.<sup>7</sup> Stagger and tumble.<sup>2</sup> Meet.<sup>5</sup> Twelvemonth.<sup>3</sup> Whack.<sup>6</sup> Soldiers.

ness entirely owing to misbehaviour on the part of the poet while under the influence of wine—Mrs. Rydder recirculated the feeling, and sent him two poetical effusions, of some considerable merit. The poet, with the freedom characteristic of the votaries of the muse, sang of her as his mistress, and she replied in the same vein. Some parties with questionable taste have affected to believe that the poet's songs, and the lady's in return, speak to an attachment other than platonic, but there is no authority for any such supposition.

- 13 this thy plighted, fond reward,  
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
- Is this thy faithful swain's regard—
- An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
Well thou knowest my aching heart  
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

'er such  
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!  
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—  
But not a love like mine, my Katy!

#### WHAT IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

*Time*—“Lady, m' I come near thee?”

The following was suggested by an old song in Ramsay's “Tea-table Miscellany,” entitled, “The Auld Man's Address to the Widow.”

- What is that at my bower-door?  
Oh, wha is it but Findlay?  
Then gae yere gate,<sup>1</sup> ye've nee be here!  
Indeed, ~~mean~~, I, quo' Findlay.  
What mak ye sae like a thief?  
Oh, come and see, quo' Findlay,  
Before the morn ye'll weel mischiev'  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

- Gif I rise and let you in,--  
Let me in, quo' Findlay;  
Ye'll keep me ~~waukin~~ w' your din  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay
- In my bower if ye should stay,--  
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;  
I fear ye'll bide<sup>2</sup> till break o' day  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,—  
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay,  
 I dread ye'll ken the gate again;—  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay,  
 What may pass within this bower,  
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;  
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour;—  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

## THE CARDIN' O'T

*Fuse. "Salt fish and Dumplings."*

I bought<sup>1</sup> a tane o' haslock<sup>2</sup> woo,  
 To mak' a coat to Johnny o't;  
 For Johnny is my only jo,  
 'I lo'e him best of ony yet,  
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,  
 The warpin' o't, the weavin' o't;  
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
 The tailor staw'd the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyait gray,  
 And though his brow be held aboon;  
 Yet I hae seen him on a day  
 The parle of a' the parshen.

## THE PIPER.

THERE came a piper out o' life,  
 I watha wha they ca'd him,  
 He play'd on cousin Kate a spring  
 When hem a body bade him,  
 And aye the mair he hotch'd and ha' a,  
 The mair cait she forbade him.

## JENNY McCRAW

A FRAGMENT

JENNY McCRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,  
 Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither;

<sup>1</sup> Bought

<sup>2</sup> Hause-lock, the wool on the throat—the finest of the fleece.

<sup>3</sup> Stole

Jenny McCraw to the mountains is gane,  
 Then leagues and their covenants a' she has fa'en ;  
 My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,  
 And as for the lave, let the devil do his best.

---

## THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

## A FRAGMENT

THE last braw bridal that I was at,  
 "Twas on a Hallowmas day,  
 And there was outh<sup>1</sup> o' drink and fun,  
 And mickle mirth and play  
 The bells they rang, and the carlines<sup>2</sup> sang,  
 And the dames danced in the ha',  
 The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,  
 In the midst o' her kimmers,<sup>3</sup> a'

---

## LINES ON A MERRY PLOUGHMAN

As I was a wandering ae morning in spring,  
 I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing,  
 And as he was singin' thae words he did say,  
 There's nae life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May.

The loverock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,  
 And mount in the air wi' the dew on her breast ;  
 And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing,  
 And at night she'll return to her nest back agan.

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## THE WINTER OF LIFE

Tune—“ Gil Mound ”

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,  
 The woods repined the day,  
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay.  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa' !  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array  
 Again shall bring them a'

But my white, <sup>1</sup>now,<sup>1</sup> nae kindly thowe<sup>2</sup>  
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage,  
 Oh ! age has wea<sup>t</sup>y days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain !  
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
 Why comest thou not again !

## I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

*Tune*—“ I'll gae me mair to you town.”

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nae soll ken, there's nae soll guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again ,  
 But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,  
 And stowlims<sup>4</sup> we soll meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin'-time draws near again :  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 Oh, haith, she's doubly deau again !

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonny Jean again

## THE GOW DEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

*Tune*—“ Banks of Bann.”

“A DUMPRIES maiden,” says Cunningham, “with a light foot and a merry ey<sup>5</sup>, was the heroine of this clever song. Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it to Thomson, but the latter — aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the gowden locks, excluded it, though pressed to publish it by the poet. Irritated, perhaps, at Thomson's refusal, he wrote the additional stanza, by way of postscript, in defiance of his cold-blooded critic.”

YESTRENN I had a pint c' wine,  
 A place where body saw na ;

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Thaw.

<sup>3</sup> My aged trunk without shelter.

<sup>4</sup> Secretly.

Yesterne lay on this breast o' mine  
 The gowden locks of Anna,  
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Wraething to my hunny bliss  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah !  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna .  
 There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An empress or sultana,  
 While dying raptures in her arms  
 I give and take with Anna .

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !  
 Awa', thou pale Diana !  
 Elk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna  
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night !  
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',  
 And bring an angel pen to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna !

## OVERTURE

The knk and state may join and tell  
 To do such things I mair,  
 The knk and state may gae to hell,  
 And I'll gae to my Anna  
 She is the sunshine o' my e'e,  
 To live but I het I canna ,  
 Had I on earth but wishes three,  
 The first should be my Anna

## HAD I THE WYTE

*Then* - " Had I the wyte ? he bade me

, HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte, •  
 Had I the wyte ? she bade me ;  
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side  
 And up the loan she shaw'd me ,

<sup>1</sup> Without

<sup>2</sup> Blame

And when I wadna venture in,  
 A coward loon she ca'd me,  
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,  
 I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me b<sup>eg</sup>,<sup>1</sup>  
 And bade me make nae clatter ;  
 " For our ramgunshoch, glum<sup>2</sup> guidman  
   Is o'er ayont the water : "  
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,  
 When I did kiss and dawt<sup>3</sup> her,  
 Let him be planted in my place,  
 Syne say<sup>4</sup> I was a fautor.

Could<sup>5</sup> I for shame, could I for shame,  
 Could<sup>6</sup> I for shame refused her ?  
 And wadna manhood been to blame  
 " Had I unkindly used hei ?  
 He claw'd her wi' the ripp'm-kame,  
 And blae and blundy bruised hei ;  
 When sic a husband was fiae hame,  
 What wife but wad excused hei ?

I lighted<sup>7</sup> aye her een sae blue,  
 And bann'd the cruel randy,<sup>8</sup>  
 And weel I wat hei willing mon'  
 Was een like suga-candy.  
 At gloamin'-shot it was, I trow,  
 I lighted on the Monday,  
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,  
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

## CALFDONIA

*Tune—“ Caledonian Hunt’s Delight.”*

THE<sup>9</sup>RE was once a day—but old Time then was young—  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia’s divine?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do whilt she would :  
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it gootl.

<sup>1</sup> In<sup>2</sup> Rugged, coarse<sup>3</sup> Fondle<sup>4</sup> Wiped.<sup>5</sup> Scold

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred the Heroine grew.  
 Her grandsire, old O'm, triumphantly swore,  
 " Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue !"  
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;  
 But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,  
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand  
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land  
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
 They'd conquer'd and roun'd a world beside ;  
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly —  
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore !  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore ;  
 O'er countries and kingdoms far fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease the, no arms could repel,  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The camleon-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife,  
 Provoked beyond bearing, as lat she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hope and his life :  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Of prouing, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood ;  
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lince  
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thy bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be :  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :  
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,  
 The upright is Chance, and old time is the base ;  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse ;  
 Then, e'en, she'll match them, and match them always.

## THE FAREWELL

*Tune* — "It was a' for our rightfu' king."

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,  
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
 And a' is done in vain ;  
 My love and native land farewells,  
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
 Upon the Irish shore ;  
 And gae his biddle-reins a shake,  
 With adieu for evermore, my dear,  
 With adieu for evermore.

The soldier haes the wars returns,  
 The sailor haes the main ;  
 But I haes parted frae my love,  
 Never to meet again, my dear,  
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;  
 I think on him that's far awa'  
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear  
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

#### OH, STEER HER UP

*There—“Oh, steer her up and haud her gaun”*

Oh, steer her up and haud her gaun.  
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
 And gin she wunna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo :  
 First shore<sup>1</sup> her wi' a kindly kiss,  
 An' ca' anther gill, jo ;  
 And gin she tak the thing amiss,  
 E'en let her flyte<sup>2</sup> her fill, jo.

Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,<sup>3</sup>  
 And gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,  
 And time nae langer spill, jo :  
 Ne'er break your heart forae rebute,  
 But think upon it still, jo ;  
 That g<sup>o</sup> the lassie winna do't,  
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

## BONNY PEG-A-RAMSAY.

*Tune* — “Cauld is the e'enin’ blast.

CAULD is the e'enin' blast  
 O' Boreas o'er the pool ;  
 And dawin' it is dreary  
 When munks are bare at Yule.

Oh, cauld blaws the e'enin' blast  
 When bitter bites the frost,  
 And in the munk and dreary drift  
 The hills and glens are lost

Ne'er sae mucky blew the night  
 That disted o'er the hill,  
 But bonny Peg-a-Ram by  
 Gat grist to her mill.

## HEE BALOU'

*Tune* — “The Highland L.

SPEAKING of this song, Cromek says: “The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the Borders began their night depredations was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition, and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial and is the aim of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon); these exploits were the most despicable things imaginable. In the ‘Hee Balou’ we see one of those heroes in the trade.”

Hee Balou!<sup>1</sup> my sweet wee Donald  
 Picture o' the greet Clanronald ;

<sup>1</sup> Rebuke

<sup>2</sup> A c adle-lullaby phrase used by nurses

Brawlie lens our wanton chief  
Wha got my y<sup>ou</sup>ng Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonny craigie,  
An thou live, thou'l steal a <sup>ne</sup>igh'r :  
Travel the country through and through,  
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o' the Border,  
Weel, my baby, may thou furde!<sup>1</sup>  
Herr<sup>2</sup> the louns o' the laigh countrie,  
Syne to the Highlands, hame to me

#### HERR'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

*To Jane—“The Job of Journeywork”*

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',  
And though he be the fautor,  
Although my back be at the wa',  
Yet, here's his health in water !

Oh ! wae gae by his wanton sides,  
Sae brawlie's he could flatter ;  
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,  
And dree the kintla clatter.<sup>3</sup>

but though my back be at the wa',  
And though he be the fautor ;  
But though my back be at the wa',  
Yet, here's his health in water !

#### AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES

*To Jane—“The king of France he rode a rat.”*

AMANG the trees, where humming bees  
At buds and flowers were hum<sup>in</sup>g, O,  
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,  
And to her pipe was singm<sup>in</sup>g, O ;  
'Twis pipin<sup>in</sup>, sang, strathspey, or reels,  
Sae dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,  
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
That dang her tap-salteerie,<sup>4</sup> O.

<sup>1</sup> Prosper

<sup>2</sup> Plunder

<sup>3</sup> And bear the country  
*walk.*

<sup>4</sup> Topsy-turvy  
*walk.*

Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,  
 They made our lug<sup>1</sup> grow eerie,<sup>2</sup> O,  
 The hungry bike<sup>3</sup> did scrape and pike,<sup>4</sup>  
 Till we were wae and weary, O;  
 But a royal ghaist,<sup>5</sup> wha ance was cased  
 A prisonet aughteen year awa',  
 He fired a fiddler in the north  
 That dang them tapsalerie, O.

## CASSILLIS' BANKS.

*Tune.—Unknown*

Now bank and brae are clathed in green,  
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;  
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream  
 The budges flit on wanton wing.  
 To Cassillis' banks, when e'enig fa's,  
 There, wi' my Mary, let me flee,  
 There catch her ilka glance of love,  
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee !

The chield wha boasts, o' wark's walth  
 Is asten laird o' meikle care;  
 But Mary, she is a' mine ain—  
 Ah ! fortune canna gie me ~~more~~ !  
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks  
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,  
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,  
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee !



## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

*Tune.—“The Killogie.”*

BANNOCKS o' beat-meal,  
 Bannocks o' barley,  
 Here's to the Highlandmar  
 Bannocks o' barley!  
 Wha in a bulzie,<sup>6</sup>  
 Will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads wi'  
 The bannocks o' barley!

Ears.  
Weary.

Sand.  
<sup>4</sup> Pick

Christ.

Bannocks o' bear-meld,  
 Bannocks o' barley;  
 Here's to the Highlandman!  
 Bannocks o' barley!  
 Wha, in his wae-days,  
 Were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi'  
 The bannocks o' barley?

## SAE FAR AWAY.

*From "I - Keith Maide i Bridge."*

Oh, sad and heavy should I part,  
 But for her sake sae far awa'  
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,  
 My native land, sae far awa'.  
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,  
 That form'd this fair sae far awa',  
 Give body strength, then I'll ne'er start  
 At this, my wae, sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,  
 So love to her sae far awa':  
 And nocht can heal my bosom's sma' !  
 Whate'er, oh! she is sae far awa'  
 Nane other love, nane other dart,  
 I feel but hers, 'ae far awa',  
 But fanci never touch'd a heart  
 Than hers, the fair, sae far awa'.

## HER FLOWING LOCKS.

*Love - Unknown*

Her flowing locks the ray'n's wing,  
 Adown her neck and bosom hung;  
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
 And round that neck entwine her !

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,  
 Oh, what a feast her bonny mou'!  
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
 A crimson still diviner.

## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

*Tune*—“If thou’lt play me fair play.”

THIS song is an improvement and expansion of some favorite verses, entitled “The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie”

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,  
 Bonny Highland laddie,  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 His royal heart was firm and true  
 Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,  
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,  
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
 Bonny Lowland lassie.  
 Glory, honour, now invite,  
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,  
 For freedom and my king to night,  
 Bonny Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,  
 Bonny Highland laddie.  
 Go! for yoursel procure removal,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 And for your lawful bring his crown,  
 Bonny Highland laddie.

## THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

*Tune*—“The lass that made the bed to me”

The poet tells us, that “‘The bonny lass that made the bed to me’ was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the north, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him!”

WHEN January wind was blawing cauld,  
 As to the north I took my way,  
 The muksome night did me ensail',  
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,  
 Just in the middle o' my care ;  
 And kindly she did me invite  
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
 And bade her make a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,  
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,  
 And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye sound ! "

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;  
 But I call'd her quickly back again,  
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,  
 And serv'd me wi' due respect ;  
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,  
 I put my arms about her neck.

" Haud off your hands, young man," she says  
 " And dinna sae uncivil be :  
 Gif ye ha' ony love for me,  
 Oh, wrang n̄t my virginitie ! "

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
 Her teeth were like the ivorie ;  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wme,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;  
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
 And aye she wist n̄t what to say ;  
 I laid her between me and the wa—  
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rose,  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
 But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd  
 And said, " Alas ! ye've ruin'd me "

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,  
 While the tear stood twinkling in her ee;  
 I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,  
 For ye eye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,  
 And made them a' in sarks to me.  
 Blithe and merry may she be,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonny lass made the bed to me,  
 The braw lass made the bed to me;  
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,  
 The lass that made the bed to me!

#### THE LADS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

*Tune—“Jacky Latin.”*

GAT ye me, oh, gat ye me,  
 Oh, gat ye me wi' naething?  
 Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,  
 A mickle quarter basin.  
 Bye attour, my gutcher has<sup>1</sup>  
 A heigh house and a laigh ane,  
 A' forbye my bonny sel,  
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

• Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Lain  
 • Oh, haud your tongue and jauner,<sup>2</sup>  
 I held the gate till you I met,  
 Syne I began to wander:  
 I tint<sup>3</sup> my whistle and my sang,  
 I tint my peace and pleasure;  
 But your green graff<sup>4</sup> now, Luckie Lain  
 Wad ant<sup>5</sup> me to my treasure.

#### THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

*Tune—“Bob at the Bowster”*

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam hame awa';  
 He ca'd the gurs<sup>6</sup> out owre us a'.

<sup>1</sup> Besides, my grandair has  
<sup>2</sup> Complaining.

<sup>3</sup> Lost.  
<sup>4</sup> Grave.

<sup>5</sup> Lead.  
<sup>6</sup> Hoops.

And our guidwif<sup>e</sup> has gotten a ca'  
That anger'd the silly guidman, O.

We'll hide the cooper befor' the door,  
Behind the door, behind the door,  
We'll hide the cooper behind the door  
And cover him under a mawn,<sup>1</sup> O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,  
Wi', Deil hae her<sup>2</sup> and, Deil hae him !  
But the body he was sae doxter<sup>2</sup> and blin',  
Ie wishna where he was gaun, O

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,  
Till our guidm<sup>a</sup>n has gotten the scorn ;  
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,  
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

#### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh ! I am come to the low countrie,  
Och-on, och-on, och-me !  
Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie  
Feeding on yon hills so high,  
And giving milk to me

And there I had threescore o' yowes,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !  
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,  
And casting w<sup>o</sup> to me.

I was the happiest of all the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine ;  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

<sup>1</sup> Basket.

<sup>2</sup> Stupid.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,  
 Sae far to set us free;  
 My Donald's arm was wanted then  
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waes' fate what need I tell?  
 Right to the wrang did yield:  
 My Donald and his country fell  
 Upon Culloden field.

Och-on, O Donald, oh!  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Nae woman in the world wide  
 Sae wretched now as me.

## THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

THERE was a bonny lass,  
 And a bonny, bonny lass,  
 And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear;  
 Till war's loud alarms  
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,  
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,  
 Where the cannons loudly roar,  
 He still was a stranger to sea;  
 And nocht could him quad,  
 On his bosom a-sail,  
 But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

## OH, WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID.

• OH, wat ye what my minnie did  
 My minnie did, my minnie did,  
 Oh, wat ye what my minnie did,  
 On Tysday teen to me, jo?  
 She laid me in a salt bed,  
 A salt bed, a salt bed,  
 She laid me in a salt bed,  
 And bade guid e'en to me, i.

And wat ye what the parson did,  
 The parson did, the parson did,

And wat ye what the parson dild,  
 A' for a penny fee, jo ?  
 He loosed off me a lang man,  
 A mickle' man, a strang man,  
 He loosed on me a lang man,  
 That might ha'e worried me.<sup>1</sup>

And I was but a young thing,  
 A young thing, a young thing.  
 And I was but a young thing,  
 Wi' nae to pity me, jo.  
 I wat the kirk was in the wyte,<sup>2</sup>  
 In the wyte, in the wyte,  
 To pit a young thing in a fricht,  
 And loose a man on me, jo.

## OH, GUID ALE COMES.

Oh, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,  
 Guid ale gair<sup>3</sup> me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon.  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,  
 They drew a' weel eneugh ;  
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane :  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale haunds me bare and bu'y,  
 Gair me moop<sup>4</sup> wi' the servant hizzie.<sup>4</sup>  
 Stand i' the stool when I ha'e done ;  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

## COMING THROUGH THE BRAES O' CUPAR.

DONALD BRODIE met a lass  
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar ;  
 Donald, wi' his Highland hand,  
 Rifled ilk a charm about her.

## CHORUS

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,  
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,  
 Highland Donald met a lass,  
 And row'd his Highland plaid about her.

<sup>1</sup> Blame.<sup>2</sup> Makes.<sup>3</sup> Romp.<sup>4</sup> Wench.

Weel I wat she was a quean,  
 Wad made a body's mouth to water ;  
 Our Mess John, wi' his auld gray pow,<sup>1</sup>  
 His haly lips wad ticket at her.

- Off she started in a fright,  
 And through the braes as she could bicker ;<sup>2</sup>
- But souple Donald quicker flew,  
 And in his arms he lock'd her sicker.<sup>3</sup>

### GUID E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

*Tune—“We're a' noddin”*

GUID e'en to you, kimmer,<sup>4</sup>  
 And how do ye do ?  
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,  
 The better that I'm sou  
 We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,<sup>5</sup>  
 Suppin' hen broo,<sup>6</sup>  
 Deil tak Kate,  
 An she be na noddin too :

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye fare ?  
 A pint o' the best o't,  
 And twa pints mair.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye thrive ?  
 How mony bairns hae ye ?  
 Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johnny's ?  
 Eh ! atweel, na :  
 Twa o' them were gotten  
 When Johnny was awa'

Cats like milk,  
 And dogs like broo,  
 Lads like lasses weel,  
 And lasses lads too.  
 We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Run.

<sup>3</sup> Sure.

<sup>4</sup> Lass.

<sup>5</sup> Corner.

<sup>6</sup> Broth.

## YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

*Tune*—"The Carlin o' the Glen"

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,  
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;  
 Through a' our lasses he did love,  
 And reign'd resistless king of love :  
 But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,  
 He stray, among the woods and briers ;  
 Oi i' the glens and rocky caves,  
 His sad complaining dowie raves :

"I wish sae fite did range and rove,  
 And changed with every moon my love,  
 I littl thought the time was near  
 Repentance I wold buy sae dear :  
 The slighted maids my tormentors see,  
 At I laugh at a' the pangs I dice,  
 While she, my cruel, scornly fan,  
 Forbids me e'er to see her man !"

## COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

*Tune*—"Coming through the rye"

COMING through the rye, poor body,  
 Coming through the rye,  
 She daight<sup>2</sup> a' her petticoatie,  
 Coming through the rye

○ Jenny's-a' wat, poor body,  
 Jenny's seldom dry ;  
 She daight<sup>2</sup> a' her petticoatie,  
 Coming through the rye.

Gin<sup>3</sup> a body meet a body  
 Coming through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body—  
 Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body  
 Coming through the glen :  
 Gin a body kiss a body—  
 Need the wark ken ?

## THE CARLES OF DYSART.

*Tune*—"Hey, ca' through"

Up wi' the cales<sup>4</sup> o' Dysart  
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,

<sup>1</sup> Suffer<sup>2</sup> Soiled<sup>3</sup> If.<sup>4</sup> Old men.

And the kimmers<sup>1</sup> o' Largo,  
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca'<sup>2</sup> through,  
For we hae mickle ado ;  
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,  
And we hae songs to sing ;  
We hae pennies to spend,  
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,  
And them that come behin',  
Let them do the like,  
And spend the gear they win.

#### IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY

*Tune—“For a’ that and a’ that”*

BURNS had too good an idea of his own powers to have been serious in his depreciation of this fine song. He says—“A great critic on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and is consequently no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.”

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that ?  
The coward slave, we pass him by  
• We dare be poor for a' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that !

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear odden gray, and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks, and Javes their wigs,  
A man's a man for a' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that,  
The honest man, though e'er so poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie,\* ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ,

<sup>1</sup> Young women

<sup>2</sup> Push

\* Literally the phrase means a mettlesome fellow; here it must be rendered a proud and affected fellow.

Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coot<sup>1</sup> for a' that :  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that ;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughst at a' that !

A king can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might  
 Guid faith he maunna<sup>2</sup> fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher lanks than a' that.

Then let us pray hat come it may—  
 As come it will for a' that—  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin' yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

### O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

*Tune—“Let me in this ae night”*

THE following is based on an old ballad of much point and coarseness

O LASSIE, art thou sleepinh yet,  
 Or art thou waking, I would wit ?  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo,

Oh, let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night,  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 Oh, rise and let me in, jo !

Thou hearst the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet :  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's :  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

## HIER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind a'd rain,  
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !  
Gae back the gate ye cam again.  
I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night ;  
And ance for a', this ae night,  
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wänderer pours  
Is nocht to what poor she endures  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;  
Let simple maid the lesson teel,  
The weird may be her am, jo.

The bird that charm'd his sumner-day  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
Let willess, trusting wifeman say  
How ast her fate's the same, jo.

## THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.

## BALLAD I.

This was written on the spur of the moment, and evidently lightly valued by the poet, the three following election squibs are spirited and characteristic. They were at the instigation and in the interest of Mr. Heron of Kerrough-tree, who contested the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in the liberal interest. The tory candidate was Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, nephew to Mr. Murray of Broughton, whose influence, together with that of the Earl of Galloway, was exerted to promote his return.

Whom will you send to London town,  
To Parliament, and a' that ?  
Or wha in a' the country found  
The best deserves to fa' that ?  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Through Galloway and a' that ;  
Where is the laird or belted knight  
That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sets Kerrough-tree's open yell,<sup>1</sup>  
And wha isn't never saw that ?  
Wha ever wi' Kerrough-tree met,  
And has a doubt of a' that ?

<sup>1</sup> Gate.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that,  
The independent patriot,  
The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either <sup>fit</sup>  
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that,  
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,  
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that !  
The independent commoner  
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why shou' we to nobles jouk ?  
And it's again <sup>t</sup> the law that ;  
For why, a lout nay be a goulch<sup>2</sup>  
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that !  
A lord may be a lousy lout  
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills  
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that,  
But we'll ha'e aye fiae 'mang ousels,  
A man we ken, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that !  
For we're not to be bought and sold  
Like naugs, and nowt,<sup>3</sup> and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,  
Kerroughtree's lard, and a' that  
Our representive to he,  
For weel he's worthy a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that .  
A House of Commons such as he,  
They wold be blest that saw that.

## BALLAD II.

" Fy, let u' a' to the br'dit."  
Fy, let us a' to Kinkiebright,  
For there will be bickering there;  
For Murray's light horse are to muster,  
And oh, how the heroes will swear !

And there will be Murray,<sup>1</sup> commander,  
And Gordon,<sup>2</sup> the battle to win :  
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,  
Sae knyt in alliance and kin.

And there will be Black-nebbit Johnnie,<sup>3</sup>  
The tongue o' the tump to them a' ;  
At he gets na hell for his haddin'  
The deil gets na justice ava' ,

And there will be Kempton's bulky,<sup>4</sup>  
A boy ne sae black at the bane,  
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,  
We'll e'en let the subject alone.

And there will be Wigton's new shewff,<sup>5</sup>  
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,  
She's gotten the hent<sup>6</sup> of a Bushby,  
But, Lord ! what's become o' the head ?

And there will be Cardoness,<sup>7</sup> Esquire,  
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,  
A wight that will weather damnation,  
For the devil the prey will despise

And there will be Kenmure,<sup>8</sup> sae generous !,  
Whose honour is proof to the storm ;  
To save them from stark reprobation,  
He lent them his name to the hame.

But we winna mention Redcastle,  
The body o' er let him escape !  
He'd venture the gallows for viles,  
An' twere na the lost o' the que.

And where is our king's lord-lieutenant,  
Sac famed for his gratchu' return ?  
The billie is gettng his quections,  
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Dougl<sup>as</sup> loony,  
New-christening towns far and near.  
Aljuring thair democrat doings,  
By kiszing the tail o' a peacock.

<sup>1</sup> Murray of Broughton.

<sup>2</sup> Gordon of Drumelzier.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. John Bushby, a lawyer, a friend of the poet's.

<sup>4</sup> William Bushby of Kempton, brother of the above, who had made a fortune in India, but which was thought by some to have laid its beginning in connection with the failure of the Ayr Bank shortly before he went abroad.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John and then recently appointed Sheriff of Wigtonshire.

<sup>6</sup> David Maxwell of Cardoness.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Gordon of Kenmure.

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Lawrie of Redcastle.

<sup>9</sup> Messrs. Douglas of Carluke gave the name of Castle Douglas to a village which rose in their neighbourhood. This is now a populous town.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,  
Muirhead,<sup>1</sup> wha's as guid as he's true;  
And there will be Buittle's apostle,<sup>2</sup>  
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,  
A house o' great merit and nice,  
The deil aye but honouris them highly,—  
The deil aye will gie them his vote!

And there will be wealthy young Richard,  
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck.  
For prodigal, ahrifless, bestowing,  
His merit hid won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,  
Though nabob, yet men of the first,<sup>4</sup>  
And there will be Colliston's<sup>5</sup> whiskers,  
And Quintin,<sup>6</sup> o' lads not the war-t.

And there will be stamp-office Johnnie,<sup>7</sup>  
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;  
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,  
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam,<sup>8</sup>

And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,<sup>9</sup>  
Whase honour was ever his law;  
If the virtues were pack'd in a paucel,  
His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectsu's his backing,  
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;  
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,  
Whase property's paper, but lands.

And can we forget the auld Major,<sup>10</sup>  
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?  
Our flattery we'll keep for some other,  
Him only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,<sup>11</sup>  
And also Burns' imming's guid knight,<sup>12</sup>  
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,<sup>13</sup>  
Wha luckily roars in the right.

<sup>1</sup> Rev Mr Muirhead, minister of Urr.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Bunt'e.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Oswald of Auchincruive.

<sup>4</sup> The Messrs Hannay.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Copland of Colliston.

<sup>6</sup> Quintin M'Adam of Craigengillin.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. John Syme, distributor of stamps, Dumfries.

<sup>8</sup> Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

<sup>10</sup> Major Heron, brother of the above.

<sup>11</sup> Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran.

<sup>12</sup> Sir William Miller of Barcummung, afterwards a Judge, with the title of Lord Glenlee.

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

And there, free the Niddsdale border,  
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,  
 Tugh Johnnie,<sup>1</sup> stanch Goudie,<sup>2</sup> and Wale,  
 That gien's for the fishes and loves.

• And there will be fog in McDowall,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sculdrumby and he will be there,  
 And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,  
 Sodgering, gunpowder Blan.<sup>5</sup>

Then hey the cheate interest o' Broughton  
 And hey for the bles mgs 'twill bring  
 It may send Balmaghie to the Comm<sup>4</sup>  
 In Sodom 'twould make him a lom;

And hey for the sanctified Murray,<sup>6</sup>  
 Our lund wha w' chapels has stood,  
 He founder'd his horc among hund'rs,  
 But gied the auld man to the Ford.

## JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

## PART VOLUME

Mr. Hickey having secured the election after a hard-fought contest, and hotly contested struggle, the poet used it as a song of triumph over his crafty old opponent, the Earl of Galloway.

TWYS in the seventeen hundred year  
 O' Christ, and ninety-five,  
 That year I was the wae'est man  
 O' my man aree,  
 In March, the threes-and-twenty day,  
 The mair a cleat and bright,  
 But oh, I was a saulit man  
 Ere to 't' p' the night.

Verl Galloway lang did rule this land,  
 Wi' equal right and lime,  
 And thereto wa' his kinsmane pu'nt  
 The Murray's noble man.

Verl Galloway lang did rule the land,  
 Made ne the ridge o' stile  
 But now Verl Galloway's sceptre's broke,  
 And eke my hinginan's knife.

• 'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,  
 Beside Kukendbright tewers,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Maxwell of Graighty  
<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Blan of Dungky.

<sup>4</sup> Capt'n M'Dowall of Logie.  
<sup>5</sup> Mr. Murray of Broughton, who had abandoned his wife, and eloped with lady of rank.

<sup>6</sup> G. Maxwell of Cargie.

The Stewart and the Murray there  
Did muster a' their powers

The Murray, on the auld gray yard,<sup>1</sup>  
Wi' wnged spurs did ride,<sup>2</sup>  
That auld gray yaud yea, Nid stale ride,<sup>3</sup>  
He staw<sup>4</sup> upon Nidside.

An there had been the yeil himsel,  
Oh, there had been nae play,  
But Gathies was to London gane,  
And saw the kye might stray

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,  
In the frost rank he wud shine,  
But Balmaghie had better been  
Drinking A leira wine

Frae the Glentons came to old and  
A chief o' doughty deed,  
In case that worth should wanted be,  
O' Kenmure we had need

And there, sae grave, Squint Cardoness  
Look'd on till a' was done,  
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness,  
A howlet sits at noon

And there led I the Bushlys a',  
My ganesome billy Will,  
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,  
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,  
We set nought to their score :  
The Douglas and the Heron's name  
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglases o' weight had we,  
A pair o' trusty lairds,  
For building cot-houes we famed,  
And christening kail yard.

And by our binnies march'd Mummers,  
And Buntle wasna slack !  
Whose haly priesthood nine com' am,  
For wha can dye the black ?

#### THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

*There "Push about the joain"*

BURNS signalised his joining the Dumfries Volunteers by the composition of the following patriotic song, which became widely popular. Cunningham says,

<sup>1</sup> Mare.

<sup>2</sup> Stole

that the song did more "to stir the mind of the rustic part of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas, & the chosen Five-and-Ten."

Does haughty Gaul my nation threat?

Then let the loun bewee, sir,

There wooden walls upon our seas,

And volunteers on shore, sir,

The Nith shall run to Cawmion,

The Cudgel sink in Solway,

Ere we permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally!

Well never permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally.

Oh, let us not like warlike rous,

In wrangling be divided,

Till ship come in an unco loun,

And wi' a rong<sup>1</sup> decide it

Be Britain still to Britain true,

Aman<sup>2</sup> wi' us be united,

For never but by British hands,

Main British wrongs be righted;

For never, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and tate,

Pulrip a cleet may fail in't,

But dell a foreign tinkler loun

Shall ever ca' a nail in't

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,

And wha wad dare to spoil it?

By heavens! the scurlogious dog,

Shall fuell be to boil it!

By heaven, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,

And the wretched his true-worn brother,

Wha would set the mob aboon the thome,

May they be damnd together!

What will not sing "God save the King?"

Shall hang as hough's the people;

But while we sing "God save the King,"

We'll ne'er forget the Peopl-

But while we sing, &c.

### THE WATERS IN YON TOWN<sup>3</sup>

*I am, &c. I'll ay'e ca'm by you tow'r."*

The heroine of this song was Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of William Johnston of Hilton. She afterwards married Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive. She died, a few years after her marriage, of consumption.

<sup>1</sup> Cudgel

Now haply down you gay green shaw  
 She wanders by you spreading tree  
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,  
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

Oh, wat ye what's in you town,  
 Ye see the comin' sun upon?  
 The fairest dame's in you town,  
 That comin' sun is shining on  
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome to the blooming year!  
 And kindly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Lucy dear.  
 The sun blinks i' the on you town,  
 And ou you be my bairns o' Ayr,  
 But my delight in you town,  
 And dearest bliss is Lucy fair.  
 Without my love, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy,  
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's diewy sky.  
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Thought ringing wert about the tree,  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.  
 Oh, sweet is he in you town  
 The shinng sun's gane down upon;  
 A fairer than's in you town  
 His setting beam never shone upon.  
 If angry fate has worn my face  
 And suffer'd I am doomed to bear,  
 I could speak nought like before,  
 But spare me—pare me Lucy dear!  
 For while life's dearest blood is warm  
 As thou lae be her shall never depair,  
 And she as fair as is her form!  
 She has the truest, kindest heart,  
 Oh, wat ye what's in you town,  
 Ye see the comin' sun upon?  
 The fairest dame's in you town,  
 That comin' sun is shining on.

## ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK

*Lane.*—“Where'll bonny Ann be,” or, “Loch Brodles,  
 Oif stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray;

A hapless lover counts thy lay,  
Thy soothung, fond complaint,

Again, again that tender part,  
That may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that wad touch her heart  
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate inland,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow jang'd  
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,  
O' speechless grief and dark de pair.  
For pity's sake, sweet bairn, nae mar!  
On my poor heart is bid on't.

• - - - -

## ON CHILOIS BEING ILL.

*Tun Ayewikin', O'*

This and the four pieces following are tributes of the poet's admiration for Mrs. Jean Loumer, the unfortunate Chilois, who is said to have sketched it (page 293).

Can I cease to care?  
Can I cease to languish,  
While my darling fair  
Is on the couch of anguish?

Long, long the night  
Heavy comes the morn,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every heart is gled,  
Every bairn tenoy,  
Slumber e'en I dred,  
Every dream is bon.

Hear me, Powers divine!  
Oh, in pity hark me,  
Like a night else of mine,  
But my Chiloi spares me!

## FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

*Tun "Let me witness unto thee."*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near  
Ere, far from thee, I wander here;  
Far, far from thee, the fate severe -  
At which I moan Creepin, love

'Oh, were thou, love, but near me;  
But near, near, near me!  
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
And winter, shade, nor home have I,  
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd Friendship's cruel part,  
The poison Fortune's ruthless dart  
Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
And by thy side is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,  
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!  
That only ray of glace sweet  
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

## FRAGMENT - CHLORIS

*To me - "Call'd on in Hunt" Delight*

Why, why tell thy lover,  
Bless he never must enjoy?  
Why, why un-deceive him,  
And give all his hope the lie?

Oh why, white Fancy, raptured, slumber,  
Chloris, Chloris, all the theme,  
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,  
Wake thy lover from his dream?

## MARK YONDER POMP

*To me - "Delink the Wus"*

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
Round the wealthy, titled bride:  
But when compared with real passion,  
Poor is all that princely pride.  
What are the showy treasures?  
What are the noisy pleasures?  
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art?  
The polish'd jewel's blaze  
May draw the wondering gaze,  
And courtly gracie bright  
The fancy may delight,  
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris  
 In simplicity's array,  
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,  
 Shunning from the gaze of day;  
 Oh then, the heart abounding,  
 And all resistless charming,  
 In Love's delightful letters she charms the willing soul;  
 Ambition would disown  
 The world's imperial crown,  
 Even Avarice would deny  
 His worshipp'd duty,  
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

OH, BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER  
 O'er, bonny was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae fair frae hant o' man;  
 And bonny she, and ah, how dear!  
 It shaded frae the e'mm' sun  
 Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.  
 All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!  
 But love is far a sweeter flower  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.  
 The pathless wild and wimpling burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arm, be mair,  
 And I the world ne'er wish nor care,  
 The joys and griefs alike resign.

## • CALEDONIA.

*Tune—Humours of Galloway.*

"The heroine of this song," says Cunningham, "was Mrs. Burns, who so charmed the poet by singing it with taste and feeling, that he declined it to be one of his luckiest lyrics."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume,  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green birkbank,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow bloom.  
 • Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the bluebell and cowslip hill lowly nose not  
 For their, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
 A-listening the linnet, ast wonder, my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,  
 Then sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they?—The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!  
  
 The clive's spey forests, and gold-bubbled fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean

## TWAS NA HER BONNY BLUE EE

" *now!* Liddle, b'me me!"

TWAS na her bonny blue ee was my ruin;  
 I am though she be, there was ne'er my undoing;  
 Twas the dear smile when nobody did mind us,  
 Twas the bewitching, sweet, bewstoun glance o' kindness  
  
 Sin do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sin do I fear that despair must abide me!  
 But though full Fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen half she be in my bosom for ever.  
  
 May I thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And though Ie pluckt me love o' the dearest!  
 An I thon't the art that never can alter  
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

## HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

" *Now! John Anderson, my Jo!*"

How cruel are the parents  
 Who trivies only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice!  
 Meanwhile, he hapless daughter  
 Has but *the choice of* wife  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
 Become a wretched wife.  
  
 The ravening hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies  
 To him implored,  
 A while he pinion tries;  
 Till of escape desirous,  
 No shelter on he can find,  
 She turns the ruthless falconer,  
 And drops beneath his feet!

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER

*Tune—“The Lothian Lassie”*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen  
 And sair wi' his love he did deay me,  
 I said there was naething I hated like men,  
 • The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, believe me,  
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

•He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,  
 • And vow'd for my love he w'is dying,  
 I sud he might die when he liked for Jean,  
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,  
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stock'd mailen<sup>1</sup> himself for the land -  
 And marriage a'ft-hand, we'e his proffers:  
 I never loof on that I leav'd it, or cued,  
 But thought I might haue wau off'rez, vnu off'rez  
 But thought I might haue wau off'res

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less -  
 The devil tak his taste to gie near her!  
 •He up the lang loom to my black cousin Bess,  
 Gue's ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could be a hor.  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could be u her

But at the neist week, as I stetted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dilgumnoek,  
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!  
 I glower'd<sup>2</sup> as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

But owre my left shouther I gie him a blink,  
 Last neighbor might say I w'is smey;  
 My wdoon he caper'd ab, he'd been in drim,  
 And vow'd I w'as his dear lassie, doo lassie  
 And vow'd I w'as his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthly and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her heftin,  
 And how her new shoon fit her auld sh' chilt<sup>3</sup> feet.  
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a weamin  
 • But, heavens! how he fell a swearin!

He begg'd, for guid sake, I wad be his wife,  
 • Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow,  
 Swear'en to preserve the poor body his life,  
 • I think I m unswore him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I m un wed him to-morrow.

## THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

*True.* "This is no my ain house."

I set a form, I see a free,  
Wee weel may wi' the fairest place;  
It wants to me the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her ee.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,  
Ian though the lassie be;

Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,  
Kind love is in her ee.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,  
I ad lang has had my heart in thrall,  
And ay, it charms my very soul,  
The kind lov that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawlie<sup>1</sup> is my Jean,  
To steal a blink, by a unseen,  
But gleg<sup>2</sup> a light are loversseen,  
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the countly sparks,  
It may escape the learned clerks;  
But weel the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in her ee.,

## NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

The following song was written to soothe the feelings of his friend, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, solicitor, who, as mentioned at p. 48, had been eruditely jilted by a lady to whom he was much attached.

Now spring ha' clad the grove in green,  
An I strew'd the lea y<sup>r</sup> flowers;  
The brawld, waving cor<sup>t</sup> I see,  
Rejoice in fostering showers;  
While ilk<sup>n</sup> thing in nature join  
Then sorrow to forego,  
Oh, why thus all alone am mine  
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn,  
Glides swift, a silver duit,  
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,  
Eccies the angler's art.  
My life was ance that careless stream,  
That wanton trout was I,  
But love, wi' unfeinting brain,  
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The littl floweret's peaceful lot,  
 In yond'r cliff that grows,  
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
 Nae yester visit knows,  
 Was ne'er till love has o'er me past,  
 And blighted a' my bloom,  
 And now, beneath the withering blast,  
 My youth and joy con unie.

The waken'd lark, warbling, sings,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings  
 In morning's tosy eye,  
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,  
 Until the dowery snare  
 O' witching love in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thill o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 We man an' mither leagued my foes,  
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!  
 The wretch whose doom is 'Hope nae morn,  
 What tongue his woes can tell?  
 Within wha's bosom, save despair,  
 Nae kinder spirit dwell.

## THE DEAN OF FACULTY

A BALLAD

*From "The Dragon of Wan-*

The Honourable Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, having incurred the displeasure of his brother advocates by presiding at a popish meeting held in Edinburgh during a period of great national suffering, when the spirit of discontent with the powers that be was pretty freely manifested. Notwithstanding Erskine's great and deserved popularity, this was an offence which could not be forgiven. On the vote being put, Mr. Dundas of Armiton, a true Blue Tory, was elected by a large majority. The short note will enable the reader thoroughly to appreciate the following verse:

DIRE was the hate at old Ha' law,  
 That Scot to Scot did eair,  
 And dire the discord Langside saw  
 For heinous, hapless Murray;  
 But Scot with Scot in com so hot,  
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,  
 Than twixt Hal<sup>1</sup> and Bob<sup>2</sup> for the famous job—  
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

This Hal<sup>3</sup> for genius, wit, and lore,  
 Among the first was number'd;

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Henry Erskine.  
<sup>2</sup> Robert Dundas, Esq., of Armiton.

But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,  
Commandment tenth rememb'rd.  
Yet simple Bob the victory got,  
And won his heart's desire ;  
Which shows that Heaven can't fail the pot,  
Though the devil — in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case  
Pretensions rather brassy,  
For talents to deserve a place  
Are qualifications saucy ;  
So their worshipes of the Faculty,  
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,  
To them givin' grace and goodness.

As once on Tis-gah purged was the sight  
Of a son of Circumcision,  
So may be, on this Tis-gah height,  
Bob's pubblid mental vision.  
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet  
Till for eloquence you hat him,  
And sweat he has the Angel met  
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,  
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty !  
But accept, ye sublime Majority,  
My congratulations hearty  
With your Honours and a cert'n King,  
In your servants this is striking —  
The more incapacity they bring,  
The more they're to you likin'.

## HEY FOR A LASS WI' THE HER

— "Balmamona Ode."

Awa' wi' your white' raft o' beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit byauty you grasp in your arms ;  
Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,  
And withers the faster the faster it grows,  
But the capturous charm o' the bonny green knowes  
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white'yowes.

And e'en when thy beauty your bosom has blest,  
The brightest & beauty may clay when possest ;  
But the sweet yellow darlings w<sup>t</sup> Geordie imprest,  
The langer ye ha'e them the mair they're caarest.

• *Jane* "Here's a health to them that's awa'."

The heroine of this song w<sup>t</sup> the Miss Jessy Lewars of whom we have previously spoken as acting the part of muse to the poet during his illness.

HERE's a health to aye I lo'e dear !

Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear !

Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as then parting tear - Jessy !

Although thou maun never be mine,

Although even hope is denied ,

'Tis sweet for thee despairing

Than aught in the world beside - Jessy !

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,

As hopeless I muse on thy charm;

But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,

For then I am lockt in thy arms - Jessy !

I guess by the dear angel smile,

I guess by the love-rolling ee ,

But why urge the tender confession,

'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel deerie ! - Jessy !

Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear !

Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear !

Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,

And soft as then parting tear - Jessy !

### OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

*Jane* "The Lass o' Living - one"

This is an offering tribute of the poet's esteem and affection for Miss Jessy Lewars. Mr Chambers tells us that it had its origin in a request of the poet, that if she would play him any air she might wish words for, he would try to produce something which might please her. She accordingly played the air of an old ditty, singing the words, the first verse of which ran thus,-

"The robin cam to the wren's nest,  
And keekit in, and keekit in,  
Oh, wad ye be on yon lea, wad pow  
Wad ye be me, wad ye be me ? &c

In a few minutes, the poet wrote out the following lines -

• • • Oft, wert thou in the cauld blast

• • • On yon lea, on yon lea,

My plaidie to the angry art,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :  
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storm,  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield<sup>1</sup> should be my bower,  
 To shun it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Su' bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
 The de<sup>2</sup> it were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 O were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brighte jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

A DILATORIATION of Burmout had necessitated a general election, and although protracted with difficulty, the poet wrote the following clever ballad to further the interests of his friend Mr. Heron. The poet imagines a Trogger, a vagrant borderer small wonder perambulating the country, telling the characters of the burghs. The poor poet was dead before Mr. Heron's return as member took place.

Wha will buy my troggan,  
 Fine election wate ;  
 Broke<sup>3</sup> trade o' Broughton,  
 A' in high repair  
 Buy braw troggan,  
 Ere the banks o' De  
 Wha wants troggan  
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble earl's  
 Fame and hugh renown,  
 For an auld sang -  
 It's thought the gude were stown.  
 Buy braw troggan, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton !  
 In a needle's eck;  
 Here's a reputation  
 Tint<sup>4</sup> by Bainaghue,  
 Buy braw troggan, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Shelter<sup>2</sup> Lost.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Galloway.      <sup>4</sup> Mr. Muir of Broughton.  
 Gordon of Bainaghue.

Here's an honest conience

Might a prince attain,

Frae the down<sup>s</sup> o' Thinald<sup>s</sup>

Sae was never born<sup>\*</sup>

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Heids the stift and hing

O Cardoness's head, †

Fine for a soldier,

A' the wale<sup>t</sup> o' land

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's a little wad et<sup>2</sup>

Buntle<sup>t</sup>, scrap e' truth,<sup>3</sup>

Pawn'd in a gun-shop,

Quenching holy drouth<sup>4</sup>

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's a mornid bearing,

Fine the manse o' Ull,

The crest, an auld crab-apple<sup>5</sup>

Rotten at the core

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,

Like a bairn glid,<sup>6</sup>

Pouncing poor Redcastle<sup>7</sup>

Sprawlin' like a taed<sup>8</sup>

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas

Stane and mortar nume<sup>9</sup>

Lately used of Cally

Christening Murray's crimes

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom

Collieston<sup>10</sup> can boast,

By a thievish judge

They had been nearly lost

Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments,

O' the ten commandments;

Giffted by Jack Jock,

To get them aff his hands

Buy braw troggm, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Chops

<sup>2</sup> Mortgage

<sup>3</sup> K.

<sup>4</sup> L.

\* A sneering allusion to Mr. Bushby, † Maxwell of Cardoness

‡ Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buntle

§ An allusion to the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Ull

¶ W. S. Legge of Redcastle ¶ Copland of Collieston

Saw ye e'er sic troggip?  
 If to buy ye're slack,  
 Homie's<sup>a</sup> turnin' chapman —  
 He'll buy a' the pack  
 Buy braw troggip,  
 Frae the banks o' Tee;  
 Wha wants troggip?  
 Let him come to me.

## FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

*Zone. "Rothemurche."*

The heroine of this song was said to the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. He had already set her charms in another song, "The Banks of Devon," p. 389.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,  
 Oy til Devon, Winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou by that frown abide,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear!  
 Couldst thou to m' thine lend an ear?  
 Oh did not love exclaim, "Forbear  
 Not use a futhful lover so."

Then come, thou faire t of the fair,  
 Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share,  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear  
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

## OH THAT I HAD NEVER BEEN MARRIED.

The last verse only of this song is Burns's. The first is

OH, that I had ne'er been married,  
 I had never had nae care,  
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
 And they're crowdie<sup>b</sup> eve' morn  
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 Thrice times crowdie in a day,  
 Em ye crowdie ou' man  
 Yell crowdie a' my meal awa.

Wae'th want and hunger fley<sup>c</sup> me,  
 Glowering by the hallan en<sup>d</sup>,  
 Sir I fecht them at the door,  
 But aye I'm easie<sup>e</sup> they come ben.

## THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, meikle do I rue, fause love,  
 Oh, eaily do I rue,  
 That e'er I heard your flattering tonge  
 That e'er your face I knew

Oh, I hae tm't my rosie cheek,  
 Likewise my waist sae sma',  
 And I hae lost my lightsome heart  
 That little wist a fa'

Now I marn thole<sup>2</sup> the cornfu' sae  
 O' mony a saucy quean,  
 When, gie the truth were a' but kent,  
 Her bit's been wurr than mine.  
<sup>to</sup>

Whene'er my father thinkt on me,  
 He stans into the wa',  
 My mother she has ta'en the bed  
 Wi' thinken on my fa'

Whene'er I hae my father's face,  
 My heart wad burd wi' pain,  
 Whene'er I meet my mother's face,  
 My tears run down like rain.

Mas! sic sweet, free as love  
 Sic bitter fruit should bear!  
 Mas! think o'er a bonny 'ne  
 Should draw a saucy tear!

But Heaven's curse will blist the man  
 Denies the bairn he got,  
 Or leaves the pauper his lie loved  
 To wear a ragged coat.

## KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

## A FRAGMENT.

There lived a lass in yonder dale,  
 And dwelt in yonder glen, O!  
 And Katherine Jaffray was her name  
 Well known to many men, O!

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,  
 Out frae the south countries, O!  
 All for to court this pretty maid,  
 Her bridegroom for to be, O!

He's tell'd her father and mother both  
 As I hear sundry say, O !  
 But he hasna tell'd the lass her,  
 Till on her wedding day, C ,

'Then came the Land o' Lockin' to  
 Out had the English Border,  
 All for to court this pretty maid,  
 All mounted in good order.

## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST,

CROPS

Robin hure in hairst,  
 I share w' him,  
 ¶ Fient a hawk<sup>2</sup> had I,  
 Yet I stack by him

I gied up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaiden ;  
 At his daddy's yell,  
 Wha met me but Robin ?

Was na Robin bauld,  
 Though I was a cotten,  
 Play'd me sic a trick,  
 And are the ellen's dochter ?<sup>3</sup>

Robin promis ed me  
 A' my winter vittle  
 Fient haef<sup>4</sup> had he but thae  
 Goose feathers and a vittle-

## SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;  
 Take a heart which he dears thee;  
 As thy constant slave regard it;  
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,  
 Not the wealthy, but the bonny;  
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,  
 In love's silken band can bind it !

<sup>1</sup> Reap'd in harvest      <sup>2</sup> Sickly

<sup>3</sup> Gate      <sup>4</sup> Elder's daughter.

<sup>5</sup> Nothing.

## HUNTING SONG.

*I rede you beware at the hunting,*

*The heather was blooming, the meadow were ma'ry,  
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,  
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,  
At length they discover'd a bonny moor-hen*

*I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;*

*I rede you beware at the hunting, young men,*

*Tak some on the wing, and some as they pung ;*  
*But cannily steed on a bonny moor-hen*

*Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather belli,*  
*Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fell,*

*Her plumage outblush'd the pride o' the spring,  
And oh, as she wanton'd gay on the wye*

*Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,  
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill,  
He levell'd his rays white she bask'd on the brae--  
His rays were out-hope, and but mark'd where she lay.*

*They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,  
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill,  
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
Then, whar ! she was over a mile at a flight.*

## OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

*I do -- "My wife she dang me."*

*Oh, aye my wife she dang me,*

*And aft my wife did dang me,*

*If ye gie a woman a' her will,*

*Gaud faith, she'll soon o'cang ye.*

*On peace and rest my mind was bent,*

*And fool I was, I affirm'd;*

*• But never honest man's intent*

*As cursedly miscarried*

*Some sautie comfort still at last,*

*When a' them days are done, mair.*

*My pains o' hell on earth are past,*

*I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.*

*Oh, aye my wife she dang me,*

*And aft my wife did dang me;*

*If ye gie a woman a' her will,*

*Gaud faith, she'll soon o'cang ye.*

## "ROSE AND BUTTER."

OH, gie my love brose, brose,  
 Gie my love brose and butter,  
 For none in Carrick or Kyle  
 Can please a lissie better.

"The laverock lo'es the grass,  
 The moor-hen lo'es the heather,  
 But gie me a braw moonlight,  
 To and fro love together.

## "OH, WHAT IS SHE THAT LOVES ME"

*Dance - "Morgan."*

Oh, what is he that loves me,  
 And has my heart a-sleeping?  
 Oh, sweet is he that loves me,  
 As dews o' summer weepin'  
 In tear-the rosebeds sleepin'.

Oh, that's the rose o' my heart,  
 My lastie ever dearest,  
 Oh, that's the queen o' womankind,  
 And ne'er a one to peer her.

"Thou shalt meet a fairie  
 In grace and beauty gay,  
 Thy breast sac-womming,

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attentions plighted,  
 That ilk body talkin',  
 Let her by thee is slighted,  
 And thou art all disgrighted;

If thou hadst met this fair one;  
 When fair her thou ha'nt parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her, thou hast de-ated,  
 And thou art broken-hearted.

## DAMON AND SYLVIA

*Damon.*—“The tither nom, as I forlorn.”

You wandering till that marks the hill,  
And glance o’er the brac, sir,  
Slide by a bower, where mony a flower  
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,  
To love they thought nae time, sir,  
The wild-birds sing, the echoes rang  
While Damon’s heart beat time, sir.

## SHELAH O’NEIL

When first I began for to sigh and to woder,  
Of my fine things I did say a great deil,  
But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best  
Was, Oh, will you marry me, Shelah O’Neil?  
My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,  
Till the weight of my burden I soon gaun to feel—  
For he scolded, she fuled, oh, then I enlisted,  
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O’Neil.

Then, tried and dull-hearted, oh, then I decried  
And fled into regions far distant from home,  
To Frederick’s army, where none can could harm me,  
Save Shelah herself, in the shape of a bomb.  
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,  
I shot, I cap shot, abys, and the other reared steel;  
Put in all my wile round, there say so, I ne’er found  
Anglo so sharp as the tongue of cussed Shelah O’Neil.

## THIRP’S NEWS, LASSIE—NEWS

Thirp’s news, la-sie, news,  
Gud news I have to tell,  
There’s a bonif’ o’ lads,  
Come to our town to sell.

## • SWORDS

The wean<sup>1</sup> want a candle,  
And the cradle want a candle,<sup>2</sup>  
And I’ll no gung to say,  
Until I get a nod.

<sup>1</sup> Child

<sup>2</sup> Pillar

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,  
 Do what you can;  
 I'll no gang to my bed  
 Till I get a man.

I hae as guid a craft-rig<sup>1</sup>  
 As made o' yird and stane,  
 And waly fa' the ley-crap,<sup>2</sup>  
 For I maun till'd again.

## THERE I WAS A WIFE

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,  
 Scroggan;

She knew'd guid ale t' i gentlemen  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
 Scroggan, my dearie, rissum

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,  
 Scroggan,

The priest o' the parish fell in another  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
 Scroggan, my dearie, rissum.

They had the twa i' the bed thegither,  
 Scroggan,

That the heat o' the tanie might cool the tithe.  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
 Scroggan, my dearie, rissum.

<sup>1</sup> Croft ridge

<sup>2</sup> Crop





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